

There begynneth the boke of Troilus
and Creseyde / newly prin-
ted by a trewe
coppe.



Expositio in Evangelium secundum Mattheum

et in Evangelium secundum Lucam

et in Evangelium secundum Marcum

et in Evangelium secundum Johannem



The fyrst booke of Troilus.

Here begynneth the prologe
of the first booke.

He double sorowe of Troilus to tell
Byng Diamus some of Trope

In loupng howe his adventures fell
From wo to wele and after out of tope

My purpose is / o that I parte trope
Thelphone / thou helpe me for to endyte

These wofull verses / that wepen as I wryte
To the clepe I goddesse of tourment

Thou cruell surp / sorowynge euert in payne
Helpe me that am the sorowfull instrument

That helpe louers / as I can to playne
For well lytte / the sothe for to sayne

I wofull myght / to haue a dierp fere
And to a sorowfull tale / a sorp chere

For I that god of loues seruantes serue
As dare nat loue / for myn vnphylpnesse

Pray for spede / all I chulde I therefore serue
So letre am I / from his helpe in derknesse

But nathelesse / yefe this may do gladnesse
To any louer / and his lady auayle

Haue he the thanke / and myne be the trauayle
But ye louers / that bathen in gladnesse

If any droppe of pytie in you be
Remembze you / in passed heynnesse

That yehan felt / and in the aduersite
Of other folke / and thynke howe that ye

Haue felt / howe loue durst you displease
O ye haue wonne hem with to great ease

And pray for hem that ben in the case
Of Troilus / as ye may after here

That loue hym byng / in heuen to solace
And eke for me prayeth / to god so dere

That I haue myght / to shewe in some manere
Suche payne & wo / as loues seruantes endure

As in Troilus / vnsele aduenture
And byddeth eke / for hem that ben dyspayred

In loue / that neuer wyll recovered be
And eke for them / that fall by ben apayred

Through wicked tonges / be it he o the

Thus prayeth god / for his benygnyte
So graunt hym some / out of this wo lde to pace

That is dyspayred out of loues grace
And byddeth eke / for hem / that ben at ease

That god graunt hem aye / good pefelleraunce
And sende hem might / their ladies for to please

That is to loue by wo & byp and plesaunce
For so hope I my selfe best auance

To pray for hem / that loues seruantes be
And wryte their wo / and lyue in thachre

And for to haue on them compassyon
As though they were their owne byethens dere

Howe hekeneth / with good entencion
For nowe I wyll go / streyght to my maters

In whiche ymay / the double sorowe here
Of Troilus / in loupng of Cresepe

And howe he forsoke hym o the depe

Thus endeth the
prologe.

It is well wyl / both the grekes & tong
In aces / w a thousande cheppes went

To Troy warde / and the cytie longe
Allegod / well tennye pere o the fens

And in dyuers wyse / and one entene
The ramplyng to wreke of Helyne

By Paris done / they wdrught all their pyne

Howe spyl it so / that in the towne there was
Dwellyng a lord / of great auctorite

A great deuphont / that cleped was Calcas
That in science so expert was he

He knew well that Trope / shulde vntrope be
By anwere of his god / that byghte thas

Dan Phebus / o Appollo Delphicus

So whan Calcas knewe by calculyng
And eke by anwere of this Appollo

That grekes / shulde suche a people byng
Thrygh whiche that Trope must be fordo

He caste anone / out of the towne to go
For well he wryte by soyt / that Trope / shold

Dystrope be / who so wolde o nolde

The fyrst booke

For whiche he thought to departe softly
Toke purpose thus / in full unknowen wyse
And to the grekes went full pryncely
He stalle anon / and they in curteys wyse
Hym byden bothe wox hpp and scruple
In trust that he had connyng hem to rede
In every peryll / whiche that stode in drede

Howe by role / whan it was fyrst espyed
In all the towne / openly was spoken
That Calcas traytour fled was and alped
To hem of Grece / and cast was to be wroken
On hym / that fall by hath his fapth so broken
And sayd / he and all his kynne attones
Were woorthy to be byent / bothe fell and bones

Howe had Calcas lefte in this myschaunce
Unwyt of this falle and wicked dede
A doughter / whiche that was in great penance
And of her lyfe / he was full sore in drede
And wyt neuer what best was to rede
And as a wdwowe / was / he all alone
And nytt to whome / he durst make her mone

Cresyde was this ladyes name cryght
As to my dome / in all Troyes cyte
Most fayrest lady / for passyng every wyght
So aungelyke / she bore her natyfe beaute
That thyng none mortall semed / he
And therwith was / he so persyte a creature
As / he had be made in scoynng of nature

This lady that alday herde at eare
Her fathers / home fall hed and treason
Full nygh out of her wpt / for sorowe & feare
In wdwowes habyte / large off sampte browne
Byfore Hector / on knees / he fell adowne
His mercy bad / her selfe excusyng
With pytous voyce / and tenderly wepyng

Howe was this Hector pytous of nature
And sawe that / he was sorowfull bygon
And that / he was so fayre a creature
Of his goodnesse / he gladed her anon
And sayd / let your fathers treason gon
For the with myschaunce / & ye your selfen soy
Dwelleth wth vs / while your good lyst in Troy

And all the honour that men may do you haue
As ferforth / as though your fader dwelled here
ye / shall haue / and your body / shall men saue
As fer as I may ought enquyre and here
And / he hym thanked / with full humble chere
And offer wolde / and it had ben his wyll
Toke her leaue / went home & helde her styll

And in her house abode / with / the wyse
As to her honour / neede was to holde
And whyle that / he was dwelling in / cyte
Kept her estate / and bothe of poyge and olde
Full well beloued / and men of her tolde
But whether / he chylde had or none
I rede it nat / therfore I lette it gone

The thynges / as they done of werre
Bytwix hem of Trope / and Grekes ofte
For some day / bought they of Trope derre
And eft the Grekes founde nothyng losse
The folke of Trope / and thus fortune alofte
And vnder eft / gan hem to repent bothe
After their couns / whan they were wrothe

But howe this towne come to destruction
He falleth nat to purpose me to tell
For it were here a longe bygression
From my mater / and you full longe to dwell
But the Troian testes / as they tell
In Omere / in Dares / or in Wyte
Who so that can / may rede hem as they wyte

And though / the grekes / them of Trope / sheten
Had / and their cytie besieged all aboute
yet for all their blage wolde they nat letten
To wox hpp & honour their godds / full deuout
With most reuerence / in honour out of dout
They worshypped a relique / called Palladion
On whome was all their trust aboute echon

And so besyll / whan comen was the tyme
Of Aprill / whan clothed is the mede
With newe grene / of lusty beer the prime
And swete smellyng floures / white and rede
In sundry wyse / / hewed as I rede
The folke of Trope / their obseruaunces olde
Palladion seest went / to holde

of Troilus.

Unto the temple/in alther best wyse
Generally there went many a wyght
To herkene of Balladion serupce
And namely many a lusty knyght
And many a lady fresche/ & mayden bryght
Full well arayed/bothe most and lest
Bothe for the season/and the hys fest

Amonge these other folke was Creseida
In wydowes habyte blacke/ but natheles
Ryght as our first letter is now an A
In beaute fyrst/so stode she makeles
Her goodly lokyng/ gladded all the yres
As neuer sene thyng to be pseyled verre
For vnder cloude blacke/so bryght a sterre

As was Creseida/as folke sayd echone
That her behelde in her blacke wede
And yet she stode full lowe and still alone
Behynde other folke/in lytell bryde
And nye the doze vnder shames bryde
Symple of styre/and debonaire of chere
With full assured lokyng and manere

This Troilus/as he was wonte to gypde
His ponge knyghtes/lad hem by and dowe
In thyke large temple/on every syde
Beholdyng aye the ladies of the towne
Nowe here nowe there/for no deuocoun
Had he to none/to reuen hym his reste
But gan to prayse/and lacke whan hym lesse

And in his walke full fast he gan to wayten
If knyght or squyer/of his companye
Can for to spygh/or let his eyn bapten
On any woman/that he coude espye
He wolde smyle/and holde it a folpe
And said he thus/god wote she slepeth full soft
For loue of you/whan ye turne full oft

I haue herde tell pardieur of your lpyng
Ye louers/and eke your leude obseruaunces
And whiche a labour/folke haue in wyngyng
Of loue/and in the keepyng whiche doutaunces
And whan your pray is lost/wo & penaunces
O betray folke/lynde and nyce be ye
There is nat one can ware by other be

And with þe worde he wold cast by the browe
Assaunce is this nat wele spoken
At whiche the god of loue gan loken towe
Ryght for dyspyte/and I hope to be woken
He kyd anon/his bowe was nat broken
For sodaynly he hys hym at the full
And yet as proude a peroke can he pull

O blynde worlde/O blynde entencioun
Howe oft falleth all the effecte contrarie
Of surquydrie/and foule presumption
For caught is proude/ & caught is debonaire
This Troilus is clomben on the steyre
And lytell weneth that he shall discenden
But alday sayleth thyng/that folke wenden

As proude bayarde begynneth for to shyp
Out of the way/so pricketh hym his corne
Tyll he a laste haue of the longe whyp
Than thinketh he/though I praunce al byforn
First in the trappe/full fat & newe of horne
Yet am I but an hoxe/and hoxes lawe
I must endure/and with my feetes drawe

So fared it by this fier & proude knyght
Though he a worthy knynges sonne were
And wende nothyng had had suche myght
Agaynst his wyll/that he hulde his hert there
Yet with a lode/his hert wore a fyre
That he that nowe was most in pryde aboue
Was sodaynly most subiecte vnto loue

For thy ensample take of this man
Ye wyse proude/and worthy folkes all
To scoone loue/whiche that so soone can
The fredome of your hertes to hym thral
For euer it was/and euer befall
That loue is he/that all thyng may bynde
For no man may for do the lawe of kynde

That this is sothe/is proued and dothe yet
For this trowe I ye knowen all and some
When reden nat that folke haue greater wyte
Than they þan ben most with loue pnome
And strengest folke/be therwith ouercome
The worthiest and greatest of degre
This was and is/and yet men shall it se

The fyrst booke

And trewly it falleth well to be so
For alther wyfelyst han therwith ben pleased
And they that han ben althermost in wo
With loue haue ben comforted most and eased
And ofte it hath the cruell hert apeased
And worthy folke/made worthy of name
And causeth most to dye byce and shame

Nowe/ sythe it may nat goodly be withstande
And is a thyng so vertuous in kynde
Refuseth nat in loue to be bounde
Syth as hym selfe lyst/ he may pon bynde
The yerde is better/ that bowen wyll & wynde
Than that that byesth/ & therfore I you rede
To folowe loue/ that you so well can lede

But forthe to tell/ in especyall
As of this kynges sonne/ of whiche I tolde
And let other thynges collaterall
Of hym thynke I my tale forthe to holde
Bothe of his ioy/ and of his cares colde
And all his werkes/ touchyng this matere
For there as I gan/ I wyll therto refere

Within the temple/ he went him forthe playeng
This Troilus/ of every wight aboute
On this lady/ and nowe on that lokyng
Whether so he were of towne/ or of without
And upon case byfell/ that through a route
His eye perced/ and so depe it went
All on Cresyde it smet/ and there it stent

And sodaynly he waxe therwith astonyed
And gan her bet beholde in chastyt wyse
O mercy god thought he/ where hast þu woned
That arte so fayre/ and goodly to deuyse
Therwith his hert began to sprede and ryse
And loft spghed/ lest men might hym here
And caught agayne/ his first playeng chere

She was nat with the lest of her stature
But all her lynmes/ so well and wetynge
Weren to womanhode/ that creature
As neuer laste mannysshe in lemyng
And eke the pure wyse of her meynge
Shewed wele/ that men myght in her gesse
Honour/ estate/ and womanly noblesse

Tho Troilus right wonderly well withhall
Can for to lyke her meynge and her chere
Whiche somdele deynous was/ for he let fall
Her loke a lyte asyde/ in suche manere
As haunce/ what may I nat stande here
And after that/ her lokyng gan he lyght
Hym neuer thought haue lene so good a sight

And of her loke in hym there gan quaken
So great desyre/ and suche affectioun
That his herte bottum it gan styken
Of her fygyre/ with depe opprellioun
And though he erst had pored by & down
He was tho glad/ his hornes in to shrinke
Unneth wylt he/ howe to loke or wynde

Lo/ he that lete hym selfe so connyng
And scorned them that loues paynes dyen
Was full vnware/ that loue hath his dwellyng
Within the subtyll streames/ of her epen
That sodaynly him thought he schulde dyen
Right with her loke/ the spyrit in his hert
Blessed be loue/ that can thus folke conuert

She thus in blacke/ lykyng to Troilus
Duer all thyng/ he stode to beholde
As his desyre/ ne wherfore he stode thus
He neuer chere made/ ne worde tolde
But from a ferre/ his maner to beholde
On other thyng/ somtyme his loke he cast
And este on her/ whyle the serupce laste

And after this/ nat fully all awaped
Out of the temple/ all easely he went
Repentyng him/ that he had euer taped
Of loues folke/ lest fully the discent
Of scoyne/ fyll on him selfe/ but what he ment
Lest it were wyll/ in any maner spde
His wo he gan bystimulen/ and to hyde

Whan he was fro the temple thus departed
He streyght anon/ vnto his palays turneth
Right w her loke/ through shot & through darts
So feyneth he in lust/ there he so iourneth (red
And all his chere & speche/ also he burneth
And aye of loues seruauntes/ every whyle
Hym selfe to wreke/ at hem he gan to smyle

of Troilus.

And sayd lordes to ye lyue all in lest
ye louers/for the comynge of you
That serueth most ententfuly and best
Hym tye therof/as often harme as proude
pout hys is quyt agayn/ye god wote howe
Nat wele for wele/ but scoone for good scruple
In fayth your order is ruled in goodly wyle

In no certayne ben all your obseruaunces
But it a sely fayre popntes be
He nothyng asketh so great attendaunces
As dothe your lay/and that knowen all ye
But that is nat the worst so mote I the
But tolde I you the worst popnt I leue
All sayd I sothe/ye wolde at me greue

But take this that ye louers oft eschewe
O: els done of good entencoun
Full of your lady/wyll it myse confrewe
And deme it harme/in her spynpoun
And yet if she for other enchealon
Be wroth/than I haue thou haue a groyn anone
Lorde well is him/that may be of you one

But for all this/whan that he sawe his tyme
He helde his peace none other bote hur gamed
For loue bygan his fethers for to lyme
That well vnneeth/vnto his folke he sayned
That other busp nedes/hym distrayned
For wo was him/that what to do he nynt
But bad his folke/ go where that hem lyst

And whan that he in chambze was alone
He drowne vpon his beddes sete hym selfe
And first he gan to sygh/and eft to grone
And thought aye so on her/withouten let
That as he late and woke/his spirit met
That he her sawe/temple and all the gypse
Right of her loke/and gan it newe aduple

Thus gan he make a myrrour of his mynde
In whiche he sawe all hole her fygyre
And that he well coude in his herte fynde
It was to hym/a right good auenture
To loue suche one/and if he dyd his cure
To seruen her/pet might he fall in grace
O: els for one of her seruauntes pace

Imagyning that example he graunte
He myght nat for to goodly one be lome
As I he/ne hym for no desyre ne shame
All were it wylt/but in prync by boyme
Of all louers/well more than byfome
Thus argued he/in his begynnynge
Full bnaupled of his wo comynge

Thus toke he purpose/loues craft to sette
And thought he wolde worke priuely
Fyrt to hyde his desyre in mewe
From euery wyght pboyme vtterly
But he might ought recovered be thet by
Remembrynge hym/that loue to wyde pblowe
yeldeth bytter frute/though swete seide be lowe

And ouer all this/moche more he thoughte
What for to speke/and what to holde inne
And to arte her to loue he sought
And a songe/and on right to begynne
And gan londe on his so:we for to wyne
For with good hope/he gan fully assent
Cretepe for to loue/and nat to repent

And of his songe/nat onely the sentence
As writeth myn auctour/called Rollins
But pleyntly/laue our tonges difference
I dare well say/in all that Troilus
Sayd in his songe/lo euery wo:de right thus
As I shall sayne/and who so lyst it here
Lo next this vers/ye may it fynden here

If no loue is/O god what fele I lo
And if loue is/what thing is whiche is he
If loue be good/from whence cometh my wo
If it be wycke/a wonder thynketh me
Whan euery turment and aduersyte
That cometh of hym/may to me laudrye thynke
For aye thys I/the more that I it drinke

And if that at myn owne lust I ben
From wher cometh my waylyng & my pleynt
If harme angre me/wherto playne I then
I not nat why bywery that I feynt
O quicke dethe/O swete harme so queynt
Howe may of the in me be suche quantyte
But if I consent/that it so be

The first booke

And if that I consent wrongfully
Complayne ywys/thus poked to and fro
All sterlesse/within a hote am I
Amptde the see/hyt wyre wyndes tho
That in contrary stonden evermo
Alas/what is this wonder maladye
For heate of colde/for colde of heate I dye

And to the god of loue thus sayd he
With pytous hope/ O lorde nowe your is
My spirit/whiche that ought yours be
you thanke I lorde/ I haue me brought to this
But whether goddesse or woman ywis
She be I not/whiche that ye do me serue
But as her man/ I wyll aye lyue and serue

ye stonden in her eyen myghtly
As in a place/hnto your vertu dygne
Therefore lorde/as my serupce or I
May lyke you/so be to me benygne
For myn estate royall/ I here religne
In to her hande/and with full humble chere
Bycome her man/as to my lady dere

In hym he depned/to spare bludde royall
The fyre of loue/wherfrom god me blisse
He hym forbare in no degre for all
His excellent or bertuous prowesse
But helde him as his thral/in loue distresse
And bzent hym so in sondry wyle all newe
That sixty tyme a day he lost his hewe

Somoche day from day/his owne thought
For lust to her/gan quyen and encrease
That every other charge he set at nought
For thy full oft/his hote fyre to cease
To se her goodly chere/he gan to pteace
For thereby to be eased well he wende
And aye the nere he was/the more he brende

But whan he had a space from his care
Thus to hym selfe/full oft he gan to pleyne
He sayd o fole/nowe arte thou in the snare
That whylom saydest at louses payne
Now art y hent/now gnaw thyn owne cheyne
Thou were aye wont/each lower to reprehende
Of thyng/the whiche thou canst y nat defende

What wyll nowe every louer say of the
If this be wylt/but euer in thyn absence
Laugh in scoone/and say lo where goth he
That is the man/of so great sappence
That helde by louers lest in reuerence
Nowe thanked be god/he may go in the daunce
Of hem that loue lyst feble to auance

But o thou wofull Troilus/god wolde
Sythe thou must loue/through thy destinye
That thou byset were/on suche one that shulde
Knowe all thy wo/all lacked her pyte
But also colde in loue to wardes the
Thy lady is/as frost in wynter mone
And thou fordone/as frost in wynter sone

God wolde I were aryued in the porte
Of dethe/the whiche my sorowe wyll me lede
I lorde/to me it were a great comforte
Than were I quyte/of languishyng in dyde
For by myn byd sorowe/yblowen in byde
I shall piaped be/a thousande tyme
More than a fole/of whole folp men tyme

But nowe helpe god/and ye swete for whom
I playne/praught ye neuer wpght so fast
O mercy dere herte/and helpe me from
The dethe/for I whyle my lyfe may last
More than my selfe/wyll loue you to my last
And with some frendly loke/gladeth me swete
Though neuer nothyng more ye me byhete

These wordes/and full many another to
He spake and called euer in his compleynt
Her name/for to tellen her he is wo
Tyll nygh that he in salt teares dyepnt
All was for naught/the herde nat his pleynt
And whan that he bethought on that folp
A thousande folde/his wo gan multiplie

By wayling in his chambze thus alone
A frende of his/that called was Pandare
Came ones in/and herde him grone
And sawe his frende/in suche distresse & care
Alas quod he/who causeth all this fare
O mercy god/what unhap may this meane
Han nowe thus sone/grekes made you leane

of Troilus.

O: hast thou some remors of conscience
And atte nowe fallen / in some deuocioun
And waylest for thy synne / and for thy offence
And hast for feare / caught contricioun
God saue hem / that be seged haue this toun
That for can lay our iolyte on presse
And bying our lusty folke to holynesse

These wordes sayd he / for the nunes all
That w such thig / he might him angry maken
And with his angre / do his sorowe fall
As for the tyme / and his sorage awaken
And well wylt he / as ferre as tinges spaken
There nas a man of greater hardynesse
Than he / ne no more dyspyed worthynesse

What case of Troilus tho / what aduerture
Hath guded the / to se me languysshynge
That am refuse / of euery creature
But for the loue of god / at my prayeng
Go hente away / for certes my depeng
Wyll the dyscase / and I mote nedes dep
Therefore go hente / there is no more to sepe

But if thou wene / I be thus sike for dyeds
It is nat so / and therefore scoyne me nought
There is another thyng / I take of heed
Wel more thā ought þ grekes han yet wroght
Whiche cause is of my dethe / sozowe & thought
But though I nowe tell it the ne lest
Be thou nat wrothe / I hyde it for the best

This Pandare that nye walte / for wo & trouth
Full oft sayd alas / what may this be
Howe frende quod he / if eue loue o: trouth
Hath ben o: is / bytwene the and me
He do thou neuer suche a cruelte
To hyde from me thy frende suche a care
Wost thou nat well / that I am Pandare

I wyll parte with the all the payne
If it be so / I do the no comfote
As it is frendes ryght / sothe to sayne
To enterparte wo / as glad dispozte
I haue and shall / for trewe o: false reporte
In wounge and right / I loued the all my lyue
Hyde nat thy wo from me / but tell it blyue

Than gan this sorowfull Troilus to syke
And sayd hym thus / god lene it be my best
To tell it the / for sythe it may the lyke
yet wyll I tell it / though myn hert brest
And well wote I / thou mayest do no rest
But lest thou deme / I trust nat to the
Howe herke frende / for thus it standeth w me

Loue / agaynst whiche who so defendeth
Hym selfe most / it altherdest anapleth
With dyspayre / so sorowfully me offendeth
That it repght vnto the dethe myn hert sayleth
Therto desyre / so dysmyngyng me allapleth
That to be lapyne it were a greater ioye
To me / than to be kyng of Grece and Trope

Suffyleth this / my full frende Pandare
That I haue sayd / for nowe wost thou my wo
And for the loue of god / my colde care
Hyde it well / I wote it neuer no mo
For harmes myght folowe me than this
If it were wyl / but be thou in gladnesse
And let me sturue / vnknowe of my dysesse

Howe hast thou thus / vnkynbly and longe
Hyd this from me / thou sole quod Pandarus
Perauenture thou mayst after suche one longe
That myne aduysor / anon may helpen be
This were a wonder thyng / quod Troilus
Thou coudest neuer in loue / thy selfe wyll
Howe dyuell mayst þ than bying me to blisse

ye Troilus / herken howe quod Pandare
Though I be nye / it happeth often so
That one that excelle dothe full puell face
By good counsaile / can kepe his frende thet fro
I haue my selfe sene a blynde man go
There as he spyl / that coude loke wyde
A foole may eke / a wyse man often gupde

A whetstone is / no keruyng instrument
But yet it maketh charpe keruyng toles
And there thou woste / that I haue miswent
Esche we thou that / for suche thyng to scole is
Thus ofte wyse men / ben ware by soles
If thou do so / thy wpt is well bewared
By his contrary / is euery thyng declared

The fyrst booke

For howe myght eny swetnesse be knowe
To hym that neuer tasted bytternesse
He no man may be my glad I trowe
That neuer was in sorowe or some distress
Eke white by black by shame eke worthynesse
Eche set by other more for other semeth
As men may se and so the wyse it demeth

For the thus of two contraries is a loze
I that haue so ofte in loue assayed
Gruaunces ought conne well the more
Counsaile the of that thou arte dismayed
And eke the not ought be puell apayed
Though I desyre with the for to bere
Thyn heuy charge it shall the lasse bere

I wote well it fareth thus by me
As to the brother Paris and a princesse
Whiche that peyled was Menone
Wrote in a compleynt of her heuy nesse
Thou sawe the letter that she wrote I gesse
Ray neuer yet prynces quod Cyprius
A wyse quod Mandare herken it was thus

Wherof that first founde arte of medycyne
Quod he that coude in every wightes care
Remedy and red by herbes he knewe fyne
Yet to hym selfe his connyng was full bare
For loue had hym bounde in a snare
All for the daughter of the kyng Amete
That all his crafte he coude his sorowes bete

Myght so fare I unhappily for me
I loue one best and that me smerteth sore
And yet perauenture can I reden the
And nat my selfe reprene me no more
I haue no cause I wote well for to fore
As dothe an haube that lysteth for to play
But to thyn helpe somwhat can I say

And of o thynge right syker mayest thou be
That certayne for to open in the payne
That shall I neuer more discoveren the
As by my trouthe I kepe nat restrepne
The from thy loue though it were Helepne
That is thy brothers wyfe if I it wyll
Be what she be and loue her as the lyst

Therefore as frendfully in me assure
And tell me plat now what is thentheron
And synall cause of wo that pe endure
For doutyth nothing my entencion
As nat to you of reprehension
To speke as now for no wyght may by me
A man to loue tyll that hym lyst to leue

And wete well that bothe two ben vices
Wherof all or els all to leue
But well I wote the meane of it no vyce is
For to trust some wyght it is a pryncesse
Of trouthe and for thy wolde I saye remeue
Thy wronge conceyte I do the somwhat tresp
Thy wo to tell and tell me if the lyst

The wyse say the wo hym that is alone
For if he fall he hath no helpe to clyme
And sythe thou hast a felowe tell thy monne
For this is nat certayne the next wyse
To wyppen loue as techen vs the wyse
To walowe and wepe as I pobe the quene
Whose teares yet in marble stone be sene

Let be thy weppynge and thy dysrepne
And let vs lessen wo with our speche
So may thy wofull tyme seme lesse
Delyte nat in wo thy wo to seche
As done these folles that their sorowes eche
With sorowe when they haue misauenture
And lyst nat to seche hem other cure

When sayne to wretches is consolacioun
To haue another felowe in his payne
That ought well be our opynoun
For bothe thou and I for loue we playne
So full of sorowe am I sothe to sayne
That certaynly no more harde grace
May sytte on me for why there is no space

If god wyll thou arte nat agast of me
Lest I wolde of thy lady the begyle
Thou wost thy selfe whome that I loue parde
As I best can gone sythe longe whyle
And sythe thou wost I do it for no wyle
And seyst I am he thou trusty moste
Tell me somwhat sythe all my wpt thou woste

of Troylus.

pet Troylus for all this/no worde sayde
But longe he lay styll/as he deed were
And after this/with sighyng he abyapde
And to Pandarus voyce/he layde his eare
And by his euen cast he/that in feare
Was Pandarus/left that in frenesye
He shulde fall/or els soone dye

And cryed awake/full wonderly and sharpe
What lombyst thou/as in a lptargy
O art thou lyke an Alle vnto the harpe
That hereth lowne/whan men p strynges plye
But in his mynde/of that no melodye
May synken in/to gladden for that he
So dull is/of his bestyalyte

And with that/Pandarus of his wordes stent
And Troylus pet/hym nothyng answerde
For thy to tellen/was nat his entent
Neuer to no man/for whome he so ferde
For it is sayd/men make oft a perde
With whiche the maker/is hym selfe p beten
In sondry maner/as these wyse treten

And namely/in his counsaile tellyng
That toucheth loue/that ought to be secrete
For of hym selfe/it wyll ynough out spring
But if that it/the bet gouerned be
Eke somtyme it is craft to seme flye
For thyng whiche in effecte/men huntten fast
All this gan Troylus in his herte cast

But neuerthelesse/whan he had herde him crye
Awake he gan/and syghed wonder soze
And sayd frende/though that I styll lye
I am nat deepe/no we peace and crye nomore
I haue herde thy wordes and thy loze
But suffre me/my myschefe to bewaplen
For thy prouerbes/may me nat auaplen

None other cure canst thou for me
Eke I wyll nat be cured/I wyll dey
What knowe I of the quene Ryobe
Let be thyn olde ensamples I the prey
No quod Pandarus/therfore I say
Suche is delpte of foles to by wepe
Her wo/but seke bote they ne kepe

Nowe knowe I that reason in the sayleth
But tell me/if I wylt what I he were
For whome p the all this mysauenture apleth
Durst thou that I tolde it in her eare
Thy wo/syth thou darst nat thy selfe for feare
And her besought/on the to haue some couth
Why nay quod he/by god and by my trouthe

What/nat as busely quod Pandarus
As though myn owne lyfe lay in this nebe
No certes brother/quod this Troylus
And why/for that thou shuldest neuer spede
Wost thou nat wele/pe that is out of drede
Quod Troylus/for all that euer pe conne
She nyl to no such wretche as I be wonne

Quod Pandarus alas/what may this be
That thou dyspayred arte thus causelesse
What lyueth nat thy lady/benedicite
Howe wost thou so/that thou art gracelesse
Suche puell is nat alway botelesse
Why put nat impossible thus thy cure
Synce thyng to come is/oft hachy aduentures

What shulde he therfore fall in dyspayre
O be recreant/for his owne tene
O flee hym selfe/all be his lady sayre
Nay nay/but euer in one be frellhe and grene
To serue and loue/his dere hertes quene
And thynke it is a guerdon for to serue
A thousande folde more than he can deserue

And of that worde toke hede Troylus
And thought anon/what folpe he was in
And howe that sothe hym sayd Pandarus
That for to flee hym selfe/might he nat wynn
But bothe do vnmanhode/and a syn
And of his dethe/his lady nat to wpte
For of his wo/god wote I he knewe but lyte

And with that thought/he gan full soze syke
And sayd alas/what is me best to do
To whome Pandarus answerde/if the lyke
The best is/that thou tell me all thy wo
And haue my trouthe/but thou fynde it so
I be thy bote/or that it be full longe
And els to peces/do me drawe and honge

The fyrst booke

ye so sayest thou/quod Troplus tho alas
But god wote/it is nat the rather so
full harde were it/to helpen in this cas
foz well fynde I/that fortune is my fo
As all the men that ryden conne o2 go
May of her cruell whele the harme withstonde
foz as she lyst/she playeth with fre & bonde

I graunt well/that thou endurest wo
As I harpe as dothe Ticius in hell
Whose stomake foules tyzen euermo
That byght Vultures/as bokes tell
But I may nat endure/that thou dwell
In so an vnkyllfull opinyon
That of thy wo is no curacion

But ones myll thou / foz thy cowaarde hert
And foz thyn ire/and folylle wylfulnesse
foz wanttust/tell of thy woundes smert
As to thyn owne helpe/do busynesse
As moche as speke a reason/moze o2 lesse
But lyggest as he/that lyst of nothyn g retche
What woman coude loue suche a wretche

What may she deme/other of thy dethe
If thou thus dye/and she not why it is
But that foz dyede/is yolden by thy byethe
foz grekes han byleged vs ywys
Lorde/suche a thanke I halt thou haue of this
Thus wyl she say/and all the towne atones
The wretche is deed/I dyuell haue his bones

Thou mayest alone here wepe/knele/and cry
But loue a woman/that she wote it nought
And she I hall qupte it/thou I halt it nat elpp
Unknowe vnkyll/and lost that is vnought
What many a man/hath loue full dere ybought
Twenty wynter/that his lady ne wylt
That neuer yet/his ladies mouth he kyll

Quod Pandare/thou blamest fortune
foz thou art wrothe/nowe at erst I se
Wost thou nat well/that fortune is comune
To every maner wyght/in some degre
And yet thou hast this comfozte/lo parde
So as her toyes must ouergone
So must her sorowes passen everychone

foz if her whele stynt any thyng to tourne
Than leaceth she anon fortune to be
Nowe luth her whele/by no way may so iourne
What wost thou/of her mutabylite
Ryght as thy selfe lyst/she wyl do by the
O2 if she be nat sene at thy helpyng
Peraventure/thou hast cause fo2 to syng

And therfoze/wost thou what I the beseeche
Let be thy wo/and turnyng to the grounde
foz who so lyst haue helpyng of his lethe
To hym behoueth fyrst/vncoyer his wounde
To Cerberus in hell/aye be I bounde
Were it fo2 my suster/all thy sorowe
By my wyl/she shulde be thyne to mo2owe

Loke by I say/and tell me what she is
Anon/that I may go about thy nede
Knowe I her nat/foz my loue tell me this
Than wolde I hope/rather fo2 to speke
Tho gan the beyne of Troplus to blede
foz he was hit/and wext all reed fo2 shame
I ha quod Pandare/here begynneth the game

And with that worde/he gan hym to shake
And sayd these/thou I halt her name tell
But tho gan sely Troplus to quake
As though I men I hulde haue led him to hell
And sayd alas/of all my wo the well
That is she/my swete called Cresyde
And with that worde/foz feare nygh he deyde

And whan Pandare/herde him her name neuich
Lorde he was glad/and sayd frende so dere
Nowe fare a ryght/foz Iouis name in heuen
Loue hath beset the well/be of good chere
foz of good name/wysdom/and manere
She hath ynough/and eke of gentylnesse
If she be sayre/thou wost thy selfe I gesse

Neuer sawe I none moze bounteous
Of her estate/ne gladder of speche
I frendlyer/ne moze gracious
foz to do well/ne lasse had nede to seche
What is fo2 to done/and all this bet to eche
In honour/to as fer as she may stretche
I kynges hert/semeth by hers a wretche
And also

of Troilus.

And also thynke/and therewith glad the
That sythe thy lady vertuous is all
So foloweth it/that there is some pyte
Amonge all these other in generall
And for thy se/that in espyall
Requyre nat/that is ayenst her name
For vertue stretcheth nat hym selfe to shame

Howe beate thy brest/and sey to god of loue
Thy grace lorde/for nowe I me repent
If I mysake afoze/nowe my selfe I loue
Thus say with all thy heart/in good entent
Quod Troilus/a lorde I me consent
And pray to the/my lapes to foryeue
And I shall neuer more whyle I lyue

Thou sayest well of Pandare/nowe I hope
That thou the goddess wryth hast appeled
And sythe thou hast wept many a drope
And said such thing wherby thy god is pleased
Howe wolde neuer god/but thou were eased
And thynke well of he/of whome xpi all thy wo
Here afoze/thy comfort may be also

For thy like growde/þ beareth the wedes wiche
Beareth eke the holsom herbes full ofte
Next the soule nettle/rough and thicke
The rose wegeth swete/smooth and softe
And next the balep/is the hyll alofte
And next the derke night/is the glad morowe
And also ioy is next thende of sorowe

Howe luke that attempte be thy bywell
And for the best/aye suffice to the tyde
Or els all our labour is all ydell
He hasteth well/that wylfely can abyde
Be diligent and trewe/and alway hyde
Be lusty/fre/perseuer in thy scruple
And all is well/if thou werke in this wyle

The tyme thou maist blisse/þ ener þ were born
And the goddess thanke/that in so good a place
Haue the bestowed in loue I durst haue sworn
That þ shulde neuer/haue had so fayre a grace
And why/for thou were euer wont to chace
At loue in scoone/þ for dyspyte hem call
Delouer the worlde/lorde of this soles all

Full oft hast thou made thy nyce lapes
And sayd/that loues seruantes ety chone
For nyce/ben betray goddess apes
And some wolde monche her meate alone
Lyggng a bedde/and make hem for to grone
And some thou saydest/had a blancher feure
And praydest god/he shulde neuer heare

And some of hem/toke on hem for the colde
More than ynough/so saydest thou full ofte
And some haue sayned/often tyme and tolde
Howe that they waken/whan they slepen softe
And thus they wolde haue broughte hem selfe a
And nathelesse/were vnder at the laste
Thus saydest thou/and sayed full faste

yet saydest thou/that for the more parte
These louers wolde speke in generall
And thoughten/it was a lyer arte
For sayling/for to assaye ouer all
And many a tyme of the/if that I shall
But nathelesse/though that I shulde dye
That thou arte none of tho I durst saye

But he that parted is in every place
Is no where hole/as wryten clerkes wyse
What wonder is/though such one haue no grace
Eke wost thou howe it fareth of some scruple
As plant a tree/or herbe in sondry wyle
And on the morowe/pull it vp as byle
No wonder though it may neuer thryue

And syth that god of loue/hath the bestowd
In place digne/vnto thy worthynesse
Stont fast/for to good porte hast thou rowed
And of thy selfe/for any heupnesse
Hope alway well/for but if dyspyntesse
Or ouer haste/our bothes labour shende
I hope of this/to make a good ende

And wost thou why/ I am the lasse asered
Of this matere/with my nece to treate
For this haue I herde sayd oft of leter
Was neuer man ne woman yet bygete
That was vnapte to suffice loues hete
Celestiall/or els loue of bynde
For thy some grace/in her I hope to fynde

The fyrst boke

And so: to speke of her in speerpall
Her beaute to bethynke/and her pouth
It syt her nat/to be celestypall
As yet/ though that her lyst/bothe & couth
But trewly/it syt her well nouth
A worthy knyght/ to loue and cheryce
And but she do/ I holde it for a byce

Wherefore I am/and wpll be all redy
To payne me/ to do you this scruple
For bothe you to please/ thus hope I
Here afterwarde/ ye be bothe wple
And conne it counsaile kepe/ in suche a wple
That no man shall the wpsel therof be
And so we may be glad all thye

And by my trouth/ I haue right nowe of the
A good concept/ in my wpt as I gesse
And what it is/ I wpll nowe that thou se
I thynke syth that loue/ of his goodnesse
Hath the conuerted out of wickednesse
That thou shalt be/ the best post I leue
Of all his lay/ and moste his foes greue

Ensample nowe/ se these great clerkes
That are althermost agaynst the lawe
And ben conuerted/ from their wicked werkes
Thyng grace of god/ that lyst hem drawe
Than aucthep folke/ I haue god most in awe
And strengest faythed be/ as I vnderstande
And canne an errour/ altherbest withstande

Whan Troilus had herde/ Pandare assented
To be his helpe/ in loupng of Creseyde
Ware of his wo/ as who saythe vnturmented
But hotter ware his lone/ and than he seyde
With sobye chere/ as though his hert had pleide
Nowe blyssfull Venus/ helpe oz that I sterue
Of the Pandare/ I may some thanke deserue

But here frende/ howe shall my wo be lesse
Tyll this be done/ and good eke tell me this
Howe wpll thou say of me/ and my distresse
Lesse I be wrothe/ this dzedde I most pwis
Oz wpll nat here/ oz trowen howe it is
All this dzedde I/ and eke for the manere
Of the her Emel/ he wpll no suche thyng here

Quod Pandarus/ thou hast full great care
Lest that the choyle fall out of the mone
Why lord/ I hate of the thy nyce face
What extremitie of that thou hast to done
For goddes loue/ I byd the abone
So let me alone/ and it shall be thy beste
What frende/ q he/ nowe do right as the lesse

But herke Pandare/ o worde for I nolde
That thou in me/ wendest so great folpe
That to my lady/ I desyre I holde
That toucheth harme/ oz any bylonge
For dzeddelesse/ me were leuer dye
Than I be of me/ ought els vnderstode
But that that myght sowne in to gode

Tho lough this Pandare/ and anon answerde
And I thy borowe/ spe no wight doth but so
I tought nat/ though I he stode and herde
Howe that thou sayst/ but farewell I wpll go
Adieu be glad/ god spede vs bothe two
peue me this labour/ and this busynesse
And of my spede/ be thyn all the swetnesse

Tho Troilus gan bowne on his knees fall
And Pandare/ in his armes hent fast
And layd/ nowe spe on the grekes all
yet parde/ god shall helpe vs at the laste
And dzeddelesse/ if that my lyfe may laste
And god to forne/ yet some of hem shall smerte
And yet me athynketh/ this auant me asserts

Nowe Pandarus/ I can no more say
But thou wile/ I wost/ thou maist/ thou art all
My lyfe my dethe/ hole in thyn hande I lay
Helpe nowe quod he/ pes by my trouth I shall
God yelde the frende/ and this in speerpall
Quod Troilus/ that thou me recomaunde
To her/ that may me to the dethe comaunde

This Pandarus/ tho despyous to serue
His full frende/ tho sayd in this manere
Farewell/ I thinke I wpll thy thanke deserue
Haue here my trouth/ & that thou shalt wel here
And went his way/ thynkng on this matere
And howe he myght best/ beseeche her of grace
And fynde a tyme hereto and a place

of Troilus.

For every wyght/that hath an houle to founde
He renneth nat/the worke for to begyn
With rakyll hande/ but he wyll byde a stounde
And sende his hertes lyne out/from within
Althetyst/his purpose for to wpy
All this Pandare/in his herte thought
And cast his werke/full wpsely or he wrought

But Troilus tho/lap no lenger downe
But bp anone/bpon his stede bay
And in the felde/he playeth the ydoun
Who was the greke/that met with him þ dape
And in the towne/his manere he holdeth aye
So goodly he was/and gate him so in grace
That eche hym loued/that loked in his face

For he become the frendlyest knyght
The gentyllest/and eke the moste free

The thristpest/and one the best wyght
That in his tyme/was or myght be
Deed were his lapes/and his crueltie
His hye porte/and his maner straunge
And eche of tho/gan for a vertue change

Nowe let vs stynte of Troilus a stounde
That fareth lyke a man/that hurte is sore
And is combe of abyng of his wounde
plyssed well/but healed no dele more
And as an easy patient/the loze
Abydeth of hym/that gothe aboute his cure
And thus he dyueth to the his aduenture.

¶ Here endeth the first booke and be-
gynneth the prologe of the
second booke.



Out of these blacke wawes/for to sayle
O wynde/the weder beginneth to cleere
For i this see/ þ bore hath such trauaile
Of my connyng/ that vnneth I it here
This see clepe I/the tempestuous matere
Of dyspeyre/that Troilus was in
For nowe of hope/the kalendes begyn

O lady myne/that called arte Cleo
Thou be my speche fro this forth/ & my muse
To ryme well this boke/tyll I haue do
He nedeth here/none other arte to ble
For why/to every louer I me excuse
That of no sentement/ I this endyte
But out of laten/in to my tonge I wyte
B.ii.

The seconde boke


Wherfor I wyl haue/neyther thake ne blame
Of all this worke/ but pray you mekely
Disblameth me/ if any worde be lame
For as myn auctour saythe/ so say I
Eke though I speke/ of loue vnfelynge
No wonder is/ for it of thyng nowe newe is
A blinde man/ can nat well iuge in hewis


I knowe eke/ that in forme of speche is chaunge
Within a thousande yere/ of wordes tho
That hadden price/ ben nowe nyce & straunge
As thynketh hem/ and yet they take hem so
And speke as well in loue/ as men nowe do
Eke for to wyne loue/ in sondry ages
In sondry landes/ sondry ben blages

And for thy/ if it happe in any wyse
That there be any louer/ in this place
That herkeneth/ as the story can deuyse
Howe Troilus came/ to his ladyes grace
And thynketh/ so nolde I loue purchase
O won dret on his speche o/ doyng
I not/ but vnto me it is no wondring

For every wyght/ whiche that to Rome went
Holte nat o pache/ ne alway o manere
Eke in some lande/ were all the game yf hent
If they ferde in loue/ as men done here
As thus/ in open doyng and in chere
In bysityng in forme/ o/ sayd our lawes
For why men sayn/ eche coudre hath his lawes

Eke scarly be there in this place thre
That haue in loue sayd lyke/ and done all
For to thy purpose/ this may lyke the
And the right nought/ yet all is sayd & I hall
Eke some men graue/ in the stone wall
As it betyd/ but sythe I haue begonne
Myn auctoz I hall I folowe/ if that I come

Here endeth the prologe/ and here
begynneth the seconde
boke. 

 A May/ p moder is of monthes glade
That fresh floures/ blew/ white/ & rede
Ben quikned again/ p witer deed made
And ful of baume/ is fleting every mede
Whan phebus dothe/ his bright beames sprede
Ryght in the whyte bole/ it is betyd
As I hall syng/ on Mayes day the thryd

That Pandarus/ for all his wyse speche
Felte eke his parte/ of loues l hottes bene
That coude he neuer/ so well of loupng preche
It made his hewe/ full ofte a day grene
Shope hym that day/ there fyll hym a tene
In loue/ for whiche to be deed he went
And made o/ it was day/ full many a went

The swalowe pzoigne/ with a sozoufull lay
Whan mozo we come/ made her waymentyng
Why she for hape was/ and all the lay
Pandare a bedde/ halfe in a lombryng
Tyll she so nygh hym/ made her chyterying
Howe Tereus gan forthe/ her suster take
That with the hofse of her/ he gan awake

And gan to call/ and dresse hym to ryle
Remembryng hym/ his erande was to done
From Troilus/ and eke his great empzyle
And cast & knewe/ in good plyte was the mon
To do biage/ and toke his way full lone
Vnto his neces paleys/ there besyde
Howe Janus god of entre/ thou him gyde

Whan he was come/ vnto his neces place
Where is my lady/ to her folke quod he
And they hym tolde/ & he forth in gan pace
And founde two other ladyes spt and she
Within a paped parlour/ and they thre
Herde hem a mayden/ redyng the lest
Of the sieg of Thebes/ whyle hem lest

Quod Pandarus/ madame god you se
With your boke/ and all the company
Eye vnle/ nowe welcome pwis quod she
And by she role/ and by the hande in hpe
She toke hym fast/ and sayd this nyght thre
To good mote it tourne/ of you I met
And with p worde/ she downe on bench hym set

of Troilus.

ye nere/ye shall fare well the bet
If god wyl/all this yere quod Pandarus
But I am sorp/that I haue pou let
To herken on your boke/ye prayen thus
For goddes loue/what seyth it tell it vs
Is it of loue/or some good thyng ye me lere
Uncle quod he/pour maystresse is nat here

With that they gan laugh/and tho he sayde
This romance is of Thebes/that we rede
And we han herde/howe þ kyng Layus deyde
Throughe Edippus his sonne/þ all that dede
And here we stynt/at these letters rede
Howe the byshop/as the boke can tell
Amphiozar/fyll throughe the grounde to hell

Quod Pandarus/all this knowe I my selue
And all the sieges of Thebes/and the care
For herof ben there bokes made twelue
But let be this/and tell me howe ye fare
Do way your wimple/þ I þewe your face bare
Do way your boke/þe by þe let vs daunce
And let vs do to May some obseruance

Ere god forbede quod he/be ye mad
Is that a wydowes lyfe/so god pou saue
By god ye make me right sore adrad
ye be so wylde/it semeth as ye raue
It syt me well bet/to be in a caue
To byde and rede/on holy sayntes lyues
Let maydens go daunce/and ponge wyues

As euer thynke I/quod this Pandarus
yet couth I tell a thyng/to do your herte pley
Howe vnclere quod he/tell it vs
For goddes loue/is than the sieg away
I am of the grekes/so ferde that I dey
Nay nay quod he/as euer mote I thynke
It is a thyng/well bet than suche spue

ye holy god quod he/what thyng is that
What bet than suche spue/nay þwis
For all this worlde/ne can I rede what
It shall be/some tape I trowe it is
And but your selfe vs tell what it is
Why wylt to rede it/is all to leane
As helpe me god/I not what ye meane

And I your bozowe/ne neuer shall quod he
This thyng be tolde to you/so mote I thynke
And why so vnclere myn/why so quod I he
By god quod he/that wyl I tell as blyue
For powder woman/is there none on lyue
And ye it wylt/in all the towne of Troys
I lye nat/so euer haue I iope

Tho gan he wonder/moze than byforne
I thousande folde/þ downe her epen caste
For neuer syth the tyme I he was borne
To knowe a thyng/despyed I he so faste
And with a spghe/I he sayd him at the laste
Howe vnclere myn/I wylt you nat displease
He are thyng/that may do you disease

So after this/with many wordes glade
And frendly tales/and with mery chere
Of this and that/they gon play and wade
In many vncouth glad and depe matere
As frendes done/whan they ben met in fere
Tyll I he gan aske him/howe that Hector ferde
That was the wall of Troys/þ grekes perde

Full well I thanke it god/quod Pandarus
Saue in his arme/he hath a lytell wounde
And eke his frethe brother Troilus
The wyse worthy Hector the secounde
In whom that euery vertue lyt habounde
As all trouthe/and all gentylnesse
Wylcome honour/freedom and worthynesse

In good fayth Eme quod he/that lyketh me
They faren well/god saue hem bothe two
For trewly/I holde it great deynte
I kynges sonne/in armes well to do
And be of good condicions therto
For great power/and moztall vertu here
Is selden sene/in o persone yfere

In good fayth that is sothe of Pandarus
But by my trouthe/the kyng hath connes twey
That is to say/Hector and Troilus
That certaynly/though that I schulde dey
They ben as boyde/of vices dare I sey
As any men/that lyuen vnder the sonne
Their myght is wide knowe/þ what they kōne

The seconde booke

Of Hector nedeth nothyng for to tell
In all this worlde there nys a better knyght
Than he that is of worthynesse well
And he well more vertue hath than might
This knoweth many a wyse & worthy knight
The same prync of Troilus I sey
God helpe me so I knowe nat suche twey

By god quod he of Hector that is sothe
Of Troilus the same thyng trowe I
For dredelesse men telleth that he dothe
In armes day by day and that so worthly
And beareth hym here at home so gently
To euery wight that ouer all prync hath he
Of hem that were me leuest prynced be

ye say right sothe prync quod Pandarus
For yester day who had with hym ben
Myght haue wondred vpon Troilus
For neuer yet so thycke a swarme of been
As than the grekes from hym gan fleen
And throughe the felde in euery wyghtes ere
There nas no cry but Troilus is there

Nowe here nowe there he hunted hem so faste
There nas but grekes blode and Troilus
Nowe him he hurt & nowe him downe he caste
Aye where he went it was atayed thus
He was ther dethe and helde and lyfe for vs
That as that day there durst none withstande
Whyle he helde his bloody swerde in hande

Therto he is the frendlyest man
Of great estate that euer I sawe in my lyue
And where hym lyst best felowshyp can
To suche as him thynketh able for to thryue
And with that worde tho Pandarus as blisc
Toke of them leaue & sayd he wolde gon hen
Nay blame haue I myn vncle quod he then

What eyleth you to be thus wery lone
And namely of women wyll ye so
Nay lytteth downe by god I haue to done
With you to speke of wyldome or ye go
And euery wyght that was about hem tho
That herde that gan fet away to stande
Whyle they two had all that hem lyst on hande

Whan that her tale brought was to an ende
Of her estate and her gouernaunce
Quod Pandarus nowe is tyme I wende
But nowe I say aryse and let vs daunce
And cast your wydowes habyte to myschaunce
What lyst you thus your selfe to disfigure
Synthe you is betyd so glad an auenture

I well bethought for loue of god quod he
Shall I nat wete what ye meane of this
No this thyng asketh leyser quod he
And eke me wolde moche greue prync
If I it tolde and ye toke it amys
yet were it bet my tonge for to styll
Than say a thyng I were agaynst your wyll

For nece by the goddesse Mynerue
And Iubiter that maketh the thunder to ruge
And by the blyssfull Venus that I serue
ye be the woman in this worlde lyving
Without peramours to my wetyng
That I best loue and lothest am to greue
And that ye weten well your selfe I leue

prync myn vncle quod he grant mercy
your frendshyp haue I founden euer yet
I am to no man holden trewly
So moche as you and haue so lytell quyte
And with grace of god with my full wyte
As in my gylt I shall you neuer offende
And if I haue or this I wyll amende

Beth nat agast ne quaketh nat wherto
He chaungeth nat for feare so your hewe
For hardely the worst of this is do
And though my tale be now as to you newe
yet trust alway ye shall fynde me trewe
And were it thyng me thought belytyng
To you wolde I no suche tales bring

Nowe my good eme for goddes loue I pray
Quod he come of and tell me what it is
For bothe I am agast what ye wyll say
And eke me longeth to wete prync
For whether it be well or be amys
Say and let me nat in this fere dwell
So wyll I do nowe heken I shall tell

of Troilus.

Howe nece myne/the kynges dere sonne
The good/wyse/worthe/freliche and fre
Whiche alway for to do well/is his wonne
The noble Troilus/so loueth the
That but ye helpe/it wyl his bane be
Lo here is all/what I hulde I more sep
Do what ye lyst/make hym lyue or dey

And if ye lethym dye/I wyl seruen
Haue here my trowth/wyl I nat lyen
All I hulde I with this knife/my throte kernen
With that teares/blast out of his eyen
And sayd/if that ye do vs bothe dyen
What meane ye/though we bothe appayze
Thus gyttlesse/than haue ye fylled sayze

Alas he/whiche is my lord so dere
That trewe man/that noble knyght
That nought despyeth/but your frendly chere
I se hym dey/there he gothe byryght
And hasteth him/with all his full myght
For to be slayne/if his fortune assent
Alas/that god suche a beaute you sent

If it be for ye so cruell be
That of his deth/ye lyst nat to retche
That is so trewe/and worthe/as we se
A more than of a iaper/or of a wretche
If ye be suche/your beaute may nat stretch
To make amendes/off so cruell a dede
Auplement is good/before the nede

Wo worthe the fayre gemme vertulesse
Wo worthe that herbe/that doeth no bote
Wo worthe that beaute/that is fouthlesse
Wo worthe that wyght/that eche tret vnderfote
And ye that be/of beaute crop and rote
If that withall/in you be no routh
Than is it harme ye lyuen/by my trowth

And also thinke well/that this is no gaude
For me were leuer/you/I and he
Were hanged/than I hulde be his haude
As hye/as any man might on vs se
I am thynne Eme/the shame were to me
As well as thynne/if that I hulde assent
Through my counsaile/ye he thyn honour hent

Howe vnderstande/for I not requere
To bynde you to him/by no behest
But only that ye make him better chere
Than ye haue done or this/a make hym more
So that his lyfe be saued at the lest
This is all a some/and playnly our entent
God helpe me so/I neuer other ment

Lo this request/is nat but skyll p'wys
No doute of treason/perde is there none
I let the wofull/that ye dyeden this
When wolde wonder/to se him come and gone
There agaynst/answer I thus anone
That euery wyght/but he be fool of kynde
Wyl deme it loue/a frendly hypp in his mynde

What/who wyl deme/though he se a man
To temple go/that he the ymage eateth
Thynke eke howe well/and wysely that he can
Gouern hym selfe/that he nothyng foryeteth
That where he cometh/the price a thanke he ge
And eke therto/he shall come here to selde (teth
What soxe were it/if all the towne behelde

Suche loue of feloes/reigneth in all this town
And wyse you in that mantell euermo
And god so wysly/be my saluacioun
As I haue sayd you/best is to do so
But good nece/alway to stynte his wo
So let your daunger/sugred be a lyte
That of his deth/ye be nat to wyte

Cresyde/whiche that herde him in this wyse
Thought I shall se/what ye meane p'wis
Howe eme quod he/what wyl ye deuyse
What is your rede/I hulde do of this
That is well sayd quod he/certeyn best is
That ye hym loue agayne/for his loupng
As loue for loue/is skyllfull guetdonyng

Thynke eke howe elde/wasteth euery houre
In eche of you/a party of beaute
And therefore/or that age you deuouce
So loue/for olde there wyl no wight of the
Let this p'rouerbe/a loze vnto you be
To late I ware/quod beaute whan it is past
And age daunteth/daunger at the last

The seconde booke

The kynges foole/ is wonte to cry loude
Whan þ him thinketh/ a woman bereth her hye
So longe mote ye lyue/ and all proude
Tyll crows fete/ ben ware vnder your eye
And sende you than/ a myrrour in to pryce
In whiche that ye may se your face a moztwe
I byd than/ wyll he you no moze sorowe

With this hestynt/ and cast downe the heed
And he began/ to brest to wepe anone
And sayd alas/ for wo why nere I deed
For of this worlde/ the fayth is all gone
Alas/ what shulde a straunger to me done
Whan he that for my best frende I wende
Wyll make me loue/ and shulde me defende

Alas/ I wolde haue trusted douteles
That if I that through my disauenture
Had loued hym/ outhet Achilles
Hector/ or any mannes creature
Ye nolde haue had/ no mercy ne mesure
On me/ but alway had me in reppreue
This false worlde alas/ who may it leue

What is this all the toy/ and the feest
Is this your rede/ is this your blyssfull caas
Is this the betay mede/ of your behest
Is all this paynted processe come to this alas
Ryght for this syne/ O lady myn Pallas
Thou in this dyedfull case/ for me purueys
For so astonyed am I/ that I deye

With that he gan sorowfully to syke
And may it be no bet/ quod Pandarus
By god/ I shall no moze come here this wyke
And god tofome/ that am mystrusted thus
I se well/ that ye set lytell of vs
O of our dethe/ alas I wofull wretch
Myght he yet lyue/ of me is nat to retche

O cruell god/ o dyspitous marte
O furies thre of hell/ on you I crye
So let me neuer/ out of this house departe
If that I ment harme or bylonge
But sythe I se/ my lord mote nedes dye
And I with hym/ here I me shryue and sepe
That wickedly/ ye do vs bothe depe

But sythe it lyketh you/ that I be deed
By Neptunus/ that god is on the see
For this forth/ I shall I neuer eat breed
Tyll I myn owne herte blode may se
For certayne I wyll dye as lone as he
And by he sterre/ on his way he raught
Tyll he agayne hym/ by the lap caught

Crespe de with that/ full nye starfe for feare
So as he was the ferdfullest wyght
That myght be/ and herde eke with her eare
And sawe the sorowfull earnest of the knyght
And in his prayer eke/ sawe none bryght
And for the harme/ that might eke fall moze
She gan to rewe/ and dyede her wonder soze

And thought thus/ vnhappes fallen thycke
Alday for loue/ in such maner caas
Is then ben cruell/ in hem selfe and wycke
And if this man flee hym selfe/ alas
In my presence/ it wyll be no solas
What men wyll it deme/ I can nat say
It nedeth me/ full wylfely to play

And with a sorowfull syke/ he sayd thre
A lorde/ what me is tyd a soze chaunce
For myn estate/ lyeth in toparde
And eke myn emes lyfe/ lyeth in balaunce
But nathelesse/ with goddes gouernaunce
I shall so do/ myn honour I shall I kepe
And eke his lyfe/ and stynte for to wepe

Of harmes two/ the lasse is for to chese
yet had I leuer/ make hym good chere
In honour/ than myn owne emes lyfe to lese
ye say/ ye nothyng els requere
No wylle quod he/ myn owne nece dere
Howe well quod he/ and I wyll do myn peyne
I shall myn hert/ agaynst my lust constrayne

But that I nyl nat/ holden him in honde
He loue a man/ ne can I nat ne may
Agaynst his wyll/ but els wyll I fonde
Myn honour saue/ please him from day to day
Cherto nolde I nat ones haue sayd nay
But that I dyede/ as in his fantasie
But cease the cause/ celyth the malady

of Troilus.

But here I make a protestacion
That in this processe/or ye further go
That certaynly/for no saluacion
Of you/though that ye serue bothe two
And all the worlde/ on a day be my fo
As I shall I neuer of hym/haue other routh
I graunt well of Pandare/by my trowth

But may I trust well to you quod he
That of this thyng/ye haue hyght me here
ye wyl holden trewly vnto me
ye doute it nat quod I he/my vnle dere
As that I shall/haue cause in this matere
Quod he to playne/or offer you to preche
Why no parde/what nedeth moze speche

Tho fylle they/ in other tales glade
Tyll at the last/o good Eame quod I he tho
For his loue/whiche vs bothe made
Tell me howe fyrst/ye wysen of his wo
Wote none of it but ye/he sayde no
Can he well speke of loue/quod I he I you prey
Tell me/for I the bet I shall me poucey

Tho Pandarus/a lytell gan to smyle
And sayd/by my trowth I shall you telle
This other day/nat go full longe whyle
Within the garden paleys/by a welle
Can he and I/halfe a day to dwell
Hyght for to speke/of an ordynaunce
Howe the grekes myght disaunce

Sone after that/we gan to lepe
And cast with our dartes to and fro
Tyll at the last/he sayd he wolde I lepe
And on the grasse/adowne he layde hym tho
And I after/gan come to and fro
Tyll that I herde/as I walked alone
Howe he began full wofully to grone

Tho gan I stalke hym softly behynde
And sykerly/the sothe for to sayne
As I can clepe agayne to my mynde
Right thus to loue/gan hym for to playne
He sayd lord/haue routhen bpon my payne
All haue I be rebell/in myn entent
Howe mea culpa/lorde I me repent

O god/that thy disposicion
Ledst the fyne/by iust purgacion
Of euery wyght/my lowe confession
Accept in gre/and sende me suche penaunce
As lyketh the/but from disperaunce
Let nat my goost/departe away from the
Thou be my helde/for thy benygnyte

For certesse lorde/so soze hath I he me wounded
That stode in blacke/with lokyng of her eyen
That to my hertes bottum/it is sounded
Through which I wote/ye I must nedes open
This is the worst/I dare nat beweyen
And well the hotter/ben the gledes reed
That men hem wzien/with althes pale & deed

With that he smote his heed downe anone
And gan to moere/I not what trewly
And I with that/gan styll away to gone
And let therof/as nothyng wylt had I
And come agayne anone/and stode hym by
And sayd awake/ye I lepen all to longe
It semeth nat/that loue dothe you longe

That I lepen so/that no man may you wake
Who sawe ever/or this so dull a man
ye frende quod he/do ye your heedes ake
For loue/and let me lyuen as I can
But though that he/for wo was pale & wan
yet made he tho/as frellhe a countenaunce
As though he I hulde haue led the daunce

This passed forth/till nowe this other day
It fell/that I come rompyng all alone
In to his chambze/and founde howe that he lay
Upon his bed/ but man so soze grone
As herde I neuer/ne what was his mone
As wylt I nat/for as I was comyng
All todaynly he left his complaynyng

Of whiche I toke somwhat suspicion
And nere I come/and fonde he wept soze
And god so wys/be my saluacion
Neuer yet of thyng/had I routh moze
For nother with engyne/ne with loze
Unnethes myght I from the dethe hym kepe
That yet fele I for hym/myn herte wepe

The seconde boke

And god wote/neuer sythe that I was borne
Was I so busy/no man to pzeche
Ne neuer was to wyght/so depe yfwozne
O he me tolde/who myght be his leche
But nowe to reherfen all his speche
O all his wofull wordes/foz to sowne
Ne byd me nat/but ye wpll se me sowne

But foz to saue his lyfe/and els nought
And to none harme of you/thus am I dztuen
As foz the loue of god/that vs hath wrought
Suche chere him dothe/as he a I may lyuen
Nowe haue I plat to you/myn herte chztuen
And sythe ye wote/that myn entent is clene
Take hede therof/foz I none puell mene

And ryght good thzifte/ I pray to god haue ye
That haue suche one caught withouten net
And be ye wple/as ye be saye to se
Well in the ryng/than is the Ruby set
There were neuer two/so well ymet
Whan ye be his all hole/as he is poure
Almyghty god graunt vs/to se that houre

Ray therof spake I nat/a ha quod I he
As helpe me god/ye schenden euery dele
A mercy dere nece/anone quod he
What so I spake/I ment but wele
By Mars the god/that helmed is with stele
Nowe be nat wrothe/myn blode my nece dere
Nowe well quod I he/foz yeuen be it here

With this he toke his leaue/ and home he went
A lozde so he was glad/and well bygon
Cresyde arole/no lenger I he ne stent
But strepte in to her closet/I he went anon
And set her downe/as styll as any stone
And euery woide/gan by a downe to wynde
As he had sayd/as it come to her mynde

And was comdele astonped in her thought
Ryght foz the newe case/but whan that I he
Was full auyfed/than sonde I he right nought
Of parell/whiche I he ought aserde to be
Foz men may loue/of possibylte
A woman/so his hert may to brest
And I he nat loue agayne/but if I he lest

But as I he sate alone/and thought thus
A cry arole at scarnp/I he all without
And men cryed in the strete/se Troylus
Hath nowe put to flyght/the grekes route
With that gan her meynp foz to shoute
I go we se/cast by the gates wyde
Foz through this strete/he must to palays ryde

Foz other way/is fro the pate none
Of Darbanus/there open is the cheyne
With that come he/and all his folke anone
An ealy pace/rydyng in routes tweyne
Right as his happy day was/sothe to seyne
Foz whiche men seyn/map nat distourbed be
That I hall betyde/must be of necessity

This Troylus sate on his bay stede
All armed saue his heed/full rythely
And wounded was his hoxe/a gan to blede
On whiche he rode/a pace full softly
But suche a knyghtly sight truly
As was on hym/was nat withouten fayle
To loke on Mars/that is god of batayle

So lyke a man of armes/and a knyght
He was to se/fultyled of hys prowesse
Foz bothe he hath/a body and a myght
To do a thyng/as well as hardynesse
And to se hym/in his gere hym dresse
So strelhe/so yonge/so worthy seemed he
It was an heuen/byon hym to se

His helme to heuen was/in twenty places
That by a tassell/hyng his backe behynde
His schelde to dasthed/with swerdes & maces
In whiche men might/manyn an arowe synde
That thzilled had/horne/netse/and rynde
And aye the people cryed/here cometh out tope
Next his brother/holder by of Trope

Foz whiche he ware all reed foz I hame
Whan he the people/crye byon hym herden
That to beholde/it was a noble game
Howe soberly/ he cast downe his epen
Cresyde/gan all his chere espyen
And let it so soft/in her herte synke
That to her selfe I he sayd/ who pafe me dzyne

of Troilus.

For of her owne thought/ she waxe all reed
Remembryng her right thus/ lo this is he
Whiche þ myne vncle swereth he mote be deid
But I on hym haue merry and pyte
And with that thought al hamed waxe/ he
Can in her heed to pull/ and that as faste
Whyle he and all the people forthe by passe

And gan to cast/ and tolle by and downe
Within her thought/ his excellent prowesse
And his hys estate/ and all his renoune
His wyl/ his hap/ and eke his gentynesse
But most her fauour/ was for his distresse
Was all for her/ and thought it was a routh
To see suche one/ if that he ment trouthe

Nowe myght some enupous sangle thus
This was a sobayne loue/ howe myght it be
That he so hastily/ loued Troilus
Byght for the fyrst syght/ ye parde
Nowe who so sayth/ mote he neuer the
For euery thyng/ agynnyng hath it neede
Or all be wrought/ without any drede

For I say nat that he/ so sobaynly
pale hym her loue/ but that he dyd enclayne
To lyke hym fyrst/ a I haue tolde you why
And after that/ his manhode and his pyne
Made loue/ in her herte for to myne
For whiche by procelle/ and by good scruple
He gate her loue/ and nat in sobayne wyle

And also blisfull Venus/ wele araped
Sate in her seuenth house of heuen tho
Disposed wele/ and with aspectes payed
To helpensely Troilus of his wo
And sothe to sayne/ she nas nat all his fo
To Troilus/ in his natpuyte
God wote that wele the soner sped he

Nowe let vs stynt/ of Troilus a throue
That rydeth forthe/ and let vs tourne fast
Vnto Creseyde/ that hyng her heed full lowe
There as she sate alone/ and gan to cast
Where that she wolde apoynt her at the last
If it so were/ her came nolde cease
For Troilus vpon her/ moze for to pcease

And loyde/ so she gan in her thought argus
In this matere/ of whiche I haue you tolde
And what to do best were/ a what to eschue
That plyted she full oft/ in many a folde
Nowe was her hert warm/ nowe was it colde
And what she thought/ com what I hal I wryte
As that myn auctoz/ lyfeth to endyte

She thought well/ that Troilus persone
She knewe by syght/ and eke his gentynesse
And thus she sayd/ all were it nat to done
To graunt hym loue/ yet for his worthynesse
It were honour/ with playe with gladnesse
In honeste/ with suche a loyde to deale
For myne estate/ and for his heale

Eke well wote I/ a kynges come is he
And sythe he hath to se me suche delpte
If I wolde bitterly/ his syght spe
Perauenture he myght haue me in dysppte
Wher through I myght stande/ in worse plyte
Nowe were I wylle/ me hate to purchase
Withouten neede/ there I may stande in grace

In euery thyng/ I wote there lyeth mesure
For though a man forbode dyonkenesse
He nat forbodeth that euery creature
Be dynklesse/ for alway as I gelle
Eke sythe I wote/ for me is his distresse
I ne ought nat/ for that thyng hym dysppte
Sythe it so is/ he meaneth in goodly wyle

And eke I knowe/ of longe tyme agone
His thewes good/ and that he is nat nyce
He a vauntour certayne/ men sayne he is none
To wyle he is/ to do suche a byce
And eke I nyl nat so hym cherpe
That he may make auant/ by iust cause
He shall me neuer bynde/ in suche a clause

Nowe set a case/ the hardest is byp
When myght deme/ that he loueth me
What dishonour were vnto me this
May I let hym of that/ why nap parde
I knowe also/ and alday here and le
When loue women/ all besyde her leue
And whan hym lyt no moze/ let hym leue

The seconde booke

I thynke howe he able is to haue
Of all this noble towne/ the thurstiest
To be his loue/ so he her honour saue
For in and out/ he is the worthiest
Saue only Hector/ whiche that is the best
And yet his lyfe/ now lyeth all in my cure
Lo/ such is loue/ and eke myn auenture

Be me to loue/ a wonder it is nought
For well wote I my selfe/ so god me spede
All wolde I/ that no man wylt of this thought
I am one the fayrest/ withouten drede
And goodlyest/ who so taketh hede
And so men sayne/ in all the towne of Troie
What wonder is/ though he of me haue ioye

I am myn owne woman/ wel at ease
I thanke it god/ as for myne estate
Ryght yonge/ and bonde vntyd in lusty lease
Without ialousy/ or such debate
Shall no husbände/ say to me checkmate
For outhen they ben full of ialousye
Or may be full/ or louen noueys

What shall I do/ to what fyne lyue I thus
Shall I nat loue/ in case if that me lest
What payde/ I am nowe no religious
And though that I/ myn herte set in rest
Vpon this knyght/ that is the worthiest
And kepe alway/ myn honour and my name
By all ryght/ it may do me no harme

But right as whan/ the sonne shyneth bright
In March/ & chaungeth oft tyme his face
And that a cloude/ put with wynde to flyght
Whiche ouerspadd the sonne/ as for a space
A cloudy thought/ gan through her hert pace
That ouerspadd her bright thoughtes all
So that for feare/ almost she gan to fall

That thought was this/ alas for the I am free
Shulde I nowe loue/ and put in reoparte
My sykernesse/ and thralen lyberte
Alas howe durst I thynke that folpe
May I nat well/ in other folke clype
Thei red full ioy/ their cōstreynt & their payn
There loueth none/ & he ne hath way to playn

For loue is yet/ the moste stormy lyfe
Ryght of hym selfe/ that euer was bygonne
For euer some mystrust/ or nyce strife
There is in loue/ some cloude ouer the sonne
Wherto we wretched women/ nothyng comne
Whan vs is wo/ but sytte/ wepe/ and thynke
Our wretchede is this/ our owne wo to drinke

Also these wicked tonges/ ben so prest
To speke vs harme/ eke men ben so vntrewe
That right anon/ as ceased is their lest
Decaeth their loue/ & for the to loue a newe
But harme ydo is do/ who so it rewe
For though these men/ for loue hem selfe rende
Full charpe begynnynge/ breaketh oft at ende

Howe often tymes/ hath it knowen ben
The treason/ that to women hath be done
To what fyne is such loue/ I can nat seen
Or where becometh it/ whan it is gone
There is no wyght I trowe/ that wote sone
Where it bycometh/ no wight there at spurneth
That erst was nothyng/ in to nought turneth

Howe busp/ if I loue must I be
To please them/ that iangle of loue & dremyn
And cop hem/ that they say no harme of me
For though there be no cause/ yet hem semen
All be for harme/ that folke her frendes wenen
Or who may stoppe/ euery wicked tonge
Or towne of belles/ whyle they ben ronge

And after that thought gan to clere
She sayd that he/ nothyng vnder taketh
Nothyng achoueth/ be hym lothe or dete
And with another thought/ her hert quaketh
Than slepeth hope/ and after drede awaketh
Nowe hote nowe colde/ but thus byt wyrtwoep
She ryst her vp/ and went her for to pley

Adowne the stappe/ anon right down she went
In to the garden/ with her neeces thys
And by a downe/ they made many a went
Flexible and che/ Carbe and Antigone
To playen/ that iop it was to se
And other of her women/ a great route
Her folowed in the garden all aboute

This perde

of Troilus.

This yerde was large/ & rayled all the aleys
And shadowed wele/ wth blisful bowes grene
pbenched newe/ and lanted all the weyes
In whiche he walketh/ arme in arme bitwene
Till at the last/ Antigone the cheere
Can on a Troyan longe syngen clere
That it an heuen was for to here

She sayd/ O loue to whome I haue and I hall
Ben humble subiect/ trewe in myne entent
As I best can/ to you lord peue I all
For euermore/ myn hertes lust the rent
For neuer yet/ thy grace no wyght sent
So blisfull cause/ as me my lyfe to lede
In all ioy/ and surete out of drede

The blisfull god/ hath me so well be set
In loue p^{er}is/ that all that bere lyfe
p^{er}magne ne coude/ howe to be bet
For lord/ without ielously or stryfe
I loue one/ whiche is most ententyfe
To seruen well/ vnwery and vnseyned
That euer was/ & leste with harme disteyned

As he that is/ the welle of worthynesse
Of trouth grounde/ myrrour of goodlyheed
Of wyrt Appollo/ stone of secretnesse
Of vertue rote/ of lust synder and heed
Thurgh which is all my sorowe from me deed
p^{er}is I loue hym best/ so dothe he me
Howe good thyrt haue he/ where so euer he be

Whome I hulde I thanke/ but you god of loue
Of all this blisse/ in whiche I bathe now in
All thanked be the lord/ for that I loue
This is the right lyfe/ that I am in
To eschewe all maner vyce and syn
This dothe me/ so to vertue entende
That day by day/ I in my wyll amende

And who that sayth/ that for to loue is vyce
Or thraldom/ though he fele in it distresse
He outhet is enuyous/ or right nyce
Or is vnmyghty/ for his chereynesse
To loue/ for suche maner folke as I gesse
Defamyn loue/ as nothyng of it knowe
They speke/ but bent they neuer his bowe

What is the sonne the worse of kynde right
Though that a man/ for feblenesse of his eyen
May nat endure/ on it to loke for bright
O loue p^{er} worse/ thought wretches on it cryen
No wele is he worthe/ p^{er} may no sorowe dyen
And for thy/ who that hath an hebd of verre
For cast of stones/ beware hym in the werre

But I/ with all myne hert and my myght
As I haue sayd/ wyl loue vnto my last
My dere hert/ and all myne owne knyght
In whiche myne hert/ grauen is so fast
And his in myne/ that it I hall euer last
All vrad I first/ loue hym to begyn
Howe wote I well/ there is no paryll in

And of her longe/ right at p^{er} wordes he spyt
And therwith all/ nowe nece quod Cresyde
Who made this longe/ with so good entent
Antigone answerde anone/ and sayde
Madame p^{er}is/ the goodlyest mayde
Of great estate/ in all the towne of Troys
And led her lyfe/ in most honour and ioy

For sothe so it semeth by her longe
Quod the Cresyde/ & gan therwith to speke
And sayd lord/ is there suche blisse amonge
These louers/ as they saye endyte
ye wyl the quod fresshe Antigone the whyte
For all the folke/ that haue or ben alpye
He coude nat well the blisse of loue discryue

But wene ye/ that euery wretche wote
The partyte blisse of loue/ nap p^{er}is
They wene all loue/ if one behote
Do way do way/ they wote nothyng of this
Men must aske at sayntes/ if it is
Dught saye in heuen/ for they conne tell
And aske sendes/ if it be foule in hell

Cresyde vnto that purpose/ nought answerde
But sayd p^{er}is/ it wyl be myght as fast
But euery worde/ whiche that he of herde
She gan to print it/ in her herte fast
And aye gan lone/ it lessed more to agast
Than it opd erst/ and synken in her hert
That she wate somwhat/ able to conuert

The seconde boke

The dayes honour/and the heuens eye
The nyghtes foe/all this clepe I the sonne
Can welken fast/ & downwarde for to wyse
As he that had his dayes cours yronne
And whyte thinges/wexed bymme & donne
For lacke of lyght/and sterres to appere
That I he and all her folke/home went in fere

So whan it lyketh her/to go to reste
And boybed were tho/that boyden ought
She sayd/that to slepe/well her lest
Her women come/in to her bed her brought
Whan all was hysht/that lay she still & thought
Of all these thynges/the maner and the guyle
To reherce it nedeth nat/for ye ben wyse

A nyghtyngale/bpon a Cedre grene
Under the chamber wall/there as I he lay
Full loude songe/agayne the mone I here
Peraventure/in her bydes wyse/alay
Of loue/that made her herte freshe and gay
That herkeneth I he/so longe in good entent
That at the last/the deed I lepe her hent

And as I he slept/anon ryght her mette
Howe that an Eagle/ferthered whyte as bone
Under her brest/his longe clees set
And out her herte rent/and that anone
And byd his hert/in to her brest gone
Of whiche she nought agros/ne nothing smert
And for the he flye/with herte left for hert

Nowe let her slepe/and we our tales holde
Of Troilus/that is to palays rydden
From the scarmyche/of whiche I tolde
And in his chambze sytte/and hath abydden
Tyll two or thre/of his messagers yedden
For Pandarus/and sought hym so fast
Tyll they hym fonde/ & brought hym at the last

This Pandarus/came leppnge in attones
And sayd thus/who hath ben well ybeate
To day with swerdes/with spynges & stones
But Troilus/that hath caught hym an heate
And gan to iape/and sayd lord ye swete
But ryse/and let vs soupe/and go to reste
And he answerde/go we where the leste

With all the haste goodly/that they myght
They sped hem from the souper and to bedde
And every wyght/out at the doze hym dyght
And where hym lest/bpon his way hym spedde
But Troilus/that thought his hert bledde
For wo/tyll he herde some tydyng
He sayd frende/I shall I nowe wepe or syng

Quod Pandarus/be still and let me slepe
And do on thyne hode/thy nedes sped be
And chese if thou wylt syng/daunce or lepe
At I horte wordes/thou shalt trust in me
And my nece wyl do well by the
And loue the best/by god and by my trowth
But lacke of poursute/make it in thy slouth

For thus serfethe/haue I thy wo/ke bygonne
From day to day/to this day by the mozo we
Her loue and frend I byp/haue I to the wonne
And therto hath I he layde/her sayth to bozowe
Algate one fote/is lyfled of thy sozowe
What I shall I lenger sermon of it holde
As ye haue herde befoze/ye all hym tolde

But right as floures/through the colde of night
yclosed/stoupen on her stalkes lowe
Redressen/agayne the sonne byght
And spreden out their colours/kyndly by rowe
Wyght so gan he tho/his eyn by throwe
This Troilus/and sayd/O Venus dere
Thy myght/thy grace/pherped be it here

And to Pandarus/helde by bothe his handes
And sayd lord/all thyne be it that I haue
For I am hole/all brosten be my bondes
A thousande Troyes/who so that me paue
Eche after other/god so me wyse and saue
He myght me so gladden/lo my herte
It spredeth so for toy/it wolde out sterte

But lord/howe I shall I do/howe I shall I lyuen
Whan I shall I next/my dere herte se
Howe I shall this longe tyme away be dyuen
Tyll thou be agayne/at her from me
Thou mayest answer/abyde abyde/but he
That hangeth by the necke/sothe to sayne
In great dyscase/abydeth for the payne

All casely nowe/for loue and charyte
Quod Pandarus/for all thyng hath tyme
So longe abyde/tyll þe nyght departed be
Forþer/as thou lyste here by my
And god to forme/ I wyl be there at prime
And for thy werke/ somwhat I hall I say
Or on some other wyght/this charge lay

For god wote/that I haue euer yet
Be redy to serue/ in to this nyght
Haue I nat sayned/ but enforced my might
Do nowe as I hall say/ and fare a right
For I haue do thy lust/ with all my myght
And if thou nylt/ wpte thy selfe thy care
On me is nat a longe/ thyne puell fare

I wote well/that thou wyser arte than I
I thousande folde/ but and I were as thou
God helpe me so/ I wolde bitterly
Ryght of myn owne hande/ wryte to her nowe
A letter/ in whiche I wolde tell her howe
I farde amysse/ and her besече of routh
Nowe helpe thy selfe/ and let for no clouth

And I my selfe/ I hall therewith to her gon
And whan thou wost/ that I am there
Worthe vpon a courser/ and that anon
ye hardely/ ryght in thy best gere
And ryght forthe by þe place/ as nought ne were
And thou shalt fynde vs/ if I may/ sytting
At some wyndowe/ in to the strete lokyng

And if the lyst/ thou mayst vs salewe
And vpon me make thy countenaunce
But by thy lyfe beware/ and fast eschewe
To tarpen ought/ god helde vs fro mischaunce
Ryde forthe thy way/ & holde thy gouernaunce
And wel hullen speke of the somwhat I crowe
Whan thou art gone/ to make thyn eren glowe

Touchyng thy letter/ thou art wyse pnowe
I wote well/ thou nylt it clerly endyte
As make it with these argumentes to we
As scriuanly/ ne craftely it wryte
Blotte it eke/ with thy teares alpte
And though thou wryte/ a goodly worde & softe
Though it be good/ reherse it nat to ofte

For though the best harper vpon lyue
Wolde on the best sowned ioly harpe
That euer was/ with all his fyngers fyue
Touche aye one string/ or ay one warble harpe
With his nayles/ popnted neuer so sharpe
It shulde make every wyght to dull
To here his gle/ and of his strokes full

He sompre nat/ no discordant in fere
As blen these termes of physyke
In loues termes/ holde on thy matere
The fourm alway/ and do that it be lyke
For if a pepytour/ wolde paynt a pyke
With asses fete/ and heed as an ape
It cozdeh nat/ so nere it but a lape

This counsaile lyked well Troilus
But as a dyedfull man/ he sayd thus
Alas/ my deere brother Pandarus
I am a shamed/ for to wryten this
Lest of myne innocence/ I sayd amys
Or that I be nolde/ for dysppte it receyue
Tha were I deed/ there might nothing it wep

To that Pandare answered/ if the lest
Do as I say/ and let me therewith gone
For by that lord/ that formed est and well
I hope of it/ to bring answere anone
Right of her hande/ and if thou wylt none
Let be/ and soþ mote he be his lyue
Agaynst thy lust/ that helpeth the to thryue

Quod Troilus/ depar dieu/ yche assent
Sythe that the lyst/ I wyl arple and wryte
And blisfull god/ pray I with good entent
The byage and the letter/ I hall endyte
So speke/ and thou Minerva the wyfte
Gyue thou me wpt/ my letter to deuyse
And late him downe/ and wrote in this wyse

First he gan her/ his ryght lady call
His hertes lyfe/ his lust/ his sorowes leche
His blisse/ and eke these other termes all
That in suche case/ ye louers all seche
And in full humble wyse/ as in his speche
He gan hym recomaunde vnto her grace
To tell all howe/ it asketh moche space

The seconde booke

And after this full lowly he her prayde
To be nat wrothe/though he of his folp
So hardy was/her to write oꝛ sayde
But lone it made/oꝛ els must he dye
And pꝛoudly gan mercy foꝛ to crye
And after he sayd/and lꝛed loude
Hym selfe was lytell worth/ & lesse good coude

And prayed her/haue excused his unkonnyng
That lytell was/and eke hym selfe also
Was well nye deed/in his wꝛytyng
And after that/than gan he tell his wo
But that was endlesse/withouten ho
And sayd he wolde/in tꝛough alway hym holde
And rad it ouer/and gan the letter folde

And with his salt teares/gan he bathe
The ruby in his spꝛyng/and it he set
Upon the were/delyuerly and rathe
Therwith a thousande tymes oꝛ he let
He kyst the letter/and after that it set
And sayd lettre/a blyssfull bestyne
The shapen is/my lady shall the se

This Pandare toke the letter right betyme
On morowe/ & to his neeces palays he hym stert
And fast he swoꝛe/that it was passed pꝛyme
And gan to sape/and sayd pꝛysse myne herte
So frellhe it is/all though it soꝛe smerte
I may nat slepe/neuer a mayes morowe
I haue a soly wo/and a lusty soꝛowe

Crespe/whan I he her vncle herde
With dꝛedefull herte/and desyꝛous to here
The cause of his comyng/thus answered
Now by your sayth/myne vncle quod I he dere
What maner wynde/guydeth you now here
Tell vs your soly wo/and your penaunce
Howe ferfoꝛth ben ye put/in loues daunce

By god quod he/I hoppe alway behynde
And I he to laugh/her thought her hert bꝛest
Quod Pandarus/loke alway that ye fynde
Gane in my hode/but herkeneth if ye lest
There is ryght nowe come to towne a gest
A greke aspye/and telleth newe thynges
Wherfoꝛe I come/to tell you tydynges

In to the garden go we/and ye shall here
All pꝛuely of this/a longe sermon
With that they went/arme in arme pꝛere
In to the garden/from the champe downe
And whan he was so fer/that the towne
Of that he spake/no man here myghe
He sayd her thus/and out the letter plyghe

Lo/he that is all holy yours fre
Hym recomaundeth/lowly to your grace
And sent you this letter here by me
Aupse you on it/whan ye haue space
And of some goodly anwere you purchase
Oꝛ so helpe me god/pleynly foꝛ to sepe
He may nat longe lyue in this pepne

Full dꝛedefully tho/gan I he stande styll
And toke it nat/but all her humble chere
Gan foꝛ to chaunge/ & sayd scripture byll
Foꝛ loue of god/that toucheth such maters
He bꝛinge me none/and also vncle dere
To myne estate/haue moze regarde I pray
Than to his lust/what I hulde I moze say

And loketh nowe/if this be resonable
And letteth nat/foꝛ fauour ne foꝛ louth
To say a sothe/nowe were it couenable
To myne estate/by god & by your tꝛough
To take it/to haue of hym routh
In harmyng of my selfe/oꝛ repꝛeue
Beare it agayne/foꝛ hym that ye on leue

This Pandarus/gan on her foꝛ to stare
And sayd nowe/this is the most wonder
That euer I sawe/let be this nyce fare
To dethe mote I smyt be with thonder
If foꝛ the cytie/whiche that stondeth ponder
And I a letter to you bꝛinge oꝛ take
To harme of you/what lust ye this to make

But thus ye fare/wele nye all and come
He that moste despyeth you to serue
Of hym ye retche lesse/where he become
Oꝛ whether that he lyue/oꝛ els sterue
But foꝛ all that I may deserue
Refuse it nat quod he/and hent her fast
And in her bolome/downe the lettre thꝛast

of Troilus.

And sayd her/cast it fast away anon
That folke may se/and gaue on vs twey
Quod she I can abyde/till they be gon
And gan to smyle/and sayd Come I prey
Suche answer as you lyst/such your selfe put
For trewly I nyl no letter write (ney
No than wyl I/so that ye endyte

Therwith she lough/and sayd go we dyne
And he gan at hym selfe tape faste
And sayd nece/ I haue so great a pyne
For loue/that every other day I faste
And gan his iapes/best forthe to caste
And make her so to laugh of his folye
That she for laughter/wende for to dye

And whan she was comen in to the hall
Howe eme quod she/we wyl go dyne anon
And gan some of her women to call
And strepght vnto her chamber gan she gone
But of her busynesse/this was one
Amonge other thynges/out of dyede
Full priuely/this letter gan she rede

Myselfe worde by worde/in every lyne
And soude no lacke/she thought he coude good
And by it put/and went her in to dyne
But Pandarus/that in studye stode
O he was ware/she toke hym by the hode
And sayd/ye were caught o that ye wylte
I vouchesaufe quod he/do what ye lyst

Tho wythen they/and set hem downe to ete
And after anon/full of lylp Pandarus
Gan drawe him to the wyndowe/next by strete
And sayd nece/who hath arayed thus
That ponder house/that stonde aforpens vs
Whiche house quod she/ & chame for to beholde
And knewe it well/a whole it was hym tolde

And fallen forthe in speche/of thynges smale
And saten in the wyndowe bothe twey
Whan Pandarus sawe tyme/vnto his tale
And sawe well/her folke were away
Howe nece myne/tell on quod he I say
Howe lyketh you this letter/that ye wote
Can he there on/for by my trouthe I note

Therwithall rose he wex/the wape she
And gan to homme/ye so I trowe
And wylte to him wele/for goddes sake o he
My selfe to medes/wyl the letter so we
And helde his handes by/a fell on knowe
Howe good nece/be it neuer so lye
Gyue me the labour/it to some and plyte

ye for I can so wylte/quod she the
And eke I note/what I shull to hym selfe
Say nece quod Pandarus/say nat so
yet at the lest/thanke hym I you prey
Of his good wyl/I do hym nat to dey
Howe for the loue of me/my nece deye
Refuse nat at this tyme my prayere

God graunt quod she/all thyng be wele
God helpe me so/this is the fyrst letter
That euer I wote/ye o that any dele
And in to a closet/for to anple her better
She went anon/and gan her hert vnsette
Out of disdeynous prisson let a lye
She sette her downe/and gan a letter wylte

Of whiche to tell in fhorze/is myne entent
Theffecte/as ferre as I can vnderstonde
She thanked hym of all/that he wele ment
Towardes her/but holden hym in bonde
She wolde nat/ne make her selfe bonde
In loue/but as his suffer him to please
She wolde aye sayne/do his herte ease

She lpyt it/and to Pandarus gan gon
There as he late/and loked in to the strete
And downe she set her/by hym on a stonde
Of Jasper/vpon a quylhon of golde plete
And sayd/as wylly helpe me god the great
I neuer byd a thyng/with more payne
Than wylte this/to whiche ye me constrayne

And toke it hym/he thanked her and seyde
God wote of thynges/full ofte lothe bygonne
Cometh ende good/and nece myne Ctesepde
That ye to hym/of harde now be wonne
Dought he be glad/by god & by ponde sonne
For whp men sayne/expressions lpyght
Full lightly ben/all reby to the flyght

The seconde booke

But ye haue playde the tyraunt npe to longe
And harde was it/your hert for to graue
Howe stant that ye/no longer on it honge
All wolde the fourme of daunger it saue
But hasteth you/to do hym ioye to haue
For trusteth wele/to longe ydo hardnesse
Causeth dyspyte full oft/for distresse

And right/as they declared this matere
Lo Troylus/right at the stretes ende
Came rydyng with his people in fere
All softly/and thyderwarde gan bende
There as they late/as was his way to wende
To paleys warde/and Pandare hym aspyde
And sayd nece/lo who cometh here nowe ryde

O slye nat in/he seeth vs as I suppose
Lest he may thynke/that we hym eschewe
Nay nay quod she/and ware as reed as rose
With that he gan/her humbly saue
With dyedfull chere/ & oft his herte was newe
And by his heed/debonayrly he cast
And bekened on Pandare/and forth he pass

God wote if he late/on his hoxe a ryght
O goodly was besene/that ylike day
God wote whether he was like a mayl knyght
What shulde I dretche/oz tell of his aray
Cresyde/whiche that all these thynges say
To tell in chort/her lyked all in fere
His persone/his aray/his loke/his chere

His goodly maner/and his gentyllesse
So well/that neuer syth he was bozne
He had she luche routh of his distresse
And though she had be harde/there to forne
To good hope/she hath nowe caught a thorne
She hall nat pull it out/this next wyke
God sende her mo luche thornes on to pyke

Pandare/whiche that stode her fast by
Felt the yron hote/and began to smyte
And sayd nece/I pray you hertely
Tell me/that I shall aske you alpte
A woman that were of his dethe to wpte
Without his gylt/but for lache of routh
Were it well done of she/nay by my trowth

God helpe me so quod he/ye say me sothe
If ye fele your selfe/that I nat lye
Lo yonde he ryt quod she/so he dothe
Well of Pandare/as I haue tolde you thry
Let be your nyce I haue and foly
And speke with hym/in easynge of his hert
Let nyce/ nat do you bothe to smert

But theron was to heaue and to done
Consydered althyng/it may nat so be
And why/for speche/and eke it were to sone
To graunt hym yet/so great a lyberte
For playnly her entent/as sayd she
Was for to loue hym/bnwyft if she myght
And guerdon hym/with nothyng but wlyght

But Pandare thought/it shulde nat be so
If that I may/this nyce oppynion
Shall nat be holde/fully yeres two
What shulde I make of this/a longe sermon
She must assent/on that conclusion
As for the tyme/whan that it was eue
And all was wele/he rose and toke his leue

And on his way homwarde/full fast hym sped
And ryght for ioy/he felte his herte daunce
And Troylus he fonde alone a bed
That lay/as done these louers/in a traunce
Bytwyre hope and derke desperaunce
But Pandare/ryght at his in comyng
He lunge/as who sayth/somwhat I bring

And sayd/who is in his bedde so sone
yburied thus/it am I frende quod he
who Troylus/nay helpe me so the mone
Quod Pandarus/thou shalt by ryse and se
A charme/that was ryght nowe sent to the
The whiche can heale the/of thyne accesse
So that thou do forthwith thy busynesse

ye through the myght of god/quod Troylus
And Pandarus/gan hym the letter take
And sayd pardieu/god hath holpen by
Haue here a lyght/ & loke ouer all these blake
But oft gan his herte/glad and quake
Of Troylus/whyle he gan it rede
So as the wordes/yaue hym hope & dede

of Troylus.

But fynally he toke all for the best
That he hym wrote/for somwhat he behelde
On whiche he thought/he might his hert rest
All couered he the worde vnder helde
Thus to the more worthyer parte he helde
That what for hope/and Pandarus behest
His great wo forpede at the lest

But as we may alday/our seluen se
The more wodde and cole/the more fyre
Right so encrese of hope/what so it be
Therwith full oft/encreaseth his desyre
Or as an Oke/cometh of a lytell spyre
So throughe this letter/whiche he him sent
Encrease gan desyre/wyth whiche he bent

Wherefore I say alway/that day and nyght
This Troylus/gan to desyre more
That he dyd erst throughe hope/and dyd his might
To preacen on/as by Pandarus loze
And wrote vnto her/of his sorowes soze
fro day to day/he let it nat refrepe
That by Pandarus/somwhat he wrote or sepe

And dyd also/his other obseruaunces
That to a louer/longeth in this caas
And after that his dyce/turmeth on chaunces
So he was outhet glad/or sayd alas
And helde after his gyftes/aye his pas
As after suche anwere as he had
So were his dayes soze outhet glad

But to Pandarus alway/was his recours
And pytoully gan/vnto hym playne
And hym besought/of rede or some socours
And Pandarus/sawe his wodely payne
Ware well nye deed/for routhe sothe to sayne
And busely/with all his herte he cast
Some of his wotoflee/and that as fast

And sayd lord and frende/and brother dere
God wote that thy disease/dothe me wo
But wylt thou stpnt/all this wofull chere
And by my trowth/or it be dayes two
And god to forme/pef hall I chape it so
That thou shalt come/in to a certayn place
There as thou maist thy selfe pray yet of grace

And certaynly I not/if thou it wost
But tho that ben expert/in loue I say
It is one of the thynges/that furthereth most
A man to haue a leyser for to pray
And lyker place/his wo to bewray
For in good herte/there must routh impress
To her that sethe/the gyltlesse in distresse

Wherefore thou pnest thou/though it be so
That kynde wolde done/for to begynne
To haue a maner routhe vpon my wo
Say the daunger nay/thou shalt me neuer wynn
In that maner/for no maner gynn
Though that he ben de/pef he stant on rote
What in effecte is this/vnto my bote

Than there agaynst/whan that the surdy oke
On whiche men hacket/oft for the nones
Recepued hath/the happy fallng stroke
The great weyght/dothe it fall at ones
As done these rockes/to the mylstones
For swifter cours/cometh thyng of weyght
Whan it descendeth/than done thynges lyght

But rede that boweth downe/with euery blast
Full lyghely with the wynde/it wyl arys
But so nyl nat an oke/whan it is cast
It nedeth me nat/the longe to deuyse
Whan I hulde reioyse/of great empyse
Acheueth well/and stondeth out of doute
All haue men ben/the lenger therabout

But Troylus/nowe tell me if the lest
A thyng/the whiche I shall aske the
Whiche is the brother/that thou louest best
As in thy veray hertes pryuyte
pwyse my dere brother Depphebe
Nowe or Pandarus/or houres twyes twelue
He shall the ease/vnwyf of hym selue

Nowe let me alone/and werke as I may
Quod he/and to Depphebus went he tho
Whiche had his lord and great frende ben ay
Sawe Troylus/no man he loued so
To tell in chorte/without wordes mo
Quod Pandarus/I pray you that ye be
Frende to a cause/whiche that toucheth me

The seconde booke

yes parde quod Deiphebus/well thou wost
In all that euer I may/and god to fore
All nere it but for o man / that I loue most
My brother Troilus/but sey me wherfore
It is/for sythe the day that I was bore
I was not neuer more/to be I thynke
Agaynst a thyng/that myght the forthynke

Pandarus gan hym thanke/ and thus he seyde
Lo sy? I haue a lady in this towne
That is my nece/and called is Creseyde
Whiche some men wolde do oppression
And wrongfully/haue her possession
Wherfore your lordshipp/ I you beseeche
To be our frende/ without more speche

Deiphebus answered/ is it this
That thou to me/ spake of so straungely
Creseyde my frende/ he sayd she is
Than nedeth quod Deiphebus herdely
A more of this/for trusteth well that I
Wyll be her champion/with spere & swerde
I fought not/though all her foes it herde

But tell me/for thou wost this matere
I myght her best auayle/nowe late se
Quod Pandarus/if ye my lordes siders
Wolde as now we do/this honour vnto me
To prayen her this/to morowe that she
Come vnto you/her playntes to deuyse
Her aduersaries/wolde therof agryse

Lord if that more/I durst you pray as now we
And charge you to haue so great trauayle
To haue some of your brethren here with you
Than might her cause/the better auayle
Than wote I well/she myght neuer sayle
For to be holpe/what at your instance
What with her other frendes sustenance

Deiphebus/whiche that was come of kynde
To all honour and boupte to consent
Answerde it shall be done/and I can fynde
yet greater helpe to this/in myne entent
That wylt thou say/if for Helyne I sent
To speke of this/I trowe it be best
For she may lede Paris as her lest

For Hector/whiche is my lord my brother
It nedeth nat to pray hym frende to be
For I haue herde hym/both one tyme & other
Speke of Creseyde/suche honour that he
May say no bet/suche hap to hym hath she
So nedeth nat his helpe/nowe for to carue
Hec hall be suche/ryght as we wyll him haue

Speke thou thy selfe also to Troilus
On my behalfe/and pray hym with vs dyne
Sy? all this I hall be do/quod Pandarus
And toke his leaue/and neuer gan to fyne
But to his neces house/as streyght as a lyne
He come/and fonde her from the meate aryle
And set hym downe/ & spake right in this wyse

He sayd/ O veray god so haue I conne
Lo nece myne/se ye nat howe I swete
I not whether the more/ye me thanke conne
Ye ye nat ware/howe false Poliphete
Is now aboute/eflones to plete
To bringe on you/advocates newe
I no quod she/and chaunged all her bette

What is he more aboute/me to dretche
And do me wronge/what I hall I do alas
yet of him selfe/nothyng wolde I retche
Here it for Athenoz and Eneas
That ben his frendes/in suche maner cas
But for the loue of god/myn vncle dere
No forse of it/let hym haue all pferre

Without that/I haue ynough for vs
Say quod Pandarus/if I hall nothyng be so
For I haue be right nowe with Deiphebus
At Hector/and myne other lordes mo
And boztly/made eche of them his fo
That by my thurst/he I hall it neuer wynn
For aught he can/whan so that he begyn

And as they cast/what was best to done
Deiphebus/of his owne curtesy
Came her to prey/in his owne proper persons
To holde him on the morowe company
At dyner/whiche she wolde hym nat deny
But goodly gan/to his prayer obey
He thanketh her/and went vpon his wey

of Troilus.

Whan this was done/ this Pandare by anon
To tell in haste/ for the he gan to wende
To Troilus/ as still as any stone
Of all this thyng/ he tolde hym woode & ende
And howe he Deiphobus gan to blende
And sayd/ nowe is tyme if that thou come
Beare the well to morowe/ and all is wonne

Nowe speke now pray/ now pitously cōplaine
Leaue nat for nyce shame/ or drede or clouth
Somtyme a man/ mote tell his owne payne
Byleue it/ and he wyl haue on the routh
Thou shalt be saued/ by thy fapth in trouth
But wele wote I/ thou arte in a drede
And what it is/ lo I can it rede

Thou thyntest nowe/ howe I hall I do all this
For by my chere/ must folke espye
That for loue is/ that I fare amys
Yet had I leuer pwyse/ for sozowe dpye
Nowe thynte nat so/ thou doest great folye
For I right nowe/ haue founde a manere
Of slepyght/ for to couere all thy chere

Thou shalt go ouer nyght/ & that as blyue
Vnto Deiphobus house/ the to pley
Thy malady the bet/ away to dreyne
For why/ thou semest sicke/ the sothe to say
Sone after that/ downe in thy bed the ley
And say thou mayst/ no lenger by endure
And be right there/ and byde thy auenture

Say that the feuer/ is wonte the to take
The same tyme/ and last tyll a morowe
And let se nowe/ howe well thou canst it make
For parde/ syke is he that is in sorowe
Go nowe farewele/ & Venus here to borowe
I hope and thou/ thy poutpote holde ferme
In grace he shall/ the fully conferme

Quod Troilus pwyse/ thou nebelesse
Counsailest me/ sykerly to seyne
For I am sicke/ in earnest doutlesse
So well npe/ that I sterue for the peyne
Quod Pandarus/ thou shalt the better pleyne
And hast the lasse nebe to counterfete
For hym men deme hote/ that men se swete

Lo/ holde the at thy Crist close/ and I prayme
Shall wele the dere/ vnto thy bowe dreyne
Therwith he toke his leaue all softly
And Troilus to paleys went blyue
So glad he nas/ neuer in all his lyue
And to Pandarus rede/ gan all assent
And to Deiphobus house/ at nyght he went

What nedeth you/ to tellen of the chere
That Deiphobus gan his brother make
Of his accesse/ or his sickly manere
Howe men hym gan/ with clothes lade
Whan he was layde/ & how men byd hym glade
But all for nought/ he helde for the his gnyde
As ye haue herde/ Pandare hym deuple

But certayne is/ or Troilus hym leyde
Deiphobus prayde hym ouer nyght
To be a frende/ and helpyng to Cresyde
God wote that he/ it graunted anon right
To be her full frende/ with all his myght
But such a nebe it was/ to pray him thence
As for to byde a wode man to reme

The morowe come/ & nyghten gan the tyme
Of meletyde/ that the sayre quene Heleyn
Shope her to be/ an hour after the prime
With Deiphobus/ to whom she wolde nat seyne
But as his suster/ homely sothe to sayne
She came to dyner/ in her playne entent
But god & Pandare/ wylt none what this ment

Come eke Cresyde/ all innocent of this
Antygone her suster/ and Carge also
But slye we nowe ppolixite best is
For loue of god/ and let vs fast go
Ryght to the effect/ without tales mo
Why all this folke/ assembled in that place
And let vs of their salewpynges pace

Great honour byd hem Deiphobus certayne
And fed hem well/ with all þ myght hem lyke
But euer more alas/ was his restrepyne
My good brother Troilus the syke
Lyeth yet/ and therwithall he gan to syke
And after that/ he peyned hym to glade
Hem as he myght/ and good chere hem made

The seconde boke

Complained eke Helepe/ of his sickness
So faythfullp/ that ppte was to here
And euery wyght than/ was for that accesse
I leche anon/ and sayd in this manere
When curen folke/ this charme I wyll you lere
But there fate one/ all lyst her nat to teche
That thought/ yet best coude I be his leche

After compleynt/ than gan they hym to pseyse
As folke done yet/ whan some han bygonne
To prayse a man/ and by with hym to reyse
A thousande folde/ yet hyper than the sonne
He is that can/ that fewe lordes conne
And Pandarus/ of that they wolde asserme
He nat forgate/ his prapysng to conferme

Herde all this Creseyde/ well ynough
And euery worde/ gan to notyfe
For whiche with sobze chere/ her hert lough
For who is that/ nolde hym glorifye
To mone suche a knyght/ to lyue or dye
But all passe I/ lest ye to longe dwell
For all is for a tyne/ that I you tell

The tyme come/ from dyner for to ryse
And as hem ough/ they rylen euerychone
And gan a whyle/ of this and that deuyse
But Pandarus/ brake all that speche anone
And sayd to Deiphobus/ wyll we gone
If your wyll be/ as I you preyde
To speke here of the nedes of Creseyde

Helepe/ whiche that by the hande her helde
Toke fyrst the tale/ and sayd go we byus
And goodly/ on Creseyde/ he behelde
And sayd/ Jouis let hym neuer thytue
That doth you harme/ & bring him selfe of lyue
And yene me sorowe/ but he hall it rewe
If that I may/ and all folkes be trewe

Tell thou thy neces case/ quod Deiphobus
To Pandarus/ for thou canst best it tell
My lordes and my ladyes/ it stant thus
What shulde I lenger/ do you dwell
He ronge hym out a proces lyke a bell
Upon her foe/ that hyght Poliphete
So haynous/ that men might on it spete

Answerde of this/ eche of the woxe than other
And Poliphete/ thus gan they warpen
In hanged be suche one/ were he my brother
And so it shall/ for it may nat varien
What shulde I lenger/ in this processe tarpen
Plapny all at ones/ they her behyght
To be her frende/ in all that euer they myght

Spake than Helepe/ and herde Pandarus
Wote ough my lord/ my brother this matere
I meane Hector/ or wote it Troilus
He sayd ye/ but wyll ye now me here
He thynketh this/ syth Troilus is here
It were good/ if that ye wolde assent
He tolde him her selfe/ all this or he went

For he wyll haue the more/ her grete at hert
Bycause lo/ that he a lady is
And by your leue/ I wyll but in stert
And do ye wete/ and that anon pwis
If that he lepe/ or wyll ough here of this
And in he lepe/ and sayd hym in his ere
God haue thy soule/ brought I haue thy bere

To smplen gan/ of this Troilus
And Pandarus/ without reitonyng
Out went anon/ to Helepe and Deiphobus
And sayd hem so/ there be no taryng
He more I wyll well/ that ye bring
Creseyde anon/ my lady that is here
As he may endure/ he wyll you here

But well ye wote/ the chambze is but lyte
And fewe folke/ may lyghtly make it warme
Nowe loketh ye/ for I wyll haue no wyte
To bring in pyce/ that myght do hym harme
Or hym diseale/ for my better arme
Where it be bet/ he abyde tyll est sone is
Nowe loke ye that knowe/ what to done is

I say for me best is/ as I can knowe
That no wyght nowe wende in but ye twey
But it were/ for I can in a thowe
Reherce her cause/ vnylyke that he can sey
And after this/ he may hym ones prey
To be her good lord/ in short/ & take her leue
This may nat moche/ of his case hym reue

of Troilus.

And for that she is straunge/he wyl forbere
His ease/whiche he dare nat for you
The other thynges/whiche toucheth nat to her
He wyl you tell/I wote it well pnowe
That secret is/and for the townes pnowe
And she that nothyng knewe of this entent
Without moze/to Troilus in went

Helepe in all her goodly softe wyse
Can hym salewe/and womanly play
And sayd pwyse/ye mote algate aryle
Nowe saye brother/be all hole I you pray
And gan her arme/hpon his shulder lay
And hym with all her hert/he gan dispozte
As she best coude/of sorowe hym to comfozte

Sone after quod she/we you byseke
Why dere brother Deiphobus and I
For loue of god/and so dothe Pandare eke
To be good lord/and frende right hertely
Unto Cresepe/whiche that certaynly
Recepueth wronge/as wote well here Pandare
That can her case/well bet than I declare

This Pandarus/gan nowe his tonge assyle
And all her case reherced/and that anone
Whan it was sayd/sone after in a whyle
Quod Troilus/as sone as I may gone
I wyl right sayne/with all my might anone
Haue god my trouthe/her cause to sustene
Good thurst haue ye/quod Helepe the quene

Quod Pandarus/and it your wyl be
That she may take her leue/or that she go
Nowe els god forbode it/tho quod he
If that she vouchesaufe/for to do so
And with that worde/þ Troilus ye two
Deiphobe/and ye my suster dere
To you haue I to speke/of a matere

To be aduysed/by your aduysle the better
And had as hap was/at his beddes heed
The copp of a trefyle/and a letter
That Hector had hym sent/to asken reed
If suche a man/were worthy to be deed
Not I nat who/but in a gysely wyse
He prayed hem bothe/anon on it auple

Deiphobus/gan this letter vnfolde
In earnest great/so dyd Helepe the quene
And comyng outwarde/fast gan it beholde
Downwarde a stape/in to an herber grene
This plike thyng/they redde hem bytwene
And largely/the mountenaunce of an houre
They gonme on it/for to rede and polize

Nowe let hem rede/and tourne we anon
To Pandarus/that gan full fast pize
That as well in and out/gan he gone
Unto the chambze aloft/and that on hys
And sayd/god saue all this company
Come nowe my nece/my lady quene Helepe
Abydeth you/and eke my lordes tweyne

Ryse/take with you your nece Antigone
Of whome ye lyst/or noforse hardely
The lesse pceace the bet/come forth with me
And loke that ye/thanke humbly
Hem all thye/and whan ye may goodly
your tyme se/taketh of hem your leue
Lest we to longe/his rest hym byzeus

All innocent/of Pandarus entent
Quod tho Cresepe/go we vncle dere
And arme in arme/inward with him she went
Auplynge well her wordes/and her chere
And Pandarus/in ernestfullest manere
Sayd all folke/for goddes loue I pray
Stynteth right here/and softly ye play

Auple ye what folke/ben here within
And in what plyte/one is/god hym amende
And inwarde thus/full softly begyn
Neece I coniure/and byelp defende
On his halfe/whiche that his soule hath sende
And in the vertue/of the corownes twayne
Slee nat this man/þ hath for you this payne

Iye on the dyuell/thynke whiche one he is
And in what plyte he lyeth/come of anone
Thynke all suche tarped tyde lost is
That wyl ye bothe say/whan ye ben one
And spkerly/there yet dyuyneth none
Upon you two/come of nowe if ye comne
Whyte folke is blent/lo all the tyme is wounne

The seconde boke

In tyterynge/ in pursute and delayes
 Folke wyl deuyne/ at wagging of a stre
 That though ye wolde haue mery dayes
 Than dare ye nat for why/ for he and he
 Spake suche a worde/ thus lohed I he & I he
 Thus tyme plost/ I dare nat with you dele
 Come of therfore/ and bying him to his hele

But nowe to you/ ye louers that ben here
 Was nat Troilus/ in a cankerdoyte
 That lay & myght/ the whyspyng of her here

And thought/ o lord/ nowe renneth my sozte
 Fully to dye/ or haue no comforte
 And was the fyrst tyme he shulde her pray
 Of loue/ O myghty god what shall I say.

Here endeth the seconde boke/ and
 herafter foloweth the thyrde
 boke/ and first the
 prologe.



of Troylus.

The prologe.

O myll light/ of which þ beames clere
 Shonmeth/ all the hys heuens saye
 O sonnes lyfe/ O Jouis daughter dere
 Pleasaunce/ o loue/ o goodly debonaire
 In gentyll hertes/ redy to repaie
 O veray cause of heale/ and of gladnesse
 pheryed be thy might/ and thy goodnesse

In heuen and hell/ erthe and see
 Is fyrst thy myght/ if that I well discerne
 As man/ byrde/ beest/ fyfthe/ herbe/ a grene tree
 The felde in tymes/ with vapour eterne
 God loueth/ and to loue he wyl nat werne
 And in this worlde/ no lyues creature
 Without loue/ is woꝛthe oꝛ may endure

In Jouis fyrst/ to thy lke effectes glade
 Throughe whiche that thynges/ apuen all a be
 Comended/ and amourent hem made
 O moztall thyng/ and as thou lyst a pece
 paue hem in loue/ ease oꝛ aduerseyte
 And in a thousande fourmes/ downe hem sent
 To loue in erthe/ and whom ye lyst is blent

The feits Mars/ to apelyn of his tre
 And as ye lyst me make hertes dygne
 Al gates hem/ that ye wyl let a fyre
 That dreden shame/ and byces yet resygne
 ye to hem curteis/ frellhe be and benygne
 And hem promoteth/ after a wyght entendeth
 The ioy that he hath/ your might hym sendeth

ye holden reigne/ and house in byrte
 The sothfast cause/ and frendshipp be also
 ye knowe all thy lke/ conered qualyte
 Of thynges/ whiche that folkes wondren on so
 That they can nat constrewe/ howe it may go
 She loueth hym/ oꝛ why loueth he nat here
 Oꝛ why this fyfthe/ nat that/ cometh to þ were

The folke a lawe/ han set in bntuerse
 And this knowe I/ by them that louers be
 That who so strueth with you/ hath the werse
 Howe lady bright/ for thy benygnyte
 At reuerence of hem/ that setuen the

Whose clerke I am/ seche me deuyse
 Some ioy of that/ is felt in thy scrupse

ye/ in my naked hertes sentement
 In elde/ and do mef herwe of thy wytnesse
 Caliope/ thy dayes ben nowe present
 For nowe is nebe/ seest thou nat my distresse
 Howe I must tell/ anon right the gladnesse
 Of Troylus/ to Venus herpeng/ (bring
 To whiche gladnesse/ who nebe hath god hym

Thus endeth the prologe/ and
 here begynneth the
 thyꝛde boke.

In all this meane whyle Troylus
 Recording his lesson/ in this manere
 What thought he/ thus wyl I saye thus
 Thus wyl I pleyne/ vnto my lady dere
 That woꝛde is good/ a that shall be my matere
 This wyl I nat forgeten/ in no wyse
 God leue he werke/ as he gan deuyse

And loꝛde so his hert/ gan tho to whappe
 Herpeng her come/ and soze soꝛ to spke
 And Pandarus/ that lad her by the lappe
 Came nere/ and gan in at the curtayne ppe
 And sayd/ god do bote on all spke
 He who is here/ you comen to bysite
 No here is she/ that is your berthe to wyte

Therwith it semed/ that he wept almost
 I ha god quod Troylus/ so soꝛowfully
 Where me be wo / o myghty god thou wost
 Who is all there/ I se nat trewly
 Syꝛ quod Cressyde/ it is Pandarus and I
 ye were here/ Alas I may nat ryle
 To knele/ and do you honour in some wyse

And dꝛessed him bywarde/ a she right tho
 Began her handes/ soft vpon hym lay
 O/ for the loue of god/ do ye nat so
 To me quod she/ what is this to say
 Syꝛ/ come am I to you/ for causes tway
 First you to thank/ of your good loꝛdshipp
 Contynuaunce therof/ I you beseke

D.iii.

The thyrd booke

Troilus/that herde thus his lady pray
Of lordship/hym was nother quicke ne deed
He myght one worde/for shame to her say
And though men shulde haue smyt of his heed
But lordes he was sodaynly reed
And his lesson/that he wende had conne
To pray her/was through his hert ponne

Cresyde/all this espyed well ynough
For she was wyse/a loued him neuer y lasse
Although he were nat malapt/a made it tough
O was to holde/to synge a fole a masse
But whan his shame/began somwhat to passe
His wordes/as I may my rymes holde
I wyll you tellen/as techen boke olde

In chaunged voyce/right for his lady drede
Whiche voyce he quoke/a therto his manere
Goodly abashed/a now he bewes rede
Howe pale/unto Cresyde his lady dere
With loke downe cast/and humble lowly chere
Lo altheryst worde/that hym astarte
Was twyse/mercy mercy swete herte

And stynt a whyle/a whan he might out bring
The next worde was/god wote for I haue
As ferforth/as I haue had connyng
Be yours all/to god my soule saue
And shall/cyll that I wofull wyght be graue
And though I ne dare/ne can to you cōplayne
ywyll/I suffre nat the lasse payne

Thus moche as nowe/O womanly wyse
I may out bring/and if it you displease
That I shall I wyke/bpon myne owne lyfe
Right sone I trowe/and do your herte an ease
If with my dethe/pour herte may apeale
For syth ye haue me herde/somwhat sepe
Howe reche I neuer/howe sone that I dep

Therwith his manly sorowe to beholde
It might haue made an hert of stone to rewe
And Pandare wept/as he to water wolde
And sayd/wo begon ben hertes trewe
And poked euer his nece/newe and newe
For loue of god/make of this thyng an ende
O I see vs bothe at ones/o we hence wende

Eye what quod she/by god & by my trouth
I wote nat what ye wolde/that I say
I what quod he/that ye haue of hym trouth
For goddes loue/and do hym nat to dry
Howe than w she/thus I wolde hym pray
To tell me the fyne of his entent
yet wyll I neuer well/what he ment

What that I meane/O swete herte dere
Quod Troilus/o goodly frell he fre
With the streames/of your epen clere
ye wolde frendly/somtyme on me se
And that ye suffre/that I neuer be he
Without bzaunche of vyce/in any wyse
you for to serue/lyke as ye wyll deupse

As to my lady right/and chere resorte
And all my wytte/and all my dyligence
And I to haue/right as you lyst comforte
Under your yerde/egall to myne offence
As dethe/ye/if I do any offence
And that ye lyst me/to moche honoure
He to comaunde ought/in any houre

And I to be/pour beray humble trewe
Secrete/and in my paynes pactens
And euermore/delyte frelllyp newe
To serue/and be ylyke dylgent
And with good hert/all hply your talent
Receyue in gre/howe soze that me smert
Lo thus meane I/myne owne swete hert

Quod Pandarus/lo here an herde request
And resonably/a lady for to werne
Howe nece myne/by natall Iouis fest
Were I a god/ye shulde sterue as perne
That heren well this man/nothyng perne
But your honour/and se hym almost sterue
And be so lothe/to suffre hym you to serue

With that she gan/her epen on hym cast
Full easily/and full debonaryly
Aupsyng her/and hped her nat to fast
With neuer a worde/but sayd him soberly
Myne honour cause/I wyll well trewly
And in luche fourme/as ye conne deupse
Receyuen hym fully/to my serupse

of Troilus.

Besechyng hym/for goddes loue that he
wolde in honour/trouth/and gentylnesse
As I wele meane/ke meane he well to me
And myne honour/with all busynesse
I kepe/ if I may/ & do hym gladnesse
From hence forth the pwyse/ I wyl nat sayne
Howe beth all hole/ no lenger that ye playne

But nathelesse/this warne I you quod I he
I kynges sonne/though ye be pwyse
ye schulne no moze haue soueraynte
Of me in loue/right but as in that case is
As I wyl forbere/ if ye done amis
To wyathe you/ and whyle ye me serue
Cheryll he you/right after you deserue

And I hertly dere herte/and all my knyght
Beth glad/and drawe you to lustynesse
And I shall trewly/with all my myght
your bytter tourne/all in to swetnesse
If I be I he/that may do you gladnesse
For every wo/ye schull recouer a blysse
And him in armes toke/and gan hym kysse

Fyll Pandarus on knees/and by his eye
To heuen he threwe/and helde his handes by
Immortal god quod he/that mayst nat dyen
Cupido I meane/of this mayst glouy
And Venus/thou mayst make melody
Withouten hande/me semeth that in towne
For this myracle/ I here eche bell sowne

But ho nomoze as now/ of this matere
For why/this folke wyl come by anon
That haue the letter red/so I hem here
But I adiourne the Cressyde anon
And the Troilus/that whan thou mayst gon
That at myne house/ye be at my warnyng
For I shall well/I shall I haue your comyng

And easeth there your hertes/right ynough
And let se whiche of you/I shall beare the bell
To speke of loue/a lytell therwith he lough
For there haue ye/a leysse for to tell
Quod Troilus/howe longe I shall it dwell
Of this be do/quod he whan thou mayst ryle
This thyng I shall be/right as I deuple

With that Helepe/and eke Deiphebus
Than comen bywarde/at the staye ende
And lozde so to grone/that gan Troilus
His brother and his suster for to blende
Quod Pandarus/tyme is that we wende
Take nece myne/your leaue at all thre
And let hem speke/and come forth with me

She toke her leue/at hem full honestly
As I he wele coude/and her reuerence
Unto the full/they dydden hardely
And wonder well spake/in her absence
Of her/in prayyng of her excellence
Her gouernaunce/ her wyl/and her maners
Comendyng us/that Ioy it was to here

Howe let her wende/to her owne place
And turne we to Troilus agayne
That gan full lyghtly of the letter pace
That Deiphebus had/in the gardyn seyne
And of Helepe and hym/he wolde seyne
Welquered he/and sayd that hym left
To slepe/and after tales to haue rest

Helepe hym kys/and toke her leaue blyue
Deiphebus eke/and home went every wyght
And Pandarus/as faste as he may dyue
To Troilus came/that as blyue right
And on a paylet/all that glad nyght
By Troilus he lay/with blyf full chere
To talke/and well was hem they were in fere

Whan every wight was boydded/ but they two
And all the dozes/were fast yf bet
To tell in I hert/withouten wordes mo
This Pandarus/without any let
Up rose/and vpon his beddes lyde hym let
And gan to speke/in a sobye wyle
To Troilus/as I shall you now deuple

Myne alther best lozde/and brother dere
God wolde and thou/that it fate me so sore
Whan I the sawe/so languyshyng to pene
For loue of whiche/the wo were euermoze
That I with all my myght/and my loze
Haue euer speke/do my busynesse
To byng the to Ioy/out of distresse

The thyrd booke

And haue it brought/to such pte as I wolt
 So I throughe me/thou standest now in way
 To fare wele/I say it for no boost
 And wolt thou why/for I haue it is to say
 For the haue I begon/a game to play
 Whiche that I neuer do I hall/est for other
 Althoughe he were/a thousande folde my brother

That is to say/for the am I becomen
 Bytwix game and earnest/suche a meane
 As maken women/bnto men comen
 Thou wolt thy selfe what that I wolde meane
 For the haue I/my niece of byres cleue
 So fully made/thy gentylle to trye
 That all I hall be/right as thy selfe I se

But god that all wote/take I to wytnesse
 That I neuer this for consyle wrought
 But onely to abydge thy discrece
 For which well nigh/I dydest as me thought
 But good brother/do nowe as thou ought
 For goddes loue/and kepe her out of blame
 So as thou art wyse/kepe her out of shame

For well thou wolt/the name is yet of her
 Amonge the people/as who say halowed is
 For neuer was yet wight/I dare well swere
 That euer wylt/I he dyd amys
 But wo is me/that I that cause all this
 May thynke/that I he is my nece dere
 And I her sme/and traytoure bothe yfere

And were it wylt/that I throughe myn engyne
 Had in my nece/put this fantasme
 To do thy lust/and help to be thyne
 Why all the people/wolde vpon it cry
 And say that I/the worst trechery
 Dyd in this case/that euer was bygonne
 And I he fordone/I thou right nought ywonne

Wherefore/ere I wyl further go a pace
 The I pray est/thoughe thou I buldest dey
 That pryupte/go with vs in this case
 That is to say/thou neuer vs betwex
 And be nat wrothe/thoughe I the oft prey
 To holde secre/suche an hygh matere
 For sayfull is/thou wolt well my prayere

Thynke what wo there hath betyd of this
 For makynge of auauntes/as men rede
 And what mischaunce/et in this worlde is
 Fro day to day/right for that wicked dede
 For whiche these wyle clerkes/that ben dede
 Haue wryte of this/as yet men teche vs ponge
 The fyrst vertue is/to kepe the tonge

And nere it that I wolde/as nowe abydge
 Byffusion of speche/I coude almost
 A thousande olde stories the alydge
 Of women/through false and soles boost
 Prouerbes canst thy selfe/pnowe and wolt
 Agayne that byce/for to be a blabbe
 Thoughe men sothe say/as often as they gabbe

For tonge alas/so ofte here before
 Hath made full many a lady/bright of hewe
 Say welaway/the day that I he was borne
 And many a mayden/sozowe for to newe
 And for the moze parte/all is bntrewe
 That men of pelpe/I it were brought to pene
 By reason/none auauntour is to leue

A bauntour and a lyer/all is one
 As thus I suppose/a woman loueth me
 And saith certayne/that other wylt I he none
 And I am sworne/to holde it secre
 And after I go/and tell it two of thye
 ywille I am a bauntour/at the lest
 And a lyer/in bykyng of my behest

Such maner folk/what chal I clepe hem/what
 And loke/that I be right nought to blame
 That hem auaunt of women/I say I he is that
 That neuer yet/in earnest noz in game
 Knewe her no moze/than the dyuels dame
 No wonder is/to god me sende heale
 Thoughe women dyede/with vs men to deale

I say nat this/for no mystrust of you
 Ne for no wyle man/but for soles nyce
 And for the harme/that in the worlde is nowe
 As well for folp vled/as for malyce
 For wele I wote/that wyle folke that byce
 No woman dyedeth/if I he be well aysed
 For wyle folke ben/by soles harme chastysed

of Troilus.

But now to purpose/lefe brother deers
Haue all this thyng that I haue said in mynde
And kepe the close/and be nowe of good chere
For at thy day/thou shalt me trewe fynde
I shall thy processe/set in suche a kynde
And god to foze/that it shall the suitys
For it shall be right/as thou wylt it deuys

For well I wote/thou meanest well parde
Therefore I dare/this fully undertake
Thou wost eke/what thy lady graunted the
And day is set/the charters vp to make
Haue now good nyght/I may no lenger wake
And byd for me/sythe thou art now in blysse
That god the sende deth/or sone lyfse

Who myght tell/halfe the ioy or feest
Whiche that the soule of Troilus tho felt
Heryng the effect/of Pandarus behest
His olde wo/that made his hert swelt
Can tho for ioy/to wassen and to melt
And all the thoughtes/of his syghes soze
Attones fled/he felt of hem nomoze

But right as these holtes/and these hapes
That haue ben in wynter/deed and dizen
Reuesten hem in grene/whan that May is
Whan euery lusty/lysteth for to playen
Ryght in that selfe wyse/sothe for to sayen
Ware sodaynly/his herte full of ioye
That gladder/was there neuer man in Troie

And gan his loke/on Pandarus by cast
Full loberly/and frendly vnto se
And sayd/frende in Apzill the last
Well thou wost/if it remembre the
Well nygh the deth/for wo thou sonde me
And howe thou dyddest/all thy busynesse
To knowe of me/the cause of my distresse

Thou wost howe longe/I forbare to say
To the/that arte the man that I best tryst
And paryll none was it/to the bewray
That wylt I well/but tell me if the lyst
Sythe I so lothe was/that thy selfe it wylt
Howe durst I mo tell/of this matere
That quake now/and no man may vs here

But nathelless/by that god I the swere
That as him lyst/map all this worlde gouerne
And if I lye/Achylles with a spere
My herte cleue/all were my lyfe eterne
As I am mortall/if I late or perne
Wolde it bewey/it shewe or conne
For all the good/that god made vnder y sonne

But rather wolde I dey/and determyne
As thynketh me nowe/stocked in prison
In wretchednesse/in fylth and bemyne
Captiue/to cruell hyngge Agamenon
And this/in all the temples of the towne
Upon the goddes all/wylt I the swere
To morowe day/if it lyketh the to here

And that thou hast/somoch ydo for me
That I ne may/it neuer moze deserue
This knowe I well/all myght I nowe for the
A thousande tymes/in a morowe sterue
I can no moze/but that I wylt the serue
Right as thy lane/whyder so thou wende
For euermoze/vnto my lyues ende

But here with all myne hert I the beseeche
That neuer in me/thou denie suche foly
As I shall say/me thought by thy speche
That this/that thou haist me for company
Do/I shulde deme it a bawdry
I am nat wode/all if I lewde be
It is nat baudry/that wote I well parde

But he that gothe/for golde or for rynges
On suche message/call hem what the lyst
But this that thou doest/for gentylneis
Compassion/felowl hyp/and tryst
Depart it so/for wyde where is wylt
Howe that there is/duetyte required
Bytwyre thynges/lyke as I haue lered

And that thou knowe/I thynke nat he wene
That this seruyte/a shame be or a iape
I haue my fayre suster Polixene
Canlondre/Helepe/or any of the fraye
Bes he neuer so fayre/ne so well yfraye
Tell me whiche thou wylt/of eueryphone
To haue for thynne/and let me than alone

The thyrd boke

But sythe thou hast do me this scruple
My lyfe to saue/and for no hope of mede
So for the loue of god/this great empyre
Perfourme it out/for nowe is most nede
For hye or lowe/without any drede
I wyll alway/thy bestes all kepe
Haue nowe good nyght/let vs bothe slepe

Thus helde hem eche of other well apayed
That all the worlde/ne myght it amende
And on the morowe/whan they were arayed
Eche to his owne nede/gan entende
But Troplus thought/as the fyre he brende
For I harpe desyre/or hope and of plesaunce
He not forgate/his wyse gouernaunce

But in hym selfe/with manhode gan restreyne
Eche rechelesse dede/and eche hydeled chere
That all tho that lyuen/sothe to seyne
He hylde haue wylt/by worde ne manere
What that he ment/as touchyng this matere
From euery wight/as fer as the cloude
He was so wyle/and dysmylen he coude

And all this whyle/whiche I you deuyse
This was his lyfe/with his full myght
By day he was/in Martis hygh scruple
That is to say/in armes as a knyght
And for the most parte/the longe nyght
He lay and thought/howe that he myght serue
His lady best/her thanke for to deserue

For why/che fonde hym so discrete in all
So secretely/and of suche obeyssaunce
That well he felt/he was to her a wall
Of steele a shelde/from euery displeaunce
That to be in his good gouernaunce
So wyse he was/he was no more aserbe
I meane as ferre/as ought to be requyde

And Pandarus/to quicken alway the fyre
Was euer lyke/prest and diligent
To ease his frende/was let all his desyre
He hofe aye on/he to and fro was sent
He letters bare/whan Troplus was absent
That neuer wyght wylt/as in his frendes nede
He bare hym bet/to do his frende to spede

But nowe perauenture/some men wayte wolde
That euery worde or loke/sonde or chere
Of Troplus/that I reherse I holde
In all this whyle/unto his lady dere
I trowe it were/a longe thyng to here
Of any wight/that stant in suche dysioynt
His wordes all/or euery loke to poynt

Forsoth/I haue nat herbe it done or this
In story none/ne no man here I wene
And though I wolde/I coude nat ywis
For there was some epystle/sent bytwene
That wolde/as sayth my auctour wele cōtene
An hundred berse/of whiche him lyst nat write
Howe I hulde I than/a lyne of it endyte

But to the great effecte/that I say thus
That standyng in concorde and quyetie
These ylike two/Cresyde and Troplus
As I haue sayd/in this tyme swete
Saue only/that oft tyme they might nat mete
He lester had/her speeches to fulfyll
It befyll right/as I shall you tell

That Pandarus/whiche I alway dyd his mys
Right for the fyne/that I speke of here (ghy
As for to byng to his house some nyght
His fayre nece/and Troplus yfere
There as at lester/all this hye matere
Touchyng their loue/were at I full vp boude
Had as him thought/a tyme therto yfoude

For he with great delibetacion
Had euery thyng/that therto myght auaple
Forne cast/and put in execucion
And nouthet lest for cost ne for trauaple
That none of hem I hulde in nothyng faple
And for to be nat espyed there
He thought wele/an impossible were

And dredelesse/it clere was in the wynde
Of euery pye/and euery let game
Thus all is well/and all this worlde is blynde
In this matere/bothe wylde and tame
This tymber is redy for to put in frame
Us lacketh nothing/but that we wpten wolde
A certayne houre/in whiche I he comen I holde

of Troilus.

And Troilus/that all his purpauce
Knewe at the full/and waped on it aye
Had herebpon eke/ made his ordynaunce
And fonde his cause/and eke all the araye
That if that he were mylled/nyght oꝝ day
The while he was aboute this leturce
That he was go/to do his sacrifice

And must at suche a temple all night wake
And worshipp Appollo/there wolde he be
And first to se/the holy laurer quake
Oꝝ that Appollo/spake out of the tre
To tell hym/whan the grekes schulde fye
And foꝝ thy let hym no man/god foꝝ bede
But pray Appollo/that he wolde hym spede

Nowe is there lytell moze foꝝ to done
But Pandare bp/and schortly to seyne
Ryght bpon the chaungyng of the mone
Whan lyghtles is þe wolde/a nyght oꝝ tweyne
And that the welken/s hope him foꝝ to repne
He streyght a moꝝowe/bnto his nece went
ye haue well herde/the fyne of his entent

Whan he was there/he gan anon to play
As he was wonte/and at him selfe to iape
And fynally he swoꝝe/and gan her say
Bothe this & that/s he schulde hym nat escape
He make hym lenger/after her to gape
But certaynly/s he must by her leue
Come souper with hym/at his house at eue

At whiche/s he lough/ and gan her selfe excusen
And sayd/it repneth/lo howe schulde I gone
Let be y he my frede/ ne stande nat thus & mu-
This mote be done/ye schul be there anone (sen
So at the last/herof they fyll at one
And els soft he swoꝝe her/in her ere
He wolde neuer come there/as s he were

And s he agayne/gan hym foꝝ to rowne
And asked hym/if Troilus were there
He swoꝝe her nay/foꝝ he was out of towne
And sayd nece/I pose that he were there
ye durst neuer haue the moze fere
foꝝ rather than men schulde him espye
He were leuer/a thousande folde to dye

At lyst myne Auctour/full to declaren
What that s he thought/whan he sayd so
That Troilus/was out of towne pfare
As if he sayd sothe therof oꝝ no
But that s he graunted/with hym foꝝ to go
Without naryng/sythe he her besought
And as his nece/obeyed as her ought

But nathelless/than gan s he him beseeche
All though with hym to go/was no fere
foꝝ to beware/ of gostly peoples speche
That dremen thynges/whiche þe neuer were
And well auple him/whome he brought there
And sayd eme/sythe I must you trye
Loke all be well/foꝝ I do as you lyst

He swoꝝe her tho/by rocks and by stones
And by the goddes/that in heuen dwell
Oꝝ els were hym leuer/fell and bones
With Pluto byng/as depe be in hell
As Tantalus/what schulde I lenger dwell
Whan all was well/he rose and toke his leue
And s he to souper came/whan it was eue

With a certayne/of her owne men
And with her saye nece Antigone
And other of her women/myne oꝝ ten
But who was glad/who as trowe ye
But Troilus/that stode and might it se
Throug a lytell wyndowe/in a stewe
There he schyt was/sythe mydnight in a metho

Unwyt of enery wight/but of Pandare
But now to purpose/whan that s he was come
With all toy/and all frendes fare
Her eme anon/in armes hath her nome
And after to the souper/all and some
Whan tyme was/to souper they be sette
God wote/there was no deynce foꝝ to sette

And after souper/gan they to ryle
At ease well/with hertes freshe and glade
And well was hym/that coude best deuyse
To lyken her/oꝝ to laughen her made
He songe/s he playde/he tolde a tale of wade
But at the last/as every thyng hath ende
She toke her leue/& nedes wolde homie wende

The thyrd boke

But o fortune/ executryce of wyperdes
 Influence of these heuens hye
 Sothe is/ that vnder god ye ben our hyperdes
 Though to vs ben the causes wye
 This meane I now/ for I he gan homward hye
 But executed was/ all besyde her leue
 The goddes wyll/ for whiche I he must bleue

The bent mone/ with her hornes pale
 Saturne and Juno/ in Cancro iopned were
 That such a rayne/ from heuen gan auale
 That every man and woman that was there
 Had of the smoky rayne/ a very fere
 And Pandare lough tho/ and sayd thenne
 Howe it were tyme/ a lady go henne

But nowe good nece/ if I myght euer please
 you any thyng/ than pray I you quod he
 To do myne hert/ as nowe so great an ease
 As for to dwell here/ this nyght with me
 For nece/ this is your owne house parde
 Howe be merry I say/ it is nowe no game
 To wende nowe home/ it were to me a shame

Crespe/ whiche that coude as moche good
 As halfe a worlde/ toke hede of his prayere
 And sawe it rayned/ and all was on a floode
 She thought/ as good chepe may I dwell here
 And graunt it gladly/ with a frendly chere
 And haue a thanke/ than grutche & than abyde
 For home to gone/ it wyll nat well betyde

I wyll quod I he/ myn vncler lefe and dere
 Sythe that you lyst/ it skyll is to be so
 I am right glad/ with you to dwellen here
 I sayd but in game/ that I wolde go
 pwyll graunt mercy nece/ quod he tho
 Were it a game/ or sothe for to tell
 I am nowe glad/ syth that ye lyst dwell

Thus all is well/ but tho began a ryght
 The newe ioy/ and all the feest agayne
 But Pandarus/ if goodly had he myght
 He wolde haue hyed her to bed full fayne
 And sayd lorde/ this is a huge rayne
 This were a wether/ for to slepen in
 And that I rede vs/ sone to begyn

And nece/ wote ye where I shall you lay
 For that wef hull nat lygge for a sonder
 And for ye hull neyther/ dare I say
 Here nople of rayne/ ne of thonder
 By god/ ryght in my lytell closet ponder
 And I wyll in that lytell house alone
 Be warden of your women everychone

And in this myddle chambze/ that ye se
 Shulne all your women/ slepen fayre & soft
 And all within/ I shall your selfe be
 And if ye lygge well to nyght/ come more oft
 And careth nat for the weder/ though it be aloft
 The wyne was brought/ & whan so ye lyst
 Than is it tyme/ for to go to rest

There was nomore/ but thereafter sone
 They boode dranke/ and trauers draue anon
 Can every wyght/ that had nought to done
 Moze in the place/ out of the chambze gone
 And alway in this meane whyle it rone
 And blew therewith/ so wonderly loude
 That well npe/ no man other here coude

Tho Pandarus/ ryght as him ought
 With women/ such as were her nygh aboute
 Full glad/ vnto her beddes syde her brought
 And toke their leaue/ & gan full lowe loute
 And sayd/ at this closet doze without
 Right ouerthwart/ your women lyggen all
 That whome ye lyst of hem/ ye may sone call

So whan I he was in the closet layde
 And all her women/ forthe by ordynance
 A bed were they/ as I haue you sayde
 This was no moze/ to schyppe ne to prauence
 But boden go to bed with mischaunce
 If any man was styng any where
 And let them slepe/ that a bed were

But Pandarus/ that well coude eche a dele
 The olde daunce/ and every poynt therin
 Whan that he sawe/ that all thyng was wele
 He thought he wolde/ bpon his werke begyn
 And gan the stewe doze aloft bnyppn
 And styll as stone/ without lenger lette
 By Troilus/ adowne he by hym sette

of Troilus.

And shortly to the point/nowe for to gone
Of all this thyng/he tolde him worde & ende
And sayd/make the redy ryght anone
For thou halt in to heuen by the wende
Howe saynt Venus/thou me grace sende
Quod Troilus/for neuer yet no nebe
Had I or nowe/ne halfuende the drede

Quod Pandarus/ne drede the neuer a dele
For it shall be ryght/as thou wilt desyre
So thine I this night/I shall make it wele
Or cast all the growell in the fyre
That blyf full Venus/this nyght me enspyre
Quod Troilus/as wys as I the serue
And ever bet and bet/I shall tyll I serue

And if I had/o Venus full of myrthe
Asperes bad/of Mars/or of Saturne
Or through combust/or let were in my byrthe
Thy father pray all thy like harme distorne
Of grace/and that I glad agayne may toyme
For loue of hym/thou louedest in the I have
I meane Adon/that with the boze was slawe

O Ioue eke/for the loue of the fayre Europe
The whiche in fourme of a bulle/away the set
Howe helpe/and Mars with thy bloody cope
For loue of Cipar/thou me nat ne let
O Phebus thynke/whan Diane her selfe I het
Under the barke/and ran away for drede
yet for her loue/nowe helpe at this nebe

Mercurie/for the loue of her eke
For whiche Pallas/was w Aglaurus wrothe
Howe helpe Diane/and eke I the beseeke
That this byage/be nat to the lothe
O fatall lustren/whiche or any clothe
Me I hapen was/my destinyne me sponne
So helpe to this werthe/that is here bygonne

Quod Pandarus/thou wretched mouces hert
Arte thou agast/so that I he will the byte
Why do on this furred cloke/vpon thy I hert
And folowe me/for I will haue the wpte
But byde/and let me go a fore a lyte
And with that worde/he gan vndo the trappe
And Troilus/ he brought in by the lappe

The sterne wynde/so loude gan to route
That no wyght others noyse myght here
And they that lay/at the doze without
Full spherly/they I lepte/all in fere
And Pandarus/with a full sobre chere
Goth to the doze anone/without let
There as they lay/and softly it I het

And as he came agaynwarde/full pryncely
His nece awoke/and asked who is there
My dere nece quod he/it am I
He wondreth nat/ne haue of it no feare
And nere he came/and sayd her in her eare
No worde for the loue of god/I you beseeche
Let no wight arple/and here of our speche

What/whiche way ben ye come benedicite
Quod I he/a howe thus vnwys of hem all
Here at this Iptell trap doze quod he
Quod tho Creseyde/let me some wight call
O god forbede/that it I hulde befall
Quod Pandarus/that ye suche folpe wrought
They might deme/that they neuer ere thought

It is nat good/as leppng bounde to wake
He peue a wyght/a cause to dvyne
your women I lepe all/I vndertake
So that for them/the house men might myne
And I lepe will/that tyll the sonne I hyne
And whan my tale brought is to an ende
Unwys right as I come/so will I wende

Howe nere myne/ye I hull well vnderstande
Quod he/so as ye women do men all
That for to holde a man/longe in hande
And hym her lefe and dere herte call
And make hym an houe/aboue a call
I meane as loue another/in the meane whyle
She dothe her selfe a I hame/and hym a gylo

Howe wherby that I tell you all this
ye wote your selfe/as well as any wyght
Howe that your loue/all fully graunted is
To Troilus/the worthpest knyght
One of this worlde/a therto trouthe ye plyght
That but it were on hym alonge/ye nolde
Hym neuer fallen/whyle ye I puel holde

The thyrd boke

Howe stante it thus/lyth I fro you went
This Troilus/ platly for to sayne
Is through a gutter/by a preu went
In to my chambze come/in all this repne
Unwylt of any maner wyght certayne
Saue of my selfe/as wyl ly haue I ioye
And by the fayth/I owe Priam of Troye

And he is come/in such payne and dystresse
I trowe he be/all fully wode by this
He sodaynly mote fall/in to wodenesse
But god helpe/and why the cause is this
He sayth hym tolde is/of a frende of his
Howe that yet hulde loue one Hozast
For sorow of which/this night wyl be his last

Cresyde/whiche that all this wonder herde
Can therwith/aboute her herte colde
And with a sygh/I he sodaynly answerde
Alas/I wende who so tales tolde
My dere herte/wolde me nat holde
So lyghtly false/alas conceptes wzonge
What harme they do/for nowe I lyue to longe

Hozast alas/and fallen Troilus
I knowe hym nat/god me helpe so quod I he
Alas what wycked spyte tolde hym thus
Howe certes Eme/to morowe and I hym se
I hall of that/as fully excusen me
As euer dyd woman/if that hym lyke
And with that worde/I he gan for to syke

O god quod I he/so worldly selynesse
Whiche clerkes call/false felycite
ymedled is/with many a bytternesse
Full anguysshous/that is god wote quod I he
Condicion/of veyne prosperite
For eyther ioyes/come nat aye in fere
Or els no wyght/hath hem alway here

O brutyll wele/of worldly ioye vnstable
With what wyght/so that thou be or play
Eyther he wote/that thou arte ioy mutable
Or wote it nat/it mote be one of tway
Howe if he wote it nat/howe may he say
That he hath veray ioy and selynesse
That is of ignozauce/aye in derknesse

Howe if he wote/that ioy is transyorte
As euer ioy/of worldly thyng mote fle
Howe euerche/that hath in memoze
The drede of lesyng/maketh hym that he
May in no partyte slyknesse be
And if to lese his ioy/he sette a myte
Than semeth that ioye/is worthe but lyte

Wherfore I wyl dyspyne/in this manere
That trewly for ought/I can espye
There is no veray wele/in this worlde here
But o thou wycked/serpent ialousye
Thou my beleued enuyous folye
Why hast thou made Troilus me vntreyst
That neuer yet agylted hym/that I wylt

Quod Pandarus/thus fallen is this caas
Why vnde myn quod I he/who tolde him this
Why doeth my dere herte thus/alas
ye wote ye nece myne/quod he what is
I hope all I hall be wele/that is amys
For ye may quenche all this/if ye lest
And dothe right so/I holde it for the best

So I hall I do to morowe/yswille quod I he
And god to forne/so that it I hall suffyse
To morowe alas/that were saye quod he
Nay nay/it may nat stande in this wyle
For nece myne/thus wryten clerkes wyle
That peryll is/with dretchyng in ydrawe
Nay suche abodes/ben nat worthe an hawe

Nece all thyng hath tyme/I dare a bove
For whan a chamber a fyre is/or an hall
Well moze myster is/it sodaynly rescowe
Than to dispute/and aske amonge hem all
Howe this candell/in the strawe dyd fall
I benedicite/for all that longe fare
The harme is do/and fare well seldefare

And nece myne/ne take it nat a grese
If that ye suffre hym/all nyght in this wo
God helpe me so/ye had hym neuer lese
That dare I say/nowe there is but we two
But well I wote/ye wyl nat do so
ye be to wyle/to do so great folye
To put his lyfe/all nyght in leoparde

of Troilus.

Had ye hym neuer lefe/ by god I wene
I had neuer thyng so lefe/ by god quod he
Nowe by my trouthe quod he/ that I hall be sene
For sythe ye make this ensample of me
If I all nyght/ wolde hym in sorow se
For all the treasour/ in the towne of Troie
I byd god/ neuer moze haue I tope

Nowe loketh than/ if that ye be his loue
To put all nyght his lyfe in iopardye
For thyng of nought/ nowe by þe lord above
Nat onely this delay/ cometh of folpe
But of malice/ if I hall nat lye
What platly/ and ye se hym in distresse
Neyther ye wylfely done/ ne gentylnesse

Quod the Cresseide/ wyl ye do o thyng
And ye therewith/ I hulde synthe his dysplese
Haue here and beare him this bleweryng
For there is nothyng/ may hym better please
Saue I my selfe/ ne moze his hert ease
And say mynere hert/ that his sorowe
Is causelesse/ and that he I hall se to moztowe

A ryng quod he/ ye hasyl wode is I haken
Ye nece myne/ that ryng must haue a stone
That myght deed men/ al yue maken
And such a ryng trowe I/ that ye haue none
Discrecion/ out of your heed is gone
That fele I nowe quod he/ and that is routh
O tyme plost/ well mayst thou curle I louth

Wote ye nat wele/ that noble and hpe corage
He soroweth nat/ ne synneth nat for lyte
But if a fole/ were in a ialous rage
I nolde set at his sorowe a myte
But seffe hym/ with a fewe wordes whyte
Another day/ whan I myght hym synde
But this thyng stante/ all in another kynde

He is so gentyll/ and so tendre of herte
That with his deeth/ he wyl his sorowe wreke
For trusseth well/ howe soze that hym smerte
He wyl to you/ no ialous worde speke
And for thy nece/ o that his herte bryke
So speke your selfe/ to hym of this matere
For with o worde/ ye may his herte sterc

Nowe haue I tolde/ what pcell he is foun
And his comping but wylt of every wyght
And parde/ harme may there be none ne synne
I wyl my selfe be with you all this nyght
Ye knowe well eke/ he is your owne knyght
And that by right/ ye must vpon hym trye
And I all prest/ to fetch he hym whan ye lye

This accydent/ so ppyous was to here
And eke so lyke a sothe/ at prynces face
And Troilus her knyght/ to her so dere
His prync comping/ and the lyke place
That though he dyd hym/ as than a grace
Consyded all thynges/ as they stode
No wonder is/ sythe he dyd all for gode

Cresseide answerde/ as wylly god at rest
Wher soule brynge/ as me is for hym wote
And Cresseide/ sayne wolde I do the best
If that I had grace/ to do so
But whether that ye dwell/ o for hym go
I am/ tyll god me better mynde sende
At Dulkarnon/ at my wyttes ende

Quod Pandarus/ ye nece wyl ye here
Dulkarnon is called/ of wylches
It semeth harde/ for wylches wyl nat here
For veray louth/ and other wylfull tetches
This said he by hem/ þe nat worth I tetches
But ye be wylfely/ haue this matere in hande
Ays nother harde/ ne skylfull to wylthande

Than eke quod he/ dothe herof as ye lye
But o he come/ I wyl fynd arys
And for the loue of god/ sythe all my trye
Is on you two/ and ye bothe wylfely
So wylketh nowe/ in so dyscrete a wyse
That I honour may haue/ and he pldance
For I am here nowe/ in your gouernance

This is well said quod he/ my nece here
Good thynke come on that wylfely gentle hert
But lyggeth styll/ and taketh hym right here
It nedeth nat/ no further for hym here
And eke of you/ ease other sorowes smert
For lone hope/ I wyl I hall all be mery
For lone of god/ and Venus I the hert

The thyrd booke

This Troilus full fone on thers hym self
Full solerly/ right by her beddes heed
And to his best wyle/ his lady greet
But loydre/ so he was todaynly reed
He thought men shulde smyte of her heed
She myght nat o worde/ a right out byng
So todaynly/ for his sone conyng

But Pandarus/ that so wele coude fele
In every thyng/ to play anon began
And sayd nere/ se howe this loye can kele
Howe for your trouthe/ se this gentleman
And with that worde/ he for a quylhon ran
And sayd/ nowe knele whyle that you lest
That god your hertes/ byng sone at rest

Can I nat sayne/ for he bad hym nat cyle
If sozow we put/ out of remembraunce
Oz flathat he/ toke in this wyle
Of dewtie/ as for his obeysaunce
But wylt I sepe/ he byd him this pleasure
That he hym self/ all though he lagged soze
And bad hym lyte adowne/ withouen more

Quod Pandarus/ nowe wylt ywyle begyn
Howe bothe hym litte/ good nere dere
Upon your beddes syde/ all within
That eke of pouthe bet may othe here
And with that worde/ he drew hym to f syde
And toke a lyght/ a fapned his countenaunce
As for to lobe/ upon an olde romaunce

Cresyde/ that was Troilus lady ryght
And clere stode/ on a grounde of spherelle
All thoughte he her seruaunt/ and her knyght
He shulde of right/ none vntrouth in her geite
yet nathelesse/ conydyed his dystresse
And that loye is/ in cause of suche folpe
Thus to hym spake he/ of his ialousye

To herte myne/ as wolde the excellence
Of loue/ agaynst the whiche no man may
He ought/ eke goodly make resistance
And eke by cause/ I felte well and sage
your great trouthe/ and seruyce every daye
And that your hert all myne was/ soth to sayne
This dyone me/ to rewe upon your payne

And your goodnesse/ haue I founde althay yet
Of whiche my dere herte/ and my knyght
I thanke it you/ as fer as I haue wylt
All can I nat/ as moche as it were ryght
And I hent forth/ my conyng and my myght
Haue and aye shall/ howe soze that me lieth
Be to you trewe/ and hole with all myne hert

And dyedelesse/ that I shall be founde at pene
But herte myne/ what all this is to sayne
Shall well be tolde/ so that ye you nat greue
Though I to you/ right on your self coplayne
for therwith meane/ I synally the payne
That holte pour herte and myne/ in heynesse
fully to f lene/ and every wronge redyelle

My good herte not I/ for why ne howe
That ialousye alas/ that wicked wyure
So causelesse/ is croopen in to pou
The harme of whiche/ I wolde sayne delpuere
Alas/ that ye all hole/ oz of hym a shpyure
Shulde haue his refute/ in so digne a place
That Ioue out sone/ out of your hert hum race

But o thou Ioue/ auctout of nature
Is this an honour/ vnto thy depre
That folke bnglyt/ suture here inure
And he that gylt is/ vnquit gothe he
O were it letull/ for to playne on the
That vnderfuerd/ sustrest ialousye
Of that I wolde/ upon the playne and cyle

Eke all my wo is this/ that men nowe bsen
To say right thus/ that ialousye is loue
And wolde a bussell of benym all excusen
for that one greyne of loue/ is in shoue
But that wote the hye god/ that lyt aboue
If it be lyker loue/ hate oz grame
And after that/ it ought to bere his name

But certayne is/ some maner ialousye
Is excusable/ more than some ywis
As whan cause/ and some suche fantasye
With ppte/ so well repelled is
That it vnneth doeth/ oz say the amys
But goodly dymketh vp/ all his distresse
And that excuse I for the gentylnesse

of Troylus.

And some so full of furpe and dysppte
That it surmounteth his possession
But herte myne/pe be nat in this plyte
That thanke I god/for whiche your passion
I wyl nat call it/but an myssoun
Of aboundaunce of loue/and busye cure
That dothe your hert/this dyscase endure

Of whiche I am right sorowful/but nat wrothe
But for my desyre/and your hertes rest
Whether that so you lyst/by ordall or by othe
By force/or by what wyle so that you lest
For loue of god/let proue it for the best
And if that I be gylyp/do me depe
Alas/what myght I more done or sey

With that a fewe/bryght teeres newe
Out of her eyen fell/and thus she seide
How god þ wold/in thought ne dede vntrewe
To Troylus was neuer yet Creseyde
With þ her hande/downe in the bed she leide
And with the sheete it wroied/and syghed sore
And held her peace/nat a worde spake she more

But nowe helpe god/to quench all this sorowe
So hope I that he shall/for he best may
For I haue sene/a full mykyt morowe
Folowe full oft/a mery somer day
And after wynter foloweth grene May
When sene alday/and rede eke in stories
That after charpe howres/ben victories

This Troylus/whan he her wordes herde
Haue ye no care/hym lyf nat to slepe
For it thought hym/no strokes of a perde
To here or se/Creseyde his lady wepe
But wel he felt/aboute his herte crepe
For every teare/whiche that Creseyde asstert
The crampe of deth/streyneth hym by the hert

And in his mynde/he gan the tyme acuse
That he came there/or that he was boze
For nowe is wicke/tourned in to wofe
And all the labour/he hath do before
He thought it lost/he wende he nas but loze
O Pandarus alas/thought he thy wyle
Serueth of nought/to welaway the wyle

And therewithall/he hynged a downe the heed
And fell on knees/and sorowfully he syght
What myght he say/he felt he nas but deed
For wroth was he/þ heuld his sorowes lyght
But nathelesse/whan he speke myght
Than sayd he thus/god wote þ of this grame
Whan all is wyf/than am I nat to blame

Therewith the sorowe/of his hert sheete
That from his eyen/fell there nat a teere
And every spryte/his bygout in knette
So they alowped/and oppressed were
The felynge of his sorowe/and of his chere
Of doughtful fled was out of towne
Downe he fell/all sodaynly in a towne

This was no lytell sorowe for to se
For all was hylt/but Pandarus by at þ last
O nece peace/or we be lost quod he
Be nat agast/but alway at the last
For this or that he hym in to the bed cast
And sayd these/er this a mane hert
And of herent all to his bare chert

And sayd nece/but ye helpe us howe
pwyll your owne Troylus is lozne
Alas so wolde I/and I wylt howe
Full fayne quod she/alas that I was bozne
ye nece/wylt ye pull out the thorne
That styketh in his hert/quod Pandarus
Say all foryeue/and stynt all this care

ye that to me quod she/leuer were
Than all the good/the sonne aboute gothe
And therewithall/she swore hym in his trewe
pwyll my dere herte/I am nat wrothe
Haue here my trouth/and many another othe
Howe speke to me/to; it am I Creseyde
But all for nought/ye might be nat abyede

Tho Troylus gan sorowfully to speke
Lest she were wroth/him thought his hert depe
And sayd alas/upon my sorowes speke
Haue mercy on me/swete hert myne Creseyde
And if that in tho wordes/that I sayde
Be any wronge/I wyl no more trespase
Dothe as you lyst/I put me in your grates

The thyrd boke

Cresyde and werde/ of gylt myserycorde
That is for to say / I foryeue all this
And euermore/ on this nyght recorde
And beth well wate/ ye do no more amis
Say dere herte myne/ quod he ywis
And nowe quod he/ I haue do you smert
Foryeue it me/ myne owne swete hert

Tho Troilus/ with blyss of that suppresed
Put all in goddes hande/ as he that ment
Nothing but well/ and sodaynly ayped
He her in armes/ fast to him hent
And Pandarus/ with full good entent
Layde him to slepe/ and said/ if ye be wyle
Swoune nat nows/ lest mo folke arple

What might o/ may/ the sely lakke say
Whan that the sperhauke/ hath it in his fote
I can no more/ but of this ilke tway
To whome this tale/ sugre be o/ swote
Though that I tarpe/ a pere/ somtyme I mote
After myne auctour / tell of their gladnesse
As wele as I haue/ tolde their heupnesse

Cresyde with that/ felt her thus ytake
As wryten clerkes/ in their bokes olde
Right as an aspen leafe/ she gan to quake
Whan she her felte/ in his armes folde
And Troilus all hole/ of his cares colde
Can thanken tho/ the bryght goddes seuen
That sondre paynes/ byzingen folke to heuen

This Troilus/ in armes gan her streyne
And said/ o swete/ as euer mote I gone
Howe be ye caught/ there nis but we tweyne
Howe yeldeth you/ for other bote is none
To that Cresyde/ and werde thus anone
A e had I ere now/ my swete hert dere
Be yolden ywille/ I were nat nowe here

O sothe is said/ that healed for to be
As of a feuer/ o/ another great sicknesse
When must drinke alday/ as men may se
Full bytter drinke/ and for to haue gladnesse
When duren of payne/ and great distresse
I meane it here/ as of this aduenture
That thzough a payne/ hath founde nowe his

And nowe swetnesse/ semeth more swete
That bytternesse assayed was beforne
For out of wo/ in blisse nowe they flete
None such they felt/ sith that they were bozne
Howe is this bet/ than bothe two be lozne
For loue of god/ take every woman hede
To worke thus/ whan it cometh to nede

Cresyde all quyte/ from every drede and tene
As she that iust cause had him to tresp
Hade him such frest/ that ioy it was to sene
Whan he his trouthe/ and clene entent wyl
And as about a tre/ with many a wyf
Bytrent and wryth/ the sote wode bynde
Can eche of hem/ in armes other wynde

And as the newe/ abasshed nightyngale
That stynteth first/ o/ he begynne to synge
Whan he hereth any heerdes tale
O/ in the hedges/ any wight sterynge
And after sibernesse/ her voyce doth out ryng
Right so Cresyde/ whan that her drede stene
Opende her hert/ and tolde all her entent

And right as he/ that sawe his deth yf hapen
And dye must/ in ought that he gan gesse
And sodainly rescous/ dothe him escapen
And from his deth/ is brought in sibernesse
For all this worlde/ right in such gladnesse
As Troilus/ and hath his lady swete
With worke happe/ god let vs neuer mete

Her armes smale/ her streyght backe & softe
Her sydes longe/ fleschly smoth and whyte
He gan to stroke/ and bad good thyft full ofte
Her knowysly throte/ her brestes rounde & lyte
Thus in this heuen/ he gan him delyte
And therewithall/ a thousande tymes her byft
That what to do/ for ioy vnneth he wylt

Than said he thus/ o loue/ o charite
Thy mother eke/ Citheria the swete
After thy selfe/ next heried be she
Venus meane I/ the wele willpng planete
And next ymeneus/ I the grete
For neuer man was to you goddes holde
As I/ that ye haue brought from cares colde

of Troilus.

Benygne loue/ thou holy bonde of thynges
Who so wyl grace/ and lyst nat the honoure
Lo his desyre wyl fyre/ without wynges
For thou noldest of bounte hem socoure
That seruen best/ and alway most labour
But if thy grace/ passed our desertes
All were lost/ that I dare say certes

And for thou me/ that coude best deserue
Of hem that nombred be/ vnto thy grace
Hast holpen there/ I lykely was to sterue
And me bestowed/ in so hygh a place
That like boundes/ may no blyss pace
I can nomore/ but laude and reuerence
Be to thy bounte/ and thyn excellence

And therewithall/ Creseyde anon he kyst
Of whiche certayne/ he felt no diseale
And thus sayd he/ nows wolde god I wyl
Myne herte swete/ howe I myght you please
What man quod he/ was euer thus at ease
As I/ on whome the fayrest and the best
That euer I say/ depneth her hert to rest

Here may men se/ that mercy passeth right
Therperience of this/ is felt in me
That am but worthy/ to you my lady bright
But herte myne/ of your benygnte
So thynketh/ though I be worthy be
yet mote nede/ amende in some wyse
I myght through the vertue/ of your hye seruyse

And for the loue of god/ my lady dere
Sythe god hath wrought me/ for you euer to
As thus he wyl/ that ye be my sere
To do me lyue/ if that ye lyst or sterue
So techeth me/ howe that I may deserue
your thanke/ so I through myne ignorance
He do nothyng/ that do you displeaunce

For certesse/ frellhe womanly wyse
The day is/ syth that trouthe and dyligence
ye shull in me fynde all my lyse
I nyl certayne/ breke your defence
And if I do/ present or in absence
For loue of god/ let I see me with the dede
If that it lyke/ vnto your womanhede

myse quod she/ myne owne hertes lust
My grounde of ease/ and all myn hert bere
Gramercy/ for on that is all my trust
But let ys fall away/ from this matere
For this sufferyth/ whiche that is sayd here
And at o worde/ without repentance
Welcome my knight/ my peace/ my sufferynce

Of theit desyre or loyes/ one the lest
Were impossyble/ in my wyt to say
But iudgeth ye/ that han ben at the feest
Of suche gladnesse/ if hem lyst play
I can no more/ but thus this pke twey
That nyght/ betwyxe dyde and spernelles
They felt in loue/ the great worthynesse

O blyss full nyght/ of whome so longe I sought
Howe blythe vnto hem bothe thou were
Why ne had I suche one/ to my soule brought
ye/ for the lest roye that was there
I way thou soule haunger/ and thou fere
And let hem in this heuen blyss dwell
That is so hye/ that no man can tell

These pke two/ that ben in admes laste
So lothe to hem/ a sondre to go it were
That eche of hem/ from other wende betaste
Or els lo thus/ was their most fere
Lest all this thyng/ but nyce dreames were
For whiche full ofte/ eche of them sayd o swete
Clyppe I you thus/ or els do I mete

And lord so he gan/ goodly on her se
That neuer his loke/ blent from her face
And sayd/ o dere herte howe may it be
That it be sothe/ that ye be in this place
ye herte myne/ god thanke I of his grace
Quod tho Creseyde/ and therewithall hym kyst
That where his spryte was/ for loy he lyst

This Troilus/ full oft her eyen two
Gan for to kysse and sayd/ o eyen clere
It were ye/ that wrought me this wo
ye humble nettes/ of my lady dere
Though there be mercy/ witten in your chere
God wote that text/ full harde is sothe to fynde
Howe coude ye/ without bonde me bynde

The thynde boke

Therwith he gan her fast in armes take
And well a thousande tyme/gan he syke
Nat suche sorowfull syghes/as men make
For sorowe/or els whan that folke besyke
But easly syghes/suche as ben to lyke
That I hewed his affection within
Of suche syghes/coude he nat blyn

Sone after this/they spake of sundry thynges
As fyll to purpose/of their aduenture
And pleyng/entrechaungeden rynges
Of whiche I can tell no scripture
But wele I wote/a broche of golde and asure
In whiche a ruby set was lyke an herte
Cresyde hym yafe/and stakke it on his herte

Lozde trowe ye/that a couetouse wretche
That blameth loue/and hath of it dyspyte
That of the pens/that he can moore and ketch
Was euer yet/peue to hym suche delpte
As is in loue/in some maner plyte
Nay doutelesse/for as so god me saue
So partyte ioy/may no nygarde haue

They wyl say yes/but lozde so they lye
The busy wretches/full of wo and drede
They clepe loue/a wodenesse or a furpe
But it fall hem/as I shall now rede
They shall for go/bothe the whyte & the rede
And lyue in wo/there god gyue hem mischaunce
And euer louet/in his trouche auaunce

As wolde god/these wretches that dyspyse
Serupce of loue/had eares all so longe
As had Mida/full of couetyse
And therto drunken had/as hote and stronge
As Cresus dyd/for his affectes wronge
To teche hem that couetyse is vyce
And loue is vertue/though men holde it nyce

These plike two/of whiche that I you say
Whan that their hertes/fully assured were
Tho gan they to speke/and to play
And eke rehercen/howe/whan/and where
They knewe fyrst/and euer wo and fere
That passed was/but all that heynnesse
ythanked god/was turned in to gladnesse

And euer moze/whan they fyll to speke
Of any wo/of suche a tyme agone
With kyssyng/all that tale I hulde byke
And fallen in a newe ioye anone
And dyd all their might/sythe they were one
For to recouer blyse/and be at ease
And pepsed wo/with ioy countrepease

Reason wyl nat/that I now speke of clepe
For it acordeth nat/to my matere
God wote they toke of that full lytell kepe
But lest this nyght/that was to him so dere
He hulde in bayne scape/in no manere
It was byset/in ioy and busynesse
Of all that cowneth/in to gentylnesse

But howe all though/I can nat tell all
As can myne auctour/of his excellence
yet haue I sayd/and god tofore I shall
In euery thyng/the great of his sentence
And if that I/at loues reuerence
Haue any thyng/echyd for the best
Do therwithall/right as you selfe lest

For my wordes here/and in euery parte
I speke hem all/under correction
Of you/that felyng haue in loues arte
And I put hem hole/in your dyscretion
To encrease/and make dymynucion
Of my langage/and I you besethe
But now to purpose/of my rather speche

Whan that the kocke/the comune astrologer
Can on his brest to beate/and after crowe
And Lucifer/the dayes messenger
Can for to ryse/and out her streame throwe
And Estwarde rose/to hym I coude it knowe
Fortuna maiour/that anon Cresyde
With herte soze/to Troilus thus I he sayde

Myne hertes lyfe/my trust & my pleasaunce
That I was bozne/alas that me is wo
This day we mote make disseuraunce
For tyme is to ryse/and hence go
Or els I am lost/for euer mo
O nyght alas/why nyl thou ouer byhone
As longe/as whan/Almena lay by Ioue

of Troilus.

O blacke nyght/as men in bokes rede
That I happn arte by god/this worlde to hyde
At certayne tymes/with thy blacke wede
That vnder that/men myght in rest abyde
Wele ought bestes playne/and folke the chyde
That thes as day/with labour wolde vs brest
That thou vs fleest/and let vs haue no rest

Thou doest alas/to Ihortly thyne offyce
Thou takell nyght/there god maker of kynde
For thou so downwarde/hasteth of malyce
Thy course/and to our Emyspery bynde
That neuermore/vnder our grounde þ wpynde
For through the takell/hyng out of Troye
Haue I forgo/thus hastely my ioye

This Troilus/that with the wordes felt
As thought hym tho/for pytous dystresse
The bloody teares/from his hert melte
As he that neuer yet/suche heuynesse
Shaped had/out of so great gladnesse
Can her withall/Creseyde his lady dere
In armes streyne/and sayd in this manere

O cruel day/accuser of the ioye
That lone and nyght/haue stole a fast wrien
Accursed be the comyng in to Troye
For euery boze/with one of thy bright eyen
Enupous day/what lyst the to espyen
What hast þ lost/what sekest thou in this place
There god thy lyght/so quencheth for his grace

Alas/what haue these louers the agyle
Dispytous day/thyne be the ppt of yell
Full many a louer/hast thou slayne and wyle
Thy payng in/wyll nowhere let hem dwell
What profereest thou thy light/here for to sell
Go sell it hem/that smale scales graue
We wyll the nat/vs nedeth no day to haue

And eke the sonne Cptan/wolde he chyde
And sayd foole/well may men the dyspyle
Thou hast all nyght/the dawnyng by thy syde
And suffrest her so lone from the ryle
For to departen louers/in this wyle
What holde thy bed/thou & eke thy moztwe
I pray to god/so yene you bothe sorowe

Therwith full soze he syghed/and thus seide
My lady tight/and of my wele and wo
The verap rote/o goodly myne Creseyde
And I hall I ryle/alas and I hall I lo
Nowe fele I/that myne hert mote a two
For howe I hulde I/my lyfe an houre saue
Sythe that with you/is all my lyfe I haue

What shall I do/for certesse I not howe
Ne whan alas/I may the tyme pte
That in this place/I may be eft with you
And of my lyfe/god wote howe þ I hall be
So that desyre/tyght nowe so strapneth me
That I am deed anon/but I retourne
Howe schulde I longe alas/sro you solourne

But nathelste/myne owne lady bright
If it were so/that I wylt utterly
That I your seruauant/and your knyght
Were in your herte I het/as firmly
As pe in myne/the whiche thyng trewly
The leuer were/than these wordes twayne
Yet I hulde I bet endure/all my payne

To that Creseyde anfwerde thus anone
And with a sygh/I he sayd herte dere
The game pwyse/so ferforth the nowe is gone
That erst I hall Ihebus/fall from his spere
And euery Egyle/be the haukes fere
And euery rocke/out of his place ferte
O Troilus go out of Creseydes herte

pe be so depe/with in myne hert ygrene
That though I wolde it turne/out of my thou
As wylly verap god/my soule saue (ght
To dep in the payne/I coude nought
And for the loue of god/that vs hath wrought
Let in your dayne/none other fantasie
So crepe/that it cause me to dye

And that pe me wyl haue/as fast in mynde
As I haue you/that wolde I you beseeche
And if I wylt forthy/that to fynde
God myght nat a poynt/my toyes eche
But herte myne/withouten more speche
Be to me trewe/or els were it routh
For I am thynne/by god and by my mouth

The thyrd boke

Be glad for thy/and lyue in sykenesse
Thus sayd I neuer oꝝ now/ne shall to mo
And if to you/it were a great gladnesse
To come agayne/soone after that ye go
As fayne wolde I as ye/that it were so
As wylly god myne herte bring to rest
And hym in armes toke/and este kytt

Agaynst his wyll/sythe it must nedes be
This Troilus by rote/and fast hym cled
And in his armes/toke his lady fre
In hundred tyme/and on his way hym sped
And with suche voyce/as though his hert bled
He sayd/farewele dere hert swete
That god vs graunt/sounde & soone to mete

To whiche no worde/foꝝ soꝝwe he answerde
So soꝝe gan his partynge/her restreynne
And Troilus/bnto his paleys sterde
As wo begon/as he was lothe to sayne
So harde him wꝝonge/of her desyre the payne
Foꝝ to be there est/he was in plesaunce
That it might neuer/out of his remembraunce

Retourned than/bnto his paleys soone
He soft in to his bed/gan to synke
To slepe longe/as he was wont to done
But all foꝝ nought/he may well ligge & wyne
But slepe may none/in his hert synke
Thysyng how he/foꝝ whom desyre him bꝝede
A thousande folde/moꝝe woꝝse than he wende

And in his thought/gan by & downe to wynde
Her wordes all/and euery countenaunce
As fermely impressed in his mynde
The lest poynt/that to hym was plesaunce
And verely/of thylke remembraunce
Desyre all newe hym bꝝende/and lust to bꝝede
Can moꝝe than erst/and yet toke he none hede

Cresyde also/right in the same wyse
Of Troilus/gan in her herte he
His woꝝthynesse/his lust/his dedes wyse
His gentylnesse/& howe he with hym met
Thankyng loue/he so well her beset
Desyryng est/to haue her hert dere
In such a plyte/he durst make him chere

Pandare a moꝝowe/with that comen was
In to his nece/he gan her foꝝ to grete
Sayd all this nyght/it reyned is alas
That all my dꝝede is/ye my nece swete
Full lytell lefter had/to slepe oꝝ mete
All night quod he/rayne hath do me so wake
That some of vs/out heedes ought to ake

And nere he came & sayd/howe stant it now
This bꝝyght moꝝowe/nowe how comne ye fare
Cresyde answerde/neuer the bet foꝝ you
Fore that ye ben/god yeue your hert care
God helpe me so/ye cause all this fare
Croue I qꝝ he/foꝝ all your wordes wyte
Who so seeth you/knoweth you full lyte

With that he gan her face foꝝ to wyte
With the chere/and waxe foꝝ shame all red
And Pandarus/gan vnder foꝝ to pꝝe
And sayd nece/if that I shall be deed
Haue here my swerde/and symte of myne heed
With that his arme/all sodaynly he thrust
Under her necke/and at the last her hyst

I passe all that/whiche nedeth nat to say
What god forpase his dethe/and she also
Forpase/and with her vnclie gan to play
Foꝝ other cause was there none than so
But of this thyng/right to the effecte to go
Whan tyme was/home to her house he went
And Pandarus/hath holy his entent

Nowe tourne we agayne to Troilus
That restless/full longe abed lay
And priuely/sent after Pandarus
To hym to come/in all the haste he may
He came anone/nat ones sayd he nay
And Troilus/full soberly hym gret
And dowe on his beddes syde hym set

This Troilus/with all the affection
Of frendly loue/that hert may deuyse
To Pandarus/on knees fell adoun
And oꝝ that he wolde/of that place aryse
He gan hym thanke/in the best wyse
A thousande tymes/and gan the day to blesse
That he was boꝝne to bꝝyng him from distresse

of Troplus.

And said o frende/ of frendes alther best
That euer was/ the sothe for to tell
Thou hast in heuen/ brought my soule at rest
fro Coctia/ the fyr stode of hell
And though I might/ a thousande tymes sell
Upon a day/ my lyfe in thy seruise
It myght nat amounte/ ne in that suffise

The sonne/ whiche y all the worlde may se
Was neuer yet my lyfe/ dare I sey
So inly fayre/ so goodly as is che
Whose I am/ and I hall tll that I dey
And that I thus am here/ I dare well sey
That thanked be the hye worthynesse
Of loue/ and eke thy kynde busynesse

Thus hast thou me nat a lytell peue
For whiche oblyged be/ to the for aye
My lyfe for why/ for through thy helpe I lye
Or els deed had I be/ gon many a day
And with y worde/ downe in his bed he lay
And Pandarus/ full soberly hym herde
Till all was sayd/ and than he thus answerde

My dere frende/ if I haue do for the
In any case/ god wote it is me lese
And am as glad/ as man of it may
God helpe me so/ but take it nat agrese
For loue of god/ beware of this mischese
That there as nowe/ brought art to thy blyse
That thou thy selfe/ ne cause it nat to myse

For of fortunes charpe aduersyte
The worst kynde of infortune is this
A man to haue be in prosperite
And it remembre/ whan it passed is
Thou art wyle ynowe/ for why do nat amys
Be nat to takell/ though thou spt warme
For if thou do/ certayne it wyl the harme

Thou art at ease/ holde the nowe therein
For all so sure/ as ruddy is euer fyre
As great a craft is/ to kepe well as to wyn
Wilde thy speche/ and thy desyre
For worldly ioy/ holt nat but by a wyre
That preueth well/ it best alway so oft
For thy nede is/ to worche whyle it is soft

Quod Troplus/ I hope/ and god tofome
My dere/ that I shall so me bere
That in my gyfte/ there I hall nothynge be lozne
Ne I nyl do/ as for to greuen here
It nedeth nat/ this mater oft to stere
For wylt thou well myne hert/ thou Pandarus
By god of this/ thou woldest lytell care

Tho gan he tell hym/ of his glad nyght
And wherof his herte dyed/ and howe
And sayd frende/ as I am trewe knyght
And by the faythe I owe to god and you
I had it neuer halfe so hote as now
And aye the more/ that desyre me byteth
To loue her best/ the more me delpteth

I not my selfe wyle/ what it is
But nowe I fele a newe qualyte
ye all an other/ than I dyd of this
Pandarus answerde/ I sayd thus that he
That ones may/ in heuen blyse be
He feleth otherwyle/ that dare I say
Than thylke tyme/ he herde of it fyrst say

This is o worde/ for all this Troplus
Was neuer full/ to speke of this matere
And for to prayse/ vnto Pandarus
The beaute of his ryght lady dere
And Pandarus/ to thynke I make hym chere
This tale was alway/ span newe to begyn
Till that the nyght/ departed hem a twyn

Sone after this/ for that fortune it wolde
premen was/ the blyf full tyme swete
That Troplus was warned that he schulde
There he was erst/ Ctesyde his lady mete
For whiche he felt/ in ioy his herte flete
And faythfully/ gan all the goddes herpe
And let se nowe/ if that he can be merpe

And holden was the fourme/ and all the wyle
Of her compynge/ and eke of his also
As it was erst/ whiche nedeth nat to deupse
But playnly/ to theffecte for to go
In ioy and surety/ Pandarus hem two
I had brought/ whan hem bothe lest
And thus they be/ in quiete and in rest

The thyrd boke

That nedeth to you/lythe they ben met
To aske of me/if they blythe were
For if it erst was wele/tho was it bet
A thousande folde/this nedeth nat to enquire
Agon was every care/and every fere
And bothe pwyse they had/so they wende
As moche joy/as herte may comprehend

This is no lytell thyng/of for to sepe
This passeth every wyght/for to deupe
For eche of hem/gan others lust obey
Felicite/whiche that these clerkes wyse
Comenden so/ne may nat here suffyse
This joy may nat witten be with ynke
It passeth all/that any herte may thynke

But cruell day/so welaway the stounde
Gan for to approche/as they be signes knewe
For whiche hem thought/felen derthes wounde
So wo was hem/that chaungen gan their hew
And they began to dysple all newe
Calling it traptour enupous/and woyle
And bytterly/the daylyght they curse

Quod Troilus alas/nowe am I ware
That Pierers/and the swyfte stedes thre
Whiche that drawen forth the sonnes chare
Han gon some by pathe/in dyspyte of me
That maketh it so sone day to be
And for the sonne/hasteth him thus to ryse
As I hall I neuer do este hym sacryfise

But nedes day/departe must hem sone
And whan their speche done was/a theit chere
They twyn anone/as they be wont to done
And setten tyme/of metyng este in fere
And many a night/they wrought in this manere
And thus fortune/a tyme lad hem in ioye
Creseyde and eke/the kynges sonne of Troye

In suffisaunce/in blyse/and in synnynges
This Troilus gan all his lyfe to lede
He spendeth/iusteth/and maketh festynges
He peureth frely ofte/and chaungeth webe
And holte aboute hym/ape without drede
A worlde of folke/as came hym well of kynde
The freesthest and the best/that he coude fynde

That suche a voyce of hym was/a steuen
Throughtout the worlde/of honour & largesse
That it by longe/to the pate of heuen
And as in loue/he was in suche gladnesse
That in his herte/he demed as I gesse
That there nys louer/in this worlde at ease
So well as he/a thus gan loue hym please

The goodlyhed & bounte/whiche that kynde
In any other lady had plet
Can nat the mouテナunce of a knot vnbynde
Aboute his herte/of all Creseydes net
He was so narrowe/mashed and pknet
That it to vndo/on any maner syde
That wyll nat be/for ought I may betyde

And by the hande full oft he wolde take
This Pandarus/and in to the garden lede
And suche a feest/and suche a proces make
Hym of Creseyde/and of her womanhede
And of her beaute eke/withouten drede
It was an heuen/his wordes for to here
And than he wolde synge in this manere

Loue/that of erthe & see hath in gouernaunce
Loue/that his hestes hath in heuens hye
Loue/that with an hollome alpaunce
Holde peoples/loyned as he lyst hem gye
Loue/that endueth lawe of compaignye
And couples dothe/in vertue for to dwell
Bynde this acozde/that I haue tolde & tell

That/that the worlde/with faythe I is stable
Dyuerfeth so his stoundes/concordyng
That Elementes/that ben so dyscordable
Holte in a bonde/perpetually duryng
That Phebus must/his rosy day for the bring
And the mone haue lordshipp ouer the nyghtes
All this dothe loue/all herped be his myghtes

That that the see/gredy is to flowen
Constreyneth to a certayne ende so
As fluddes/that so freshly they ne growen
To dzenche the erthe/and all for euer mo
And if that loue ought/let his bydell go
And that nowe lyueth/a sondre schulde kepe
And lost were all/that loue nowe holt to hepe

of Troplus.

So wolde god/that auctours of kynde
That with his bonde of loue/of his vertue lyst
So serchen hertes all/and fast bynde
That from his bond/no wight out þ way wyft
And hertes colde/hem wolde I that he twyft
To make hem loue/and that hem lyst aye rewe
On hertes soze/and kepe hem that ben trewe

In all nedes/for the towne werre
He was/and aye fyrst in his armes dyght
And certaynly/but if that bokes erre
Saue Hector/most drazd of any wyght
And this encrece/of hardynesse and myght
Come hym of loue/his lady for to wyn
That altered his spyrite so within

And most of vertue and loue/was his speche
And in dyspyte/had all wretchydnesse
And doutelesse/no nede was hym beseeche
To honour hem/that hadden wo,thynesse
And ealen hem/that were in distresse
And glad was/if any wyght wele ferde
That louer was/whan he it wyft and herde

Forsothe to sayne/he lost helde euery wyght
But if he were/in loues hys scruple
I meane folkes/that ought be by ryght
And ouer all this/so well coude he deuyse
Of sentement/and in so vncouth wyle
All his aray/that euery louer thought
That al was wele/what so he sayd or wrought


And all though he came of blode royall
Hym lyst nat of pryde/at no wyght to chace
Benygne he was/to eche in generall

For whiche he gate hym helpe in euery place
Thus wolde loue/pherped be his grace
That pryde and ire/enuye and auarpyce
He gan to slepe/and many another byce

Thou lady bright/doughter to Dione
Thy blynde and wynged sonne/dan Cupide
your sustren eke/that by Elicone
In hylle Dernafo/lysten for to abyde
That ye thus ferre/haue deyned me to gyde
I can no moze/but sythe that ye wyll wende
pherped be ye for aye/withouten ende

In tyme of truse/on haukyng wolde he ryde
Or els hunt boze/beare/or youn
The small beestes/let he go besyde
And whan þ he came rydyng to the town
Full ofte his lady/from the wyndowe down
As freshe as faucon/cometh out of me we
Full redy was/hym goodly to salewe

Nowe haue I pou sayd/fully in my songe
Theffecte and ioye/of Troplus scruple
All be that there was/some dyssease amonge
As myne auctour lysteth to deuyse
Wher the boke/nowe ende I in this wyle
And Troplus in lust/and in quyet
As with Cresyde/his owne lady swete.

Here endeth the thyrde boke of Troplus
and Cresyde/and herafter
foloweth the fourth
boke. 

The fourth boke of Troilus.



Here begynneth the prologe of
the fourth boke,



But all to lptell/welaway the whyle
Lasteth suche ioy/blyssed be fortune
That semeth trewest/whan she dothe begyle
And can to soles/so her songe entune
That she doth hent & blent as traitour comune
And whan a wyght is from her whele ythrowe
Than laugheth she/& maketh him a mowe

from Troilus/gan she her bryght face
Away to wye/& toke of hym none hede
But cast hym clene/all out of her grace
And on her whele/she set by Dyomedes
For which right now/ myn hert gynneth blede
And now my penne alas/with whiche I wryte
Quaketh for drede/of that I must endyte

for howe Creseyde Troilus forloke
Or at the lest/howe that she was unkynde
Shote be henseforth mater of my boke
As wryten folke/through which it is in mynde

Alas/that euer she shulde cause synde
To speke her harme/and if they on her lye
ywisle hem selfe she hall haue the bylonge

O ye Herynes nyghtes doughters thre
That endelese complayne euer in payne
Megera/Allecto/and eke Thesiphone
Thou cruell Mars eke/father to Quyzine
This plke fourth boke/helpe me to fyne
So that the loos and loue/and lyfe yfere
Of Troilus/be fully shewed here.

Here endeth the prologe/and for
loweth the fourthe
boke,

Igging in host/as I haue tolde or this
The grekes stronge/about Troy toun
Befell/that whan Phebus gan sheyne ywisle
Upon the brest of Hercules lyoun
That Hector/with full many a bolde baroun
Cast on a day/with grekes for to fyght
As he was wonte/to greue hem if he myght

The fourth booke

Not I howe longe / or howe it was bytwene
This purpose & that day / they fyght ment
But on a day / well bright and shene
With speare in hande / & bygge bowes bent
Hector / and many a worthy knyght out went
And in the berde anone withouten let
Her fomen in the felde hem fast met

The longe day / with speares sharpe ygroûde
With arrowes / dartes / swerdes / maces tell
They fyght / and bringe horse & man to groude
And with their axes / out the braynes quell
But in the last houre / forthe for to tell
The folke of Troy / hem selfe so myl leden
That w the worke / howarde at night they fled

At whiche day was taken Antenor
Haugre Polympdas / or Monestyo
Eandype / Sarpedon / Palestynore
Polyte / or eke the Tropan Rypheo
And other laile folke / as Phebuso
So that for harme y day / the folke of Trope
Dredde to leie a great parte of their tope

But nethelesse / a trowes was there take
At grekes request / and tho they gan treat
Of prisoners / a chaunge for to make
This thynge anon / was couth in euery strete
And for the surplus / gyuen comes great
Bothe in the siege & towne / and euery where
And with the fyrst / it came to Calcas ere

Whan Calcas knewe the treaties / hulde holde
In consystory / amonge grekes sone
He gan in thynge / forthe with lordes olde
And set him there / as he was wonte to done
And with their chaungyng / he bad hem abone
For loue of god / to do that reuerence
To stynte noyse / and peue hym audyence

Chan sayd he thus / lo lordes myne I was
Tropan / as it is knowe out of drede
And if ye remembre / I am Calcas
That alther fyrst / yafe comfote to your nede
And tolde wele howe ye / hulde spede
For dredelesse / through you I hall in a stoude
This Troy be byt / & drawen down to groude

And in what fourme / & in what maner wyse
This towne to shende / & all your lust to achene
Ye haue or this me herde well deuyse
This knowen ye my lordes / as I leue
And for the grekes were me so leue
I come my selfe / in my proper persone
To teche in this / what ye were best to done

Haupng upon my treasour ne my rent
Ryght no respecte / to respect of your ease
Thus all my good I leste / and to you went
Wenyng in this / my lordes you to please
But all this losse / dothe me no dysple
I bouchesafe / as wysely haue I tope
For you to lese / all that I haue in Trope

Saue of a doughter / that I left alas
Slepyng at home / whan out of Troy I ferte
O sterne and cruell father that I was
Howe myght I haue in that so harde an herte
Alas / I ne had brought her in my herte
For sorowe of whiche / I wyll nat lyue to mor
But if ye lordes rewe upon my sorowe (rowe

For by that cause / I sawe no tyme or nows
Her to delpyer / holde I haue my pees
But nowe or neuer / if it lyke you
I may her haue / ryght sone doutesles
O helpe and grace / amonge all this ptees
Rewe on me olde captyfe here in dystresse
Sythe I for you / haue all this heupnesse

ye haue nowe caught / & fettered in prison
Tropan ynowe / and if your wyll be
My chylde with one / may haue redemption
Nowe for the loue of god / & of your bounte
One of so fele / alas so peue hym me
What nede were this prayer for to werne
Syth ye I hall haue both towne & folk as yerno

On peryll of my lyfe / I shall nat lye
Appollo hath me tolde it faythfully
I haue it founde eke by astronomye
By sozte / by angury / eke trewely
And dare well say / the tyme is fast by
That fyre & flame / on all the towne I hall sprede
And thus I hall Troy turnen to ashen dede

of Troilus.

For certayne Phobus/and Neptunus bothe
That maden the walles of the towne
Ben with folke of Troie now so wrothe
They wll este bring it to confusyon
Ryght for dyspyte of kyng Lamedon
Bycause he nolde paye hem her hyre
The towne shall yet/be set on a fyre

Tellynge this tale/alway this olde gref
Humble in speche/and in his lokyng eke
The salte teares/from his eyen twey
Full fast ranne downe/by eyther cheke
So longe he gan of socoure hem beseeke
That for to heale hym/of his syghes soze
They pafe him Anthenoze/ withouten moze

But who was glad ynowe/but Calcas tho
And of all thyng/full sone is leyde
On hem/that schulde for the treatyse go
To bring hem kyng Thoas and Creseus
And hem for Anthenoze/full ofte preyde
And whan Priamus/his saue garde sent
The ambassadours/full streight to Troy went

The cause tolde of their comyng/the olde
Priamus kyng/full sone in generall
Do here vpon his parlyament to holde
Of whiche the effecte/reherlen you I shall
The ambassadours ben answerde for synall
The chaunge of prisoners/and all this dede
Hem lyketh well/and so they forthe procede

This Troilus was present in the place
Whan asked was for Anthenoze Creseus
For whiche full sone/chaunged he his face
As he that with tho wordes full nygh dede
But nethelisse/he no worde to it leyde
With mannes herte/he gan his sorowe dize
Lest men schulde his affection aspye

And full of angurthe/and of busy dreds
Whode/what other lordes wolde say
And if they woll graunt/as god forbide
Theschaunge of her/than thought he thynges
First for to saue her honour/what way/way
He might best theschaunge of her withstande
Full fast he cast/howe all thyng myght stande

Loue hym made all prest/to make her byde
Or rather dye/than schulde go
But reason hym sayd/on that other syde
Without assent of her/ne do nat so
Lest thou her wraethe/and he than be thy fo
And say/that though thy medlyng is yblowe
Your bothe loue/there it was erst unknowe

For whiche he gan deliberyn to the best
That though the lordes wolde schen he went
He wolde let hem graunt what hem lest
And tell his lady fyrst/what they ment
And whan that he had sayd hym her entent
Therafter wolde he worke/all so blyue
Though all the worlde/agayn it wolde streue

Hector/whiche scheyght well the grekes herde
For Anthenoze/how they wolde haue Creseus
Can it withstande/and so breuely answerde
Says/he nys no prisoner he leyde
I not on you/who this charge leyde
But on my partye/may estone hem tell
We ble nat here/no women for to sell

The noyse of people/by stert than all at ones
As breme as blase of strawe/set a fyre
For infortune it wolde/for the nones
They schulde their confusyon desyre
Hector quod they/what gost may you enspyre
This woman thus to helde/and do vs lese
Dane Anthenoze/a wronge way now ye chese

That is so wyse/and so bolde a baroun
And we haue nede of folke/as men may se
He is eke one of the greatest of this towne
Saue Hector/let tho fantasyes be
Of kyng Priamus quod they/thus say we
That all our voyce/is to forgo Creseus
And to deliuer Anthenoze they preyde

O Iuuenall lordes/all sothe is thy sentence
That lytell weten folke/what is to perne
That they ne fynde in her desyre offence
For cloude of errour/let hem to dyscerne
What best is/lo here ensample as perne
This folke desyre nowe deliuerance
Of Anthenoze/that brought hem to myschaunce

The fourth boke

For he was after traytour to the towne
Of Troy/ alas they quit hym out to rathe
O nyce worlde/ lo thy discrecioun
Creseyde/ whiche that neuer dyd hem skathe
Shall nowe no longer/ in her blyss bathe
But Antheoz/ shall come home to towne
And she shall out/ thus all they sayd & sowne

For whiche deliuered was by parliament
For Antheoz/ to geuen out Creseyde
And it pronounced/ by the p[re]sident
And though that Hector/ nay full oft prayde
That fynally/ what wyght that it withsayde
It was for naught/ it must be and sholde
For substance of the parlyament it wolde

Departed out of parlyament echone
This Troilus/ without wordes mo
In to his chamb[er]/ sped hym fast alone
But if it were a man of his o[ur] two
The whiche he bade out faste to go
Bycause he wolde slepe/ as he sayde
And hastely/ vpon his bed hym layde

And as in wynter/ leues ben yast
Eche after ocher/ tyll the tree be bare
So that there nys/ but b[ra]unche & barke yast
Ryght so Troilus/ byaste of eche welfare
ybounde within/ with bondes of care
Disposed wode/ out of his wyt to b[re]pde
So for hym late/ the chaungyng of Creseyde

He tyt hym vp/ and euery doze he shet
And wyndowe eke/ & tho this sorowfull man
Upon his beddes syde/ downe hym set
Full lyke a deed ymage/ pale and wan
And in his brest/ the heped wo began
Out brest/ and he wrought in this wyse
In his wodenesse/ as I shall you deuyse

Right as the wylde bulle/ begynneth spring
Nowe here nowe there/ darted to the hert
And of his dethe roseth/ in complaynyng
Ryght so gan he aboute his chamb[er] sterte
Sympting his brest/ aye with his fyfthes smerte
His heed to walles/ his body to the grounde
Full ofte he swapped hym selfe to confounde

His eyen two/ for pyte of his hert
Out stremeden / as swyft welles twy
The hye sobbes/ of his sorowfull smert
His speche hym reste/ vnnethes myght he sey
O verthe alas/ why nill thou do me dey
Accursed be that day/ whiche that nature
Shope me to be/ a lyues creature

But after whan the fury and all this rage
Whiche that his herte twyft/ and fast thyrt
By length of tyme/ somewhat gan aswage
Upon his bed/ he layde hym downe to rest
But tho began his feares moze out brest
That wonder is/ the body may suffre
To halfe this wo/ whiche that I you deuyse

Than sayd he thus/ fortune alas the wyle
What haue I do/ what haue I thus agyle
Howe myght thou for routh me begyle
Is there no grace/ and shall I thus be spyle
Shall thus Creseyde/ for that thou wyle
Alas/ howe mayst thou in thyne herte fynde
To be to me/ thus cruell and vnkynde

Haue I the nat honoured all my lyue
As thou well wost/ aboute the goddes all
Why wylt thou thus/ from ioye me dep[re]ss
O Troilus/ what may men nowe the call
But wretche of wretches/ out of honour fall
In to mysery/ whiche I wyl bewaple
Creseyde alas/ tyll that the b[re]the me sayle

Alas fortune/ if that my lyfe in ioye
Displeased had/ vnto thy soule enuie
Why ne haddest thou/ my father kyng of Troy
Berafte the lyfe/ o[ur] do my b[re]therne dye
O I layne my selfe/ that thus complayne & crye
I combe wolde/ that may of nothyng cerue
But alway dye/ and neuer fully sterue

If that Creseyde alone were laste
Nought raught whiderwarde þ[er] woldest sterte
And her alas/ thou hast me berafte
But euer moze/ lo this is thy manere
To reue a wyght/ lo that is to hym dere
To preue in that/ thy gyrefull vpolence
Thus am I lost/ there helpeth no defence

of Troylus.

O betray god/O loue/O god alas
That knowest best myne hert & all my thought
What shall my sorowfull lyfe do in this case
If I forgoe that I so dere haue bought
Synth pe Creseyde/and me fully haue brought
In to your grace/ & bothe our hertes sealed
Howe may ye suffice/ in lesse it be repealed

What shall I do/whyle I may dure
Aye lyue in tourment/and in cruell payne
Thus infortune/o: this disauenture
Alone as I was borne/I wyll complayne
As neuer wyll I sene/ I byrne o: reyne
But ever wyll I/as Epypppe in darkness
Lede my sorowfull lyfe/ and lyue in distresse

O betray gost/that erreth to and fro
Why nylt thou flye/out of the wofullest
Body/that euer myght on grounde go
O soule/luckynge in this wofull nest
Flye ferre out of myne hert/o: it brest
And folowe alway Creseyde/ thy lady dere
Thy right place/ is now no longer here

O wofull eyen two/synthe your dyspoyte
Was all to se Creseydes eyen bryght
What shall ye do/but for my discomfort
Stonde for nought/ & weppyn out your syght
Synth he is queynt/ & you was wont to lyght
In bayne fro this forthe/haue I eyen twey
I fourmed/synthe your vertue is away

O my Creseyde/O lady souerayne
Of that wofull soule/that thus cryeth
Whof shall yeue now comforte to the payne
Alas no wyght/but whan myne hert dyeth
O my spyrite/whiche that so vnto you heryth
Receyue in gre/for that I shall aye you serue
For now no force is/though the body sterue

And ye loners/that hys vpon the whele
Ben set of fortune/in good auenture
God lene that ye fynde/aye lous of stele
And longe mote your lyfe in toy endure
But whan ye come/by my sepulture
Remembre that your felowe resteth here
For I loued eke/though I bywo:thy were

O olde vnholysome/and myslyuing man
Calcas I meane/ alas what cyleth the
To ben a greke/synthe thou were boze Troyan
O Calcas/whiche that wylt my bane be
In cursed tyme were thou boze for me
As wolde blis full Ioue/for his toyne
That I the had/where I wolde in Troie

A thousande syghes/hotter than the glede
Out of his brest/etche after other went
Medled with playntes newe/his foe to fede
For whiche/his wofull teares neuer stent
And I hertly/so his paynes him to rent
And wareso mate/that toy no: penaunce
He feleth none/but lyeth thus in a traunce

Pandare/whiche that at the parliament
Had herde/what every lord & burgesy seyde
And howe full graunted was by one assent
For Anthenor/to yelden so Creseyde
Can well nycht out of his wylt to bryde
So that for wo/he nylt what he ment
But in a rees/to Troylus tho he went

A certayne knight/that for the tyme kept
The chamber doze/bndyd hym anone
And Pandare/that full tenderly wept
In to this derke chambere/as swyll as stone
Towarde the bed/gan softly for to gone
So confuse/that he ne wylt to say
For betray wo/his wylt was all away

And with his chere/ & lokyng all to toyme
For sorowe of hert/with his armes folden
He stode this wofull Troylus beforne
And on his pytous face/ he gan beholden
But lord so oft gan his hert colde
Seyng his frende in wo/whose heuynesse
His hert slowe/as thought him for distresse

This wofull wight/this Troylus that felt
His frende Pandare/ comen him to se
Can as the snowe/agaynst the sonne melt
For whiche/this sorowfull Pandare of pyte
Can for to wepe/as tenderly as he
And spechelesse/thus ben these ylike twey
That neyther might/one worde for sorowe sey

The fourth boke

But at the laste/this wofull Troilus
 Ryghe deed for smert/gan bresten out to roze
 And with a sorowfull nose/he sayd thus
 Amonge his sobbes/and his spghes soze
 Lo Pandare/ I am deed withouten moze
 Hast thou nat herde/at parlyament/he sayde
 For Anthenor/howe lost is my Cresepe

This Pandarus/full deed and pale of hewe
 Full pytoul ly answerde/and sayd this
 As wyl ly were it false/as it is trewe
 That I haue herde/and wote howe it is
 O mercy god/who wolde haue trowed this
 Who wolde haue wende/p in so lytell a thowe
 Fortune out iop/wolde haue ouerthowe

For in this worlde/there nys no creature
 As to my dome/that euer sawe ryne
 Stronger than this/through ease or auenture
 But who may all eschewe/or all deuyne
 Suche is this/for thy I thus dyspne
 That trust no wyght/to fynde in fortune
 Aye properte/her pestes ben comune

But tell me this/why arte thou now so made
 To sorow thus/why lyste þ now in this wyle
 Sythe thy desyre/all holp thou hast had
 So that by ryght/it ought ynowe suste
 But I that neuer felte in my scruple
 Of frendely chere/or loyng of an eye
 Let me thus wepe and wyle/tyll I dye

And ouer all this/as thou wost well thy selue
 This towne is full of ladys/all aboute
 And to my dome/sayre than suche twelue
 As euer I he was/I hall I fynde in some route
 Ye/one or two/withouten any doute
 For thy be glad/myne owne brother
 If I he be lost/we I hall fynde another

What god forbode alway/that suche plesaunce
 In one thyng were/and in none other wyght
 If one can synge/another can well daunce
 If this be goodly/I he that is glad and lyght
 And this is sayre/and that can good aryght
 Eche for his vertue/holden is full dere
 Bothe heroune and faucon for the ryuere

And eke as wyte Zausys/that was full wyle
 The newe out chafeth ofte the olde
 And upon newe case/lyeth newe aduylde
 Thynke eke thy lyfe to saue thou art holde
 Suche fyre by processe I hall be key colde
 For sythe it nys/but casuell plesaunce
 Some case I hall put out of remembraunce

For why/ sure is/as day cometh after nyght
 Ye newe loue/labour or other wo
 Or els seying of another wyght
 Done all affections/one ouer go
 And for thy parte/thou I halt haue one of cho
 To abydge with thy bytter paynes smert
 Absence of her/I hall dzyue it out of hert

These wordes sayd he/for the nones all
 To helpe his frende/lest he for sorowe deyde
 For doutelesse/to do his wo to fall
 He rought nat/what vntyft he seyde
 But Troilus/that nye for sorowe deyde
 Toke lytell hede/of all that euer he ment
 One eare it herde/and at that other it out went

But at the last he answerde/and sayd frende
 This leche craft/or heled thus to be
 Were well sytting/if that I were a fende
 To tray a wyght/that trewe is vnto me
 I pray god let this counsaile neuer pthe
 But do me rather nowe steruen here
 Or I thus do/as thou woldest me lere

She that I serue ywille/so what thou say
 To whome myne hert enhabyt is by right
 Shall haue me holy hers/tyll that I dey
 For Pandare/sythe I her trowth bepyght
 I wyl nat be vntrewe for no wyght
 But as her man/I wyl aye lyue and serue
 And neuer other creature serue

And therte thou sayst/thou I halt as sayre fynde
 As I he/let be/make no comparison
 To creature/yfornmed lyke her by fynde
 O lese Pandare/in conclusion
 I wyl nat be of thyne opinyon
 Touchyng all this/for why I the beseeche
 Holde thy peace/thou sleest me with thy speche

of Troylus.

Thou bydest me I shulde loue another
All freshely new/ and let Creseyde go
It lyeth nat in my power lese brother
And if I myght/ yet wyll I nat do so
But thou canst playe racket to and fro
Put nettle in docke/ now this now y Pandare
Howe soule fall her/ for thy wo that care

Thou farest eke by me/ thou Pandarus
As he/ That whan a wight is wo begone
He cometh to hym a pace/ and sayth ryght thus
Thynke nat on smert/ and thou shalt fele none
Thou mayst me fyrst transmeue in a stone
And reue me of my passyons all
O thou so lightly do my wo to fall

My dethe may well out of my brest departe
The lyfe so long/ may this sorowe myne
But fro my soule shall Creseydes darte
Out neuer more/ but downe with Proserpyne
Whan I am deed/ I wyll go wone in pyne
And there I wyll eternally complayne
My wo/ and than twynned be we twayne

Thou hast here made an argument for tyme
Hope that it shulde a lesse payne be
Creseyde to for go/ for she was myne
And lyue in ease/ and in felycite
Why gabbest thou/ that saydest thus to me
That him is worse/ that is from wele ythrowe
Than he that neuer had of wele yknowe

But tell me now/ sithe ye thynke so lyght
To chaunge so in loue aye to and fro
Why ne haddest thou do/ busely thy myght
To chaunge her/ that dothe the all thy wo
Why nyll thou let her from thyne hert go
Why nyll thou loue another lady swete
That myght let thyne herte in quiete

If thou hast had in loue aye/ yet myschaunce
And canst it nat out of thyne hert driue
I that lyued in lust and in plesaunce
With her/ as moche as any creature on lyue
Howe shulde I that forgete/ and that so blyue
O/ where hast thou ben byd so longe in meue
That canst so wele/ and formych argewe

Nay nay god wote/ nought worth is all thy re
For whiche/ for what that euer may befall (de
Without wordes mo/ I wyll be dede
O dethe/ that ender arte of sorowes all
Come now/ sithe I so ofte after the call
For happy is that dethe sothly to sayne
That ofte ycleped cometh/ and endeth payne

Well wote I/ whyle my lyfe was in quiete
O thou me slowe/ I wolde haue yeven hye
But nowe thy compng is to me so swete
That in this worlde/ I nothyng so desyre
O dethe/ sithe with this worlde I am a fyre
Thou outhert do me anone in teares drench
O/ with thy colde stroke/ myne hert quenche

Sithe that thou leest so many in sondry wyse
Agaynst their wyll/ vnprayed day and nyght
Do now/ at my request this serpyce
Delyuer nowe the worlde/ so doest thou ryght
Of me that am/ the sorowfullest wyght
That euer was/ for tyme is y I sterue (serue
Sithe in this worlde/ of right nought maye I

Thus Troylus/ in teares gan dystill
As lycour out of a lembyke full fast
And Pandarus gan holde his tong styll
And to the grounde/ his eyen downe he cast
But nacheles/ thus thought he at the last
What pardy/ rather than my felowe dep
yet shall I somewhat more vnto hym sey

And sayd frende/ sithe thou hast suche distresse
And sithe the lyst/ myne argumentes to blame
Why nylt thy selfe helpe to redresse
And with thy manhode letten all this game
So rauyshe her/ ne canst thou nat for shame
And outhert let her out of towne fare
O/ holde her styll/ and leaue thy nyce fare

Arte thou in Troye/ and hast none hardyment
To take a wyght/ whiche that loueth the
And wolde her selfe be of thyne assent
Howe is nat this a nyce banyte
Kysse vp anone and let thy wepyng be
And kyth thou arte a man/ for in this hour
I wyll be deed/ o/ she shall bleuen out

The fourth booke

To this answerd hym Troilus full softe
And sayd pardy / lefe brother dere
All this haue I my selfe thought full ofte
And moze thyng than thou deuydest here
But why it is laste thou shalte well here
And whan thou hast me gyue audyence
Therafter mayest thou tell thy sentence

First thou wost / sithe this towne hath all this
For rauynshing of a woman by night (wer
It shulde nat be suffred me to erre
As it stante nowe / ne do nat so grete bryght
I shulde also haue blame of euery wight
Why fathers graunt / if I so withstode
Sith she is chaunged / for the townes good

I haue eke thought / sith it were her assent
To axe her of my father / at his grace
Than thynke I thus / it were her accusment
Sith well I wote / I may her nat purchase
For sith my father in so hye a place
As parlyament / hath her exchaunge encaled
He nyll for me / his letters be repealed

Yet drede I most / her hert to perturbe
With vyolence / if I do suche a game
For if I wolde it openly disturbe
It must be disclaundze vnto her name
And me were leuer dye than her defame
As nolde god / but if I shulde haue
Her honour / as lefe as my lyfe saue

Thus am I lost / for ought that I can se
For certayne is / sith I am her knyght
I must her honour saue / rather than she
In euery case / as louers ought of right
Thus am I with desyre and reason twight
Desyre her to disturbe / aye me redeth
But reason nyll nat / and so myne hert dredeth

This wepyng / quod he / couthe neuer cease
He sayd alas / howe shall I wretche fare
For well fele I / alway my loue encrease
And hope is lasse and lasse / alway Pandare
Encreasen eke / the causes of my care
So welaway / why nyll myne hert brest
For as in loue / there is but lytell rest

Pandare answerde / frende thou mayest for me
Do as the lyst / but had I it so hote
And thynne estate / she shulde go with me
Though all this towne cryed on it by note
I nolde nat set at all the noyse a grote
For whan men haue cryed tha wyl they rothe
I wonder lasterly but nyne dayes in towne

Deuyne nat in reason / aye so depe
Acerioul ly / but helpe thy selfe anone
Bet is that other than thy selfe wepe
And namely sith ye two ben all one
Ryse vp / for by my heed she shall nat gone
And rather be in blame a lytell stounde
Than sterue here / as gnat without wounde

It is no shame vnto you ne byce
Her to witholde that you loueth most
Parauenture she myght holde you for nyce
To let her go thus to the grekes host
Thynke eke fortune / as wele thy seluen wost
Helpeth an hardy man to his empryse
And flyeth fro wretches for their cowardyse

And though thy lady wolde a lytell her greue
Thou shalt thy selfe thy peace hereafter make
But as for me / certayne I can nat leue
That she wyl nowe as yet for yuell take
Why shulde than for feare thynne hert quake
Thynke howe Paris / whiche y is thy brother
A loue hath / why nat thou another

And Troilus / one thyng I dare the swere
That if Creseyde / whiche that is thy lefe
Nowe loueth the / as wele as thou dost her
God helpe me so / she nyll nat take a grese
Though thou do bote anone in this myschese
And if she wyl away fro the passe
Than is she false / so loue her wele the lasse

For thy take hert / and thiike right as a knyght
Through loue is broke all day euery lawe
Kyth now somewhat thy corage and thy might
Haue mercy on thy selfe for any awe
Let nat wretched wo thynne hert gnawe
But manly set the worlde at fyre and seyn
And if thou dye a martyr goth to heyn

I wyl

of Troylus.

I wyl my selfe be with the all this dede
 Though I a all my kynne vpon a stounde
 Shulde in the strete/as dogges lyggen dede
 Throughe gytt w many a wyde & bloody wounde
 In euery case/I wyl a frende be founde
 And if the lyst here stecue as a wretche
 Adewe/the dyuell spede hym that retche

This Troylus/gan with the wordes quicken
 And sayd frende/gramercy I assent
 But certaynly/thou mayst nat so me pricken
 A payne none/may nat me so tourment
 That for no case/it is nat myne entent
 At hert woordes/though I dye I holde
 To raup the her/but if her selfe wolde

Right so meane I w Pandarus/all this day
 But tell me than/hast thou her well assayed
 That sozowest thus/and he answered nay
 Wherof art thou quod Pandarus so dismayde
 That nyste nat/if I he wyl be wele apayde
 To raup the her/lyth thou hast nat be there
 But if that Ioue tolde it in thyne ere

For thy ryle vp/as though ne were anone
 And wall he thy face/a to the kyng thou wende
 O he may wonder/whyder thou arte gone
 Thou must with wysedom/him a ocher blende
 O vpon case/he may after the sende
 O thou be ware/and I hertly brother dere
 Be glad/a let me worke in this matere

For I shall chape it so/that spkerly
 Thou shalt this nyght/somtyme in some ma-
 Come speke with thy lady priuely (nere
 And by her woordes/and eke by her chere
 Thou shalt well some perceyue and here
 All her entent/and of this case the best
 And fare nowe wele/for in this poynt I rest

The swyft fame/whiche that false thynges
 Egally reporteth/lyke thynges trewe
 Was througheout Troy fled/with prest wiges
 From man to man/a made this tale all newe
 Howe Calcas doughter/with her bright hewe
 At parlyament/withouten woordes more
 ygraunted was/in chaunge of Anthenoze

The whiche tale anone/as Cresepe
 Had herde/as I he that of her father rought
 As in this case right nought/ne whan he deyde
 Full busely to Jupyter besought
 yeue hym myschaunce/I this treatise wrought
 But I hertly lest this tale sothe were
 She durst of no wyght asken for fere

As I he that her hert/and all her mynde
 On Troylus pset was so wonder fast
 That all this worlde/ne might her loue bryn
 He Troylus out of her herte cast (de
 She wyl be his/whyle her lyfe may last
 And thus I he brennech bothe in loue & dede
 So that I he nyte/what was to rede

But as men se in towne all aboute
 That women vse frendes to blyte
 So to Cresepe/of women come a route
 For pytouse toy/and wende her delyte
 And with these tales/dere pnowe ampte
 These women/whiche that in the cytie dwell
 They set hem downe/and sayd as I shall tell

Quod fyrst that one/I am glad truly
 By cause of you/yel hall your father se
 I nother sayd/ywylle so am nat I
 For all to lytell/hath I he with vs be
 Quod the the thyde/I hope ywylle that I he
 Shall brynge vs peace on euery syde
 That whan I he goth/almighty god her gyde

The woordes/and the womanny the thynges
 She herde/ryght as I he thence were
 For god wote her herte on other thyng is
 All though the body late amonge hem there
 Her audyence/is alway els where
 For Troylus/full fast her soule sought
 Withouten worde/alway on hym I he thought

These women/that thus wenden her to please
 Aboute nought/gan all these tales spende
 Suche banyte/ne can her do none ease
 As I he that all this meane whyle brynnde
 Of other passyon/than they wende
 So that I he felt almost her herte dye
 For wo/and wery of that companye

The fourth boke

For whiche no longer myght she restrepne
The teares/so they gan vp to well
That peuen spgnes of the bytter peyne
In whiche her spyrite was/ & muste dwell
Remembryng her/ from heuen in to hell
She fallen was/ syth she forgoth the syght
Of Troilus/ and sorowfully she syght

And thylke foles/ that saten her aboute
Wende that she so wept/ and syghed soze
Bycause that she shulde out of that route
Depart/ & play neuer with hem moze
And they that had knowen her of poze
Sawe her so wepe/ & thought it kyndnesse
And eche of hem wept for her distresse

And busely they gan her comforte
Of thing god wote/ on which she lytle thought
And with her tales/ wenden her disporte
And to be glad/ they often her besought
But such an ease they her therewith wrought
Wight as a man is eased for to fele
For ache of heed/ to clawe hym on the hele

But after all this nyce banpte
They token her leue/ & home they wenten all
Cresepe/ full of sorowfull ppte
In to the chambze/ bp out of the hall
And on her began/ for deed gan to fall
In purpose thence/ neuer for to ryle
And thus she wrought/ as I shall you demyse

Her pelowe heare/ that sonny she was of hewe
She rent/ & eke her spngers longe and smale
She wronge full oft/ & bad god on her rewe
And with her dethe/ to do bote on her bale
Her hewe whylome so bright/ tho was pale
Ware wptnesse of her wo/ and her constreynt
And thus she spake/ sobbyng in her compleynt

Alas quod she/ out of this regyon
I wofull wretche/ & infortuned wyght
And bozne in cursed constellacyn
Mote go/ and thus departe fro my knyght
Wo woth alas/ that ylike dayes lyght
On whiche I sawe fyrst/ with epen twayne
That causeth me and hym all this payne

Therwith the teares/ from her epen two
Downe fylle/ as fhoure in Aprill dothe swythe
Her whyte brest she beate/ and for the wo
After the dethe she cryed a thousande sythe
Syth he that wont her wo was to lythe
She mote forgo/ for such a disauenture
She helde her selfe a forlost creature

She sayd/ howe I shall he do and I also
Howe I shall I lyue/ if I from hym twynne
O dere herte eke/ that I loue so
Who I shall that sorowe I lee that ye ben tyme
O Calcas father/ thynne be all this synne
O mother myne/ that cleped arte Argpue
Wo woth the that day/ thou bare me a lyue

To what syne I shulde I lyue/ and sorowe thus
Howe I shulde a fylyshe/ without water durye
What is Cresepe woth from Troilus
Howe I shulde a plante/ o lyues creature
Lyue without his kyndely nozetur
For whiche full ofte/ a bywoorde here I sey
That rotelesse/ mote grene soone dey

I shal do thus/ syth none other sworde ne darte
Dare I none handle/ for the cruelte
That ylike day I mote from you departe
If sorowe of that wyll nat my bane be
Than I shall no meate ne drynke come in me
Tyll my soule out of my brest vnt heth
And thus my selfe/ wyll I do to deth

And Troilus/ my clothes every chone
Shall blacke be/ in tokenyng herte swete
That I am as out of this worlde agone
I wont was you to set in quyet
And of myne ordze aye/ tyll dethe me mete
The obseruaunce/ euer in your absence
Shall sorowe be/ complaynt & abstynence

Myne herte/ and eke the wofull gost therein
Bequeth I/ with your spyrite to complayne
Eternally/ for they shall neuer twyn
For though in erthe/ ytwynned be we twayne
Yet in the folde of pytie out of payne
That byght Elysos/ shall we ben in fere
As Oipheus is/ with Erubyce his fere

of Troilus.

Thus herte myne/for Anthenoze alas
 I lone I hall be chaunged/as I wene
 But howe I hall ye do nowe in this cas
 Howe I hall your sozoufull herte it sustene
 But herte myne/forpete this sozowe & tene
 And me also/for sothly for to sey
 So ye farewell/I seche nat to dep

Howe euer myght yed be oꝛ longe
 The playnte that I he made/in her dystresse
 I not/but as for me/my lptell tonge
 If I discreue wolde her heupnesse
 I shulde make her sozowe seme lesse
 Than that was/and chyldey deface
 Her hpe complaynte/& therfoze I let it pace

Dandare/whiche that sent was fro Troilus
 Unto Creseyde/as ye haue herde deuyse
 That for the best/it was acorded thus
 And he full glad/to do hym that scruple
 Unto Creseyde/in a full secrete wyse
 There as she lay/in tourment and in rage
 Came her to tell/all holy his message

And sonde that I he her selfe gan to trete
 Full pytoul ly/for with her salte teares
 Her brest/ her face/ pbathed was full wete
 The myghty tresses/of her sonny she heares
 Unbroyded hyng/all aboute her eares
 Whiche yafe hym veray sygne of martyre
 Of dethe/whiche that her herte gan desyre

Whan I he hym sawe/the gan for sozowe anone
 Her wofull face/bytwene her armes hyde
 For whiche this Dandarus/is so wo begone
 That in the house/he myght vnneth abyde
 As he that ppte felte on euery syde
 For if Troilus had erst complayned soze
 Than gan I he playne a thoulande tymes moze

And in her asper playnt/thus I he sayde
 Dandare/first of ioyes mo than two
 Was cause/causyng vnto me Creseyde
 That nowe transmuted ben in cruell wo
 Whether I hall I say welcome to you oꝛ no
 That altherfirst/me brought in to scruple
 Of loue alas/that endeth in suche wyse

Endeth than lone in wo/ye oꝛ men lyeth
 And all wofuly blyse/as thynketh me
 Thende of blyse/ape sozowe it occuppeth
 And who so toweth/that it nat so be
 Let hym vpon my wofull wyche se
 That my selfe hate/and my bythe curse
 Felyng alway/fro wyche I go to wurse

Who so me seeth/seeth sozowes all at ones
 Dure wo/payne/tuement/and distresse
 Out of my wofull body/harme ther ynough is
 As angusthe/langour/cruell bytternesse
 Annoy/smet/drede/furp/& eke licknesse
 I trowe pwyse/from heuen teares rayne
 For pyte of myne asper cruell payne

And thou my suster/full of dacomfozte
 Quod Dandarus/what thynkest thou to do
 Why ne haste thou/to thy selfe some respozte
 Why wylt thou thus/alas thy selfe for do
 Leau all this/and take nowe hede to
 That I hall say/and herken in good entens
 This/whiche by me/thy Troilus the sent

Turned the Creseyde/a wo makyng
 So great/that dethe it was to se
 Alas I he sayd/what wordes may ye bring
 What wyl my dere herte say to me
 Whiche that I drede/neuermore to se
 Wyl he haue playnt/oꝛ teares oꝛ I wende
 I haue ynough/if he thereafter sende

She was ryght suche/to se in her bylage
 As is that wyght/that men on bere bynde
 Her face lyche/of paradise the ymage
 Was all ychaunged/in to another kynde
 The play/p laughter/men were wont to fynde
 On her/and eke her ioyes euerychone
 Ben fled/and thus lyeth Creseyde alone

About her eyen two/a proper ryng
 Bytrent in sothfast token of her payne
 That to beholde/it was a deebly thyng
 For whiche Dandare/myght nat restrayne
 The teares from his eyen for to rayne
 But natheles/as he best myght he sayde
 From Troilus/these wordes vnto Creseyde

The fourth boke

Lo nece I trowe/ye haue herde howe
The kyng with other lordes for the best
Hath made a chaunge/for Anthenor & you
That cause is of this sorowe and brest
But howe this case dothe/Troilus moleste
That may none erthly mannes tonge sey
As he that shortly hapeth hym to dey

For whiche we haue so sorowed bothe he & I
That in to lytell/bothe it hath vs lawe
But through my counsaile/this day fynally
He somewhat is fro weppng nowe withdraue
And semeth me/that he desyeth fawe
With you to be all nyght for to deuyse
Remedye of this/if there be any wyse

This is I hozt & playne the effecte of my message
As forsoyth as my wyl can comprehend
For that ye be of tourment in suche a rage
Ye may to no longe prologe as nowe extend
And herbypon/ye must answere hym sende
And for the loue of god/my nece dere
So leaue this wo/or Troilus come here

Great is my wo quod I he/and syghed sore
As I he that feleth dethe's sharpe distresse
But yet to me/his sorowe is moche more
That loue hym bet/than he hym selfe I gesse
Alas/for me hath he suche heuynesse
Can he for me so pytoully complayne
pwyse his sorowe/doubleth all my payne

Greuous for me/god wote is for to twyn
Quod I he/but god wote harder is to me
To se that sorowe/whiche that he is in
For well I wote/it wyl my bane be
And dye I wyl/in certayne quod I he
But byd hym come/or dethe y thus me thzeteth
Dreue out y ghost/whiche in myne hert beteth

These wordes sayd/I he on her armes two
fylgruf and gan to wepe pytoully
Quod Pandarus alas/why do ye so
Syth wele ye wote/the tyme is fast by
That he shall come/arise by hastely
That he bewepen thus you nowe fynde
But ye wyl haue hym wode out of his mynde

For wylt he ye farde in this manere
He wolde hym selfe I see/if I wende
To haue this face/ he I hulde nat come here
For all the good/that Priamus may dispense
For to what fyne he wolde anone pretende
That knowe I wele/therfore yet I sepe
So let this sorowe/or platly he wylt depe

And I hapeth you his sorowe to abrydge
And nat to encrease/lesse nece I wete
Be rather to hym of flat than edge
And with some wysedome/ye his sorowe bete
What helpeth it to wepe full a strete
Or though ye bothe/in salte teares dreynt
Bet is a tyme of cure/than of complaynt

I meane/as whan I byder hym bring
Syth ye ben wyse/and of one assent
So I hapeth/howe to disturbe your goyng
Or come agayne/sone after ye be went
Women ben wyse/in I hozte auysement
And let se nowe your wyl/howe I hall auayle
And that I may helpe/I hall nat fayle

Go quod Cresyde/and vncle trewly
I shall do all my myght me to restrayne
From weppng in his syght/and busely
Hym for to glade/I shall do my payne
And in my hert seke euery dayne
If to his sore/there may be founde salue
At I hall nat lacke certayne in my behalue

Gothe Pandarus/and Troilus he sought
Tyll in a temple/he founde hym all alone
As he that of his lyfe nomore rought
But to the pytouse goddes euerychone
Full tenderly he prayde/and made his mone
To do hym lone/out of this worlde pace
For wel he thought/ther was none other grace

And I hoztly/all the sothe to sey
He was so fall in dyspeyre that day
That vterly/he I hope for to dey
For ryght thus was his argument alway
He sayd I am but lozne/so welaway
For all that cometh/cometh by necessitye
Thus to be lozne/it is my destinye

of Troylus.

For certaynly this wote I well he sayde
That foresight of diuine purueyaunce
Hath sene me alway / to forgo Cresyde
Sith god seeth euery thyng out of doutaunce
And hem disposeth / after his ordynaunce
In her merytes sothly for to be
As they shall come by predestyne

But natheles alas / whom shall I leue
For there ben clerkes many one
That discreue / and through argumetes preue
And some sayne that nedely there is none
But that free choise is gyue to euerychone
O weleaway / so I ye are clerkes olde
That I not / whole oppynion I may holde

For some sayne that god seeth all befoze
And god may nat be discreued pardye
Than mote it fall / though men had it sworne
That purueyaunce hath seen afoze to be
Wherfore I say / that from eterne if he
Hath wylt befoze / or thought eke all our dedes
We haue no free choise / as these clerkes reides

For neyther thought / ne other dede also
Might neuer be / but such as purueyaunce
Whiche may nat be discreued neuermo
Hath icke befoze without ignoraunce
For if there myght be a varyaunce
To worchen out / from goddes purueyng
There were no prescience of thyng comyng

But it were rather an oppynyon
Unstedfast / and nat certayne seyng
And certesse that were an abusyon
That god shulde haue no ptyte clere wetyng
More than we men / that haue doutous wenig
But suche an errour vpon god to gesse
Were false and foule / and cursed wickydnelle

And this is eke an oppynyon of some
That haue their toppe full hye & smoth ythore
They say right thus / that thing is nat to come
For that prescience hath seen it befoze
That it shall come / but they that therfore
That it shall come / therfore the purueyaunce
Wote ye befoze without ignoraunce

And in this manere this necessitye
Recepueth in his parte contrary agayne
For nedefully behoueth it nat be
That thylke thynges fall in certayne
That ben purueyed / but nedely as they sayne
Behoueth it / that thynges whiche that fall
That they in certayne ben purueyed all

I meane / as though I labored me in this
Tenquyre / whiche thyng of whiche cause be
As wheder that the prescience of god is
The certayne cause of the necessitye
Of thynges that to come be parde
Or if necessitye of thyng comyng
Be cause certayne of the purueyng

But nowe enforce I me / nat in shewyng
Howe thorder of causes stante / but wele wot I
That it behoueth / that the befallyng
Of thynges wylt befoze certaynly
Ben necessary / all seme it nat therby
That prescience / put fallyng necessarye
Of thyng to come / fall they foule or fayre

For if their syt a man ponde on the see
Than by necessitye behoueth it
That certesse thynne oppynyon sothe be
That wenyth and comestyt that he syt
And furthermore apenwarde yet
Lo / right so it is of the parte contrary
As thus / lo herken for I wyl nat tary

I say / if the oppynyon of the
Be sothe for that he syt / than say I thus
That he mote sytte by necessitye
And thus necessitye in eyther is
For in hym nede of sytting is ywis
And in thende of sothe / and thus for sothe
There mote necessitye be in you bothe

But thou mayst say / the man syt nat therfore
That thynne oppynyon of his sytting sothe is
But rather for the man syt there befoze
Therfore is thynne oppynyon sothe ywis
And I say / though the cause of sothe of this
Cometh of his sytting / yet necessitye
Is enterchaunged bothe in hym and the

Thus

The fourth booke

Thus in the same wyse / out of doutaunce
I may well make / as it semeth me
My resonyng of goddes purueyaunce
And of the thynges that to comon be
By whiche reason men may well se
That thylke thynges that in erthe fall
That by necessity they comen all

For although that forethyng shall come ywis
Therefore they ben purueyed certainly
Nat that it cometh / for it purueyed is
yet nathelless / behoueth it nedefully
That thyng to come / be purueyed trewly
Or els thynges that purueyed be
That they betyden by necessity

And this suffyseth ynough certayne
For to destroy our free choise every dele
But nowe is this abusyon to sayne
That fallyng of the thynges temporele
Is cause of goddes prescience eternele
Nowe trewly that is a false sentence
That thyng to coe / shulde cause his prescience

What might I wene / & I had suche a thought
But god purueyeth thyng that is to come
For that it is to come / or els nought
So myght I wene / that thynges all and some
That whylom ben befall and ouercome
Bycause of thylke souerayne purueyaunce
That forwote all / withouten ignoraunce

And ouer all this / yet say I more therto
That right / as whan I wote there is a thyng
ywis that thyng / mote nedefully be so
Eke right so / whan I wote a thyng comyng
So mote it come / and thus the befalling
Of thynges that be wys before the tyde
They may nat be elchewed on no syde

Than sayd he thus / almighty Ioue in trone
That wost of all this thyng the sothfastneise
Rewe on my sorowe / and do me dey soone
Or bring Creseyde and me fro this distelle
And whyle he was in all this heupnelle
Disputyng with hym selfe in this matere
Came Pandare / and sayd as ye shall here.

O mighty god / quod Pandare in trone
Hey / who sawe euer a wyle man fare so
Why Troilus / what thyngest thou to done
Hast thou suche lust to be thyne owne foe
What pardy / yet nys nat Creseyde ago
Why lyst the so thy selfe fordon for drede
That in thy heed / thyne eyen semen dede

Hast thou nat lyued many yere before
Without her / and farde full wele at ease
Arte thou for her / and for none other borne
Hath kynde the wrought / alonely her to please
Let be / and thynke right thus in thy diseale
That on the dice / lyke as there fallen chaunces
Right so in loue / there come and go plesaunces

And yet this is a wonder moost of all
Why thou thus sorowest sith thou wost nat yet
Touchyng her goyng / howe that it shall fall
Ne if she can her seluen distourben it
Thou hast nat yet assayed all her wylt
A man may all be tyme his necke bede
Whan it shall of / and sorowen at the nede

For thy take hede / of all that I shall say
I haue with her yspoke and long ybe
So as accorded was bytwire bytwey
And euermore me thynketh thus that she
Hath somwhat in her hertes preynte
Wherwith she can / if I shall right a rede
Distourbe all this / of whiche thou art in drede

For whiche my counsaile is / whan it is nyght
Thou to her go / and make of this an ende
And blyf full Iuno / through her grete myght
Shall as I hope / her grace vnto vs sende
Myne hert saithe certayne she shall nat wende
And for thy / put thyne hert a whyle in rest
And holde thy purpose / for it is the best

This Troilus answerd / and sighed sore
Thou sayst rightwele / and I wyll do right so
And what him lyst / he said vnto it more
And whan that it was tyme for to go
Full priuely hym selfe withouten mo
Vnto her came / as he was wont to done
And howe they wrought / I shall you tell sone
Sothe is /

of Troilus.

Sothe is/whan they gan fyrst mete
So agayne the payne/their hertes for to twyfe
That neyther of hem/other myght grete
But hem in armes toke/and after kyft
The lasse wofull of bothe hem nyft
What for to done/ne might one word out byng
As I sayd erst/for wo and for sobbyng

The wofull teares/that they let fall
As bytter were/out of teares kynde
For payne/as is lignum/aloes/or gall
So bytter teares/wepte nat as I fynde
The wofull Myrra/through barke & rynde
That in this worlde/there nys so harde an hert
That ne wold haue rued on their paines smert

But whan their wofull wery gostes twayne
Returned ben/there as they ought to dwell
And that somwhat to weyken gan their payne
By length of playnt/& ebben gan the well
Of their hertes/and the herte vnswell
With broken voyce/all whose for wo Cresyd
To Troilus/these ylike wordes sayd

O Ioue I dye/and mercy I beseeche
Helpe Troilus/and therewithall her face
Upon his brest she layde/and lost speche
Her wofull spyrite/from his propre place
Right with the worde/away in poynt to pace
And thus she helpeth/with hewe pale & grene
That whylom fresche/and sayest was to sene

This Troilus/that on her gan beholde
Clepyng her name/as she lay for deed
Without answer/& felte her lymmes colde
Her eyen thowen bpwarde in her heed
This sorowfull man/can none other reed
But ofte her colde mouthe he kyft
Where he was wo/god and hym selfe it wyft

He ryst hym vp/& longe streyght her leyde
For sygne of lyfe/for aught he can or may
Couth he none fynde/for nothyng on Cresyde
For whiche his songe full oft was welawap
But whan he sawe/that spechelesse she lay
With sorowfull voyce/& herte of blyss all bare
He sayd howe she was fro this worlde yfare

So after that he had her longe complayned
His handes he wronge/a sayd that was to sey
And with his teares/her brest berepned
He gan the teares wppen of full drey
And pytous ly/gan for the soule prey
And sayd O Ioue/that set arte in thy trone
Kewe on me/for I shall folowe her lone

She colde was/without sentement
For ought he wote/brethe ne felte he none
And this was to hym preygnant argument
That she was forthe out of this worlde ygone
And whan he sawe/ther was none other wone
He gan her lymmes dresse/in such manere
As men done them/for hullen be layde on bere

And after this/with sterne & cruell herte
His swerde out of his sheeth he twyght
Hym selfe to slee/howe soe that hym smerte
So that his soule/her soule folowe myght
There as the dome of Myrnos wolde it byght
Syth loue and cruell fortune it ne wolde
That in this worlde/he longer lyue sholde

Then sayd he thus/fulfylled of hys dildayne
O cruell Ioue/and thou fortune aduerse
This all & some/that ye falsely han clayne
Cresyde/and sythe ye may do no werle
Fye on your myght/& wykes so dyuerse
Thus cowardly/I hall ye me neuer wyne
There I hall no deth/me from my lady twynne

For I this worlde/syth ye haue her slayn thus
Wyll lete/and folowe her spyrite lowe or hye
Shall neuer louer say that Troilus
Dare nat for feare/with his lady dye
For certayne/I wyll beare her compaignye
But sythe ye wyll nat suffre vs lyue here
yet suffre that our soules ben yfere

And thou eytle/whiche that I lyue in wo
And thou Myrasmus/and betherne all in fere
And thou mothe/farewele for I go
And Antropos/make redy thou my bere
And thou Cresyde/O swete hert here
Kecyue now me my spyrite/wolde he sey
With sworde at herte/full redy for to dey

The fourth boke

But as god wolde / off wrought she abyeyde
And gan to sygh / & to Troilus she cryde
And he answered / lady myne Cresseyde
Apye ye yet / and let his sworde downe glyde
ye herte myne / that thanked be Cuppyde
Quod she / and therewithall she soze syght
And he began to glade her as he myght

Toke her in armes two / and kyssed her oft
And her to glade / he dyd all his entent
In whiche her ghost / that asphered aye aloft
In to her wolfull herte agayne it went
But at the last / ryght as her eyen glent
A syde anone / she gan the swerde aspye
As it lay bare / and gan for to crye

And asked hym / why he it out had dyaue
And Troilus the cause anone her tolde
And how him selfe therw / he wolde haue flawe
for whiche Cresseyde / vpon hym gan beholde
And gan hym in her armes fast holde
O mercy god she sayd / so such a dede
Alas howe nyghe we were bothe dede

Than if she had spoke / as grace was
ye wolde haue slayne anon your selfe quod she
ye doutelesse / and she answered alas
for by that pike lord that made me
I nolde a furlonge way apye haue be
After your dethe / to haue be crowned quene
Of all the lande / the sonne on she nyeth sheene

But with the selfe swerde / whiche that here is
My selfe wolde haue slayne / quod she tho
But hoe / for we haue ryght pnowe of this
And let vs ryse / and streyght to bed go
And there let vs speke of our wo
for by the moxter / whiche she here byenne
knowe I full well / y day is nat fer hene

Whan they were a bed in armes folde
Nought was it lyke the nyghtes there before
for pytous ly / eche other gan beholde
As they that had all blyssful plore
Bewaplyng aye the day / that they were bozne
Till at the last / this wolfull wyght Cresseyde
To Troilus / these plike wordes seyde

Lo hert myne / well wote ye this quod she
That if a wyght / alway his wo complainyng
And seketh nat howe holpen for to be
It nys but folpe / and encrease of payne
And sythe that here assembled be we twayne
To fynde bote / of wo that we ben in
It were all tyme lone to begyn

I am but a woman / as full wele ye wote
And as I am aduysed sodaynly
So wyl I tell it you whyle it is hote
We thynketh thus / that neyther ye nor I
Dought halfe this wo to make skylfully
for there is arte ynough / for to redressse
That yet is myse / and I see this heynesse

So this the wo / that we ben in
for ought I wote / for nothyng els is
But for bycause that we shall twynne
Consyded all / there is no more pwp
But what is than a remedy vnto this
But that we shap vs lone for to mete
This is all and some / my dere hert swete

Nowe that I shall I wele byngen aboute
To come lone agayne / after I am go
Nat withstandyng the grekes great route
Douteth nat / it must nedes be so
By veray reasons / more than one or two
By all ryght / and in wordes fewe
I shall you well an heape of weyes she wo

for whiche I wyl nat make longe sermon
for tyme plost / may nat recovered be
But I wyl go to my conclusyon
And to the best / in that that I can se
But for the loue of god / for yeue it me
If I speke ought / agaynst your hertes rest
for trewly / I speke it for the best

Makpnyng alway a protestacyon
That nowe these wordes / whiche that I shall
Nys but to shewe you my mocyon (say
To fynde vnto your helpe the best way
And taketh it none other wyse / I you pray
for in effecte / what so ye me comaunde
That wyl I do / for that is no demaunde

of Troilus.

Not hearkeneth wele / I pe haue vnderstande
 My goyng / graunted is by payment
 So for the that it may nat be withstande
 For all this worlde / as by iugement
 And sythe there helpeth none aduysment
 To letten it / let it passen out of mynde
 And let vs chape / a better way to fynde

Sothe is this / the twynnyng of vs twayne
 Wyl vs dysplese / and greatly anoye
 But hym behoueth somtyme haue payne
 That letueth loue / if that he wyl haue toye
 And sythe I shall no further out of Troye
 Than I may ryde agayne / in halfe a mozowe
 It ought the lesse / causen vs to sorowe

Sythe / as I shall nat ben hyd in mewe
 That day by day / myne owne hert dere
 Syth wele ye wote / it is nowe a trewe
 Ye shall full wele / all myne estate here
 And o / that trowe is done / I shall be here
 And than haue ye bothe / withenore wonne
 And me also / be glad if that ye conne

And thynke ryght thus / Cretepe is now agon
 But whan I be / hall come hastily agayne
 And whan alas / by god ryght here anone
 O / dayes ten / this dare I safely sayne
 And than at erst / shall we be so fayne
 So as we shall togder ruer dwell
 That all the worlde / ne myght our blyss tell

I se that ofte / there as we be now
 Is for the best / our counsaile for to hyde
 Ye speke nat with me / no / I with you
 In fourtenyght / ne se you gone ryde
 May ye nat ten dayes than abyde
 For myne honour / in suche an aduenture
 Ywille ye moue els I tell endure

Ye knowe well eke / howe all my kyn is here
 But if that only it my father be
 And eke myne other thynges all in fere
 And namely my dere herte / ye
 Whome that I nolde leaue for to se
 For all this worlde / as wyde as it hath space
 O / els se I neuer Ioue in the face

Why trowe ye my father in this wyse
 Coueyteth so to seme / but for dyde
 Lest in this towne / the folke me dyspyse
 Bycause of hym / for his vnhappy dede
 What wote my father / what lyfe I lede
 For I he wylt in Troye / howe well I fare
 As nedeth for my wendynge nothyng to care

Ye se eke / that euery day more and more
 Men trete of peace / and it supposed is
 That men the quene Helepe / shullen restore
 And grekes vs restore / that is amys
 So / and there nere comfote none but this
 That men purpose peace on euery syde
 Ye may the better at ease of hert abyde

For if that it be peace / lo myne herte dere
 The nature of the peace must nedes drewe
 That men must encre comune in fere
 And to and fro / she go & ryde as blywe
 All day as thyche / as been from the hyue
 And euery wyght / haue I berre to blewe
 Where as hym I se / the bet without leue

And though so be / that peace may be none
 Yet hyder / though neuer no peace were
 I must come / for whither I hulde I gone
 O / howe my chaunce / I hulde I dwell there
 Amonge the men of armes in fere
 For whiche / as wylt god my soule rede
 I can nat lene / wherof ye hulde dyde

Haue here another way / if it so be
 That all this thyng / ne may nat you suffyse
 My father / as ye knowen well parde
 Is olde / and elde is full of coueryse
 And I ryght now / haue founde all the gyse
 Without net / wherwith I shall hym hent
 And hearkeneth howe / if ye wyl assent

Lo Troilus / men sayne that harde it is
 The wedder from the wolfe hole to lase
 This is to say / that men full oft pwyse
 Note spende parde / the remenaunt to lase
 For aye with golde / men may the hert graue
 Of hym / that set is vpon coueryse
 And howe I meane / I shall you nowe deuyse

The fourth boke

The meoble/whiche I haue in this towne
Unto my father/I hall I take and say
That ryght for trust/and sauapou
It sent is/ from a frende of his o: tway
The whiche frendes/seruently hym pray
To sende after more/and that in hys
Whyle y this towne/stante thus in iopardye

And that I hall be a huge quantite
This I hall I say/but lest that folke espyde
This may be sent by no wyght/but by me
I hall it I hewe/it peace betyde
What frendes that I haue on eyther syde
Towarde the courte/to do the wyathe pace
Of P:iamus/and done hym stande in grace

So y for one thyng/o: for other my swete
I hall hym so enchaunten with my lawes
That ryght in heuen/his soule I hall be mete
For all Appollo/and his clerkes lawes
O: calculyng/auapleth nat thye hawes
Desyre of golde/I hall so his herte blende
That as me lyst/I hall well make an ende

And if he wolde ought by his sozte proue
If that I lye/in certayne I hall fonde
Distourben hym/a plucken him by the leue
Wherbyng his sozte/a bearyng hym on hande
He hath nat well the goddes vnderstande
For goddes speken in Amphiplogyes
And for one sothe/they make twenty lyes

Eke drede fonde fyrst goddes/I suppose
Thus I hall I say/and that his towarde hert
Made hym amysse/the goddes text to glose
Whan he for feare/out of Delphos gan stert
And but I make hym sone to conuert
And do my rede/within a day o: twey
I wyll to you oblyge me to dey

And trewly/p:written as I fynde
That all this thyng/was sayd of good entent
And that her hert trewe was and kynde
Towarde hym/a spake ryght as she ment
And that she starfe for wo nye whan she went
And was in purpose/ouer to ben trewe
Thus wryten they/that of her hertes knewe

This Troilus/with hette and eares spade
Herde all this thyng/deuyled to and fro
And berely/hym semed that he had
The selfe wyte/but yet to let her go
His herte myl forpauce hym euermore
But fynally/he gan his hert wrest
To trust her/and toke it for the best

For whiche the great fury of his penaunce
Was queynt with hope/a ther with hem bytbe
Began for ioy/the amorous daunce (ne
And as the byrdes/whan the sonne is I hene
Delyten in her songe/in the leues grene
Wyght so the wordes/that they spake in fere
Delyted hem/and made their hertes clere

But nethelisse/the wendyng of Cresyde
For all this worlde/map nat out of his mynde
For whiche full ofte/full pytoully he preyde
That of her best/he myght her trewe fynde
And sayd certes/if ye ben vnkynde
And but ye come/at that day set in Troye
He I hall I neuer haue heale/honour/ne ioye

For all so sothe/as sonne ryft a morowe
And god so wyll/thou me wofull wretche
To rest me bring/out of this cruell sorowe
I wyll my selfe/if that ye dretche
But of my dethe/though I tell be to retche
yet o: that ye causen me so to smert
Well here rather/myne owne dere hert

For trewly/myne owne lady dere
The I leghthes/that I haue herde you sters
Full I haply be to fallen all in fere
For sothe is said/what thinketh the bere
yet all another thinketh his ledere
your father is wyle/a said is out of drede
When may the wyle at renne/but nat at rede

It is full harde/to halten vnaspyed
Before a crep yll/for he can the crafte
your father is in I leghthes/as Argus is eyed
For all be that his meoble be him beraste
His olde I leghthes/pet ben with him last
ye I hall nat blynde him for your womanhede
He sayne a right/and that is all my drede

of Troilus.

I not if peace/ I hall euermo betyde
But peace o: no/ for earnest ne for game
I wote syth Calcas/ on the grekes syde
Hath ones ben/ and lost so foule his name
He dare no moze come here agayne for I hame
For whiche that way/ for ought I can espye
To trust vpon/ nys but a fantasie

ye I hall eke se your father I hall you glose
To be a wyfe/ and as he can well pryche
He I hall some greke so prayse so hye a lose
That rauyn then he I hall you/ with his speche
O: do you do by force/ as he I hall teche
And Troilus/ of whome he nyl haue routh
So causelesse/ I hall sterue in his trouthe

And ouer all this/ your father I hall dyspyle
Us all/ and say this cytie nys but loyne
And that the siege/ neuer I hall aryle
For why/ the grekes han it all ysworne
Tyll we ben clayne/ & downe our walles torne
And thus he I hall you with his wordes fere
That aye dyede I/ ye I hall beleue there

ye I hall eke se/ so many a lusty knyght
Amonge the grekes/ full of worthynesse
And eche of them/ with herte/ wylt/ & myght
To please you/ wyl do all their busynesse
That ye I hall dull of the rudenesse
Of vs cely Troians/ but if that routh
Remorde you of vertue/ & of your trouthe

And thus to me/ so greuouse is to thynke
That fro my brest/ it wyl my soule rende
He dyedelesse/ in me there can nat synke
A good oppynon/ if that ye wende
For why/ your faders I leyghtes wyl vs chede
And if ye gone/ as I haue tolde you yore
So thynke I nam but deed/ withouten moze

For whiche/ with humble/ true/ & pytouse hert
A thousande tymes/ mercy I you pray
So reweyth vpon myne alpye paynes smert
And dothe somwhat/ as I I hall you say
And let vs steale away/ bytwene vs twey
And thynke y folys is/ whan a man may chese
For accydent/ his substaunce aye to lese

I meane thus/ that syth ye mo we no day
Well steale away/ and be togpyder so
What were it to put in assay
In case ye I hulde vnto your father go
If that ye myght come agayne o: no
Thus thynketh me/ it were a great folp
To put that syhernesse/ in to leopardy

And bulgarly/ to speke of substaunce
Of treasour/ may we both with vs lede
ynough/ to lyue in honure and plesaunce
Tyll in to tyme/ that we I hall be dede
And thus we may eschue all this dyede
For every other way/ ye can recorde
Wyne hert y wyll/ may therewith nat aco:de

And hardely/ ne careth no pouerte
For I haue kyn and frendes els where
That though we come/ in our bare I herte
Us I hulde neyther lacke golde ne gere
But ben honoured/ whyle we dwellen there
And go we anone/ for after myne entens
This is the best/ if that ye wyl assent

Cresyde hym with a syke/ right in this wyse
Answered y wyll/ my dere herte trewe
We may wele away/ as ye deuyse
O: synde suche unchrysty wayes newe
But afterwarde/ full sone it wolde vs rewe
As helpe me god/ at my last nede
All causelesse/ ye suffre all this dyede

For thylke day/ that I for cheryshyng
O: dyede of father/ o: of other wyght
O: for estate/ depyte/ o: for weddyng
Be false to you/ my Troilus my knyght
Saturnus doughter Iuno/ through her myght
As wode as Adamaunt/ do me dwell
Eternally with Styx/ in the pyt of hell

And this on every god celestyal
I swere it you/ and eke on eche goddesse
On every nymphe/ and depte infernall
On Satyr and fauny/ moze and lesse
That halfe goddes ben of wyldeynesse
And Antropos/ my threde of lyfe to brest
If I be false/ now we trowe me if ye lest

The fourth boke

And thou Synoye/that as an arewe clere
Throug Troy rennest/downtwade to þe
Beare wytnesse of this worde that sayd is here
That ylike day/that I vntrewe be
To Troilus/myne owne hert fre
That thou returne backwarde to thy welle
And I with body & soule/synke to helle

But that ye speke/away thus for to go
And leaue all your frendes/god forþede
For any woman/that ye holden so
And namely/ syth Trope hath now suche nede
Of helpe/and eke of one thyng taketh hede
If this were wyf/my lyfelap in balaunce
And your honour/god helde vs fro mischaunce

And if so be/that peace hereafter take
As all day happeth/after anger game
What lozde the sorowe & wo ye wolde make
That ye ne durst/come agayne for shame
And ere that ye leoparte to your name
Be nat to hasty/in this olde fare
For hasty man/wanteth neuer care

What frowe ye eke/that people here aboute
Wolde of it say/it is full lyght to rede
They wyll say/and were it out of doute
That loue ne droue you to do that dede
But lust voluptuous/and cowardde drede
Thus were all lost pwyse/myne hert dere
Your honour/whiche þe nowe syneth so clere

And also/thynketh on myne honeste
That flouteth yet/how foule I hulde I it hede
And with what fylthe/it spotted I hulde be
If in this fourme/with you I hulde wende
As though I lyued/vnto the worldes ende
My name I huld I neuer iageynwarde wyne
Thus were I lost/and þe were rough & synne

And for to flee with reason all this hete
Men sayne the suffraunce ouercometh parde
Also who wyll haue lefe/lefe mote lete
Thus maketh vertue of necessitye
By pacience/and thynke that lozde is he
By fortune aye/that wyll nat retche
And I he ne daunteth but a wretch

And trusteth this/that certes herte swete
D; Phobus suffer/Lucyan the I hene
The lyon passe/out of this Arpete
I wyll be here/without any wene
I wene as helpe me Iuno heuens quene
The tenth day/but if that dethe me assaile
I wyll you sene/without any fayle

And nowe so this be trewe/quod Troilus
I shall wele suffice/vnto the tenth day
Syth that I se/nede it mote be thus
But for the loue of god/if it be may
So let vs steale pruely away
For euer in one/as for to lyue in rest
Myne hert sayth/that it wolde be the best

O mercy god/what lyfe is this quod I he
Alas/ye see me thus with veray tene
I se wele nowe/that ye mystrusten me
For by your wordes/it is wele pene
Howe for the loue of Scithya the I hene
Mystrust me nat/thus causelesse for routh
Syth to be true/I haue plight you my trowth

And thynketh wele/þe somtyme it is wyf
To spende a tyme/ryght for to wyne
As parde/loze am I nat from you yet
Though we be a day or two a twyn
Dreue out the fantasies you within
And trusteth me/and leaueth eke your sorowes
D; here my trowth/I wyll nat lyue to morowe

For if ye wyf/howe soze it dothe me smert
Ye wolde cease of this/for god thou wost
The pooze spyrite/wepeth in my hert
To se you wepe/that I loue moost
And that I mote go/to the grekes hoost
Ye/ nere that I wyf a remedye
To come agayne/ryght here wolde I dye

But certesse/I nam nat so nyce a wyght
That I ne can well ymagyn away
To come agayne/þe day that I haue byght
For who may holde a thyng that wyll away
My father nought/for all this queynt play
And by my thyrt/my wending out of Trope
Another day/I shall turne vs all to lope

of Troilus.

For thy/with all myne herte I you beseeke
If that ye lyst/do ought for my prayere
And for that loue/whiche I loue you eke
That o: I departe from you here
That of so good comforte and chere
I may you se/that I may bring at rest
Myne herte/whiche that is in poynt to best

And ouer all this/I pray you quod she tho
Myne owne hertes sothfast suffraunce
Sythe I am thyne/all hole withouten mo
The while that I am absent/that no plesaunce
Of other/do me from your remembraunce
For why I am euer agast/for why men rede
Loue is thyne/and aye full of busy dede

For in this worlde/there lyueth lady none
If that ye were vntrewe/as god defende
That so betrayed were/o: wo begone
And I/that all trouth in you entende
And doutelesse/if that I other wende
I nere but deed/and o: ye can so fynde
For goddes loue/so bethe nat to me vnkynde

To this answerde Troilus and sayde
Howe god/to whom there is no cause ywrye
He glad/as wys I neuer to Cressepe
Syth thylke day/I sawe her fyrst with eye
Was false/ne neuer I hall tyll that I dye
At I hope wordes/wele ye may me reue
I can no more/it I hall be founde at proue

Gramercy good herte myne quod she
And blyssfull Venus/let me neuer sterue
O: I may stande/in plesaunce of degre
To quyte hym wele/that so wele can deserue
And whyle that god/my wyf wyl me cōserue
I hall so done/so trewe I haue you founde
That aye honour/to me warde I hall rebounde

For trusteth well/that your estate royall
No bayne delyte/no: only worthynesse
Of you in werre/ne tourney marcyall
No: pompe aray/nobley o: eke rycheesse
He made me to rewe/bpon your dystresse
But mo:all vertue/grounded bpon trouth
That was the cause/I had fyrst on you routhe

Eke gentle herte/and manhode I ye had
And that ye had/as me thynketh in dyspyte
Every thyng/that sowned in to bad
As rudenesse/and peoply/the appetyte
And that your reason/bzidled your delyte
This made me aboue every creature
That I was your/I hall whyle I may dure

And this may length of peres nat for do
He remuable fortune deface
But Iuppter/that of his myght may do
Ye so:oufull to be glad/so yeue vs grace
O: nyghtes ten/to meten in this place
So that it may/myne herte & your suffyse
And face ye wele/tyme is that ye ryle

But after that/they loue playned had
And ykys/and strept in armes folde
The day gan ryle/and Troilus hym clad
And reufully/his lady gan beholde
As he that felt dethes teares colde
And to her grace/he gan hym recomaunde
Wether he was wo/thus holde I no demaunde

For mannes heed/ymagyn ne can
He nentendement consyder/ne tonge tell
The cruell paynes/of this wofull man
That passyn every tument downe in hell
For whan he sawe/I he myght nat dwell
Whiche that his soule/out of his hert rent
Without more/he out of the chambze went,

Here endeth the fourthe boke of
Troilus and Cressepe/and
herafter foloweth
the fyfthe.



1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the car was the smell of the
 sea. It was a fresh, salty scent that
 filled the air. I had never smelled
 anything like it before.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very dignified and official style. The President expresses his regret that he cannot deliver a personal message to the Congress, and he explains the reasons for this. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President. He also mentions the secession of the Southern States, and he expresses his hope that the Union will be preserved.

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[Faint, illegible markings]

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. There are faint horizontal lines across the page, which could be ghosting from text on the reverse side or simply texture in the paper. A vertical crease is visible near the left edge, suggesting where the page was bound. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

The fyfthe boke of Troylus.



**Here begynneth the
fyfthe boke**

**When wylst neuer woman haue moze care
He was so lothe / out of a towne to fare**

A Prochen gan the fatal day of destinye
That Iouis hath in his disposicion
And to pou angry Parcas lustren thre
Comptted to do anone execucyon
For whiche Creseyde / must out of the town
And Troylus shall dwell forth in pyne
Tyll Achilles / his threde no longer twyne

The golde tressed Phebus / hys on lost
Shyned had / with his beames clere
The snowes molte / and zephyrus as oft
ybrought agayne / the lusty leaues grene
Synce that the sonne of Ecuba the quene
Began to loue her fyrst / for whome his sorowe
Was all / that he departe / hulde a mozowe

Full redy was at prime Dyomedes
Creseyde vnto the grekes boost to lede
For sorowe of whiche / he felt her hert blede
As he that nyll / what was best to rede
And trewly / as men in bokes rede

This Troylus / without rede or loze
As a man / that hath his ioyes eke forloze
Was waytynge on his lady euermore
As he / that the sothfast crop and moze
Of all his lust / or ioyes here before
But Troylus / nowe fareweld all thy ioye
For I halt thou neuer se her eft in Troye

Sothe is / whyle that he bode in this manere
He gan his wo / full manly for to hyde
That well vnneth / it sene was in his chere
But at the pite / there he / hulde out ryde
With certayne folke / he hounded her to hyde
So wo bygo / all wolde he nat complayne
That on his hofse / vnneth he sate for payne

For tre he quoke / so gan his hert gnawe
Whan Dyomedes / on hofse hym gan dresse
And sayd to hym selfe / this ylike sawe
Alas quod he / thus foule and wretchydnesse
Why suffre I it / why nyll I it redresse
Were it nat bet / at ones for to dye
Than euermore in langoure / thus for to dye

The fyfthe booke

Why nyl I make at ones ryche and pooze
To haue ynough to do/oz that I he go
Why nyl I bring all Trope in rooze
Why nyl I see this Dyomedes also
Why nyl I rather/with a man oz two
Steale her away/why wyl I thus endure
Why nyl I helpe/to myne owne cure

But why he nolde/do so fell a dede
That I hall I say/why he lyst to spare
He had in hertial way a maner drede
Lest that Cresyde/in rumour of this fate
Shulde haue ben slayne/so thus was all his
And els certayne/as I sayd poze (care
He had it done/without wordes moze

Cresyde/whan she redy was to ryde
Full sorowfully she syght/and sayd alas
But forthe I he mote/for ought I may betyde
There nys none other remedy in this caas
And forthe I he rode/full sorowfully a paas
What wonder is/though her soze smerte
Whan she forgoth/her owne dere herte

This Troilus/in wyle of curtesye
With haube on hande/and with an huge route
Of knyghtes rode/and dyd her companye
Passyng all the valey/ferre without
And ferther wolde haue ryd/out of doute
Full fayne/and wo was hym to go so lone
But ryght with that/was Anthenoze ygone

But turne he must/and eke it was to done
Out of the grekes hoost/and euery wyght
Was of it glad/and sayd he was welcome
And Troilus/nere all his herte lyght
He peyned hym/with all his full myght
Hym to witholde/of wepyng at the leest
And Anthenoze he lyst/and made feest

And here withall/his ladyes leue to take
He cast his eye vpon her pytoully
And nere he rode/his cause for to make
To take her by the hande/all soberly
And lozde I he gan wepe tenderly
And he full softe/I lylly gan her sey
Howe holde your day/and do me nat to dey

With that his courser/turned he aboute
With face pale/and vnto Dyomedes
No worde he spake/ne none of all his route
Of whiche the sonne of Tydeus toke hede
As he that couthe moze than his Crede
In suche a crafte/and by the rayne her hent
And Troilus to Trope homewarde went

This Dyomedes/that led her by the byrdell
Whan that he sawe the folke of Trope away
Thought all my labour/I hall nat be in ydell
If that I may/for somewhat I hall I say
For at the leest/yt may I hope our way
I haue herde sayd eke/tymes twyes twelue
He is a fole/that wyl forpete hym selue

But nethelesse/thus thought he well ynough
That certaynly/ I am aboute nought
If that I speke of loue/oz make it tough
For doutlesse/if I he haue in her thought
Hym that I gesse/he may nat be ybrought
So lone away/but I hall fynde a means
That I he nat yet I hall wete what I meane

This Dyomedes/as he that couthe his good
Whan tyme was/gan fall forthe in speche
Of this and that/and asked why she stode
In suche displease/and gan her beseeche
That if he encrease might oz eche
With any thyng her ease/that I he wolde
Comaunde it hym/and he do it wolde

For trewly he swoze her as a knyght (please
That there nas thing/whiche he might her
That he nyl do his hert/all his myght
To do it/for to do her herte an ease
And prayed her/if he wolde her apease
And sayd pwyse/we grekes conne haue tope
To honour you/as wele as folke of Trope

He sayd eke thus/I wote ye thinke it straunge
No wonder is/for it is to you newe
Thacquapntaunce of these troians for to chaun
For folke of grece/that ye neuer knewe (ge
But wolde neuer god/but that as trewe
I greke/ye myght amonge vs all fynde
As any Trojan is/and eke as kynde

of Troilus.

And by cause I swoze you ryght now
To be your frende/and helpy to my myght
And for the more acquayntaunce che of you
Haue I had/than another straunge wyght
So fro this forth/I pray you day & nyght
Comaundeth me/howe soze that I smert
To do all that may lyke vnto your hert

And that ye me wolde/as for your broder treat
And taketh nat my frendf hypp in dyspyte
And though your sorowes ben for thing great
Not I nat why/but out of more respyte
Myne herte hath to amende it great delyte
And if I may your harmes nat redesse
I am ryght soz/for your heuynesse

For though y Troians/be w vs grekes wroth
Haue many a day/and ben yet parde
O god of loue/sythe we seruen bothe
And for the loue of god/my lady fre
Whome so ye hate/ne be nat wrothe with me
For trewly/there can no wyght you serue
That halfe so lothe/your wjach wolde deserue

And nere it that we ben so nye the tent
Of Calcas/whiche that se vs bothe may
I wolde of this/nowe tell all myne entent
But this ensealed I hall be/till another day
Yeue me your hande/I am & I hall be aye
God helpe me so/whyte that my lyfe may dure
Your owne/aboue any creature

Thus sayd I neuer o2 nowe/to woman bozne
For god myne hert as wyl ly glad so
I loued neuer woman here befozne
As peramour/ne neuer I hall no mo
And for the loue of god/be nat my so
All can I nat to you/my lady dere
Complayne aryght/for I am yet to lere

And wondreth nat/myne owne lady bright
Though y I speke of loue to you thus blyue
For I haue herde o2 this of many a wyght
That loued thyng/he neuer sawe his lyue
For I am nat of power for to stryue
Agaynst god of loue/but hym obey
I wyl alway/and of mercy you prey

There ben so worthy knyghtes in this place
And ye so saye/that euer che of hem all
Wyll paynen hem/to stande in your grace
But might me so saye a grace fall
That ye me/for your seruaunt wolde call
So lowly/ne so trewly wolde serue
Appl none of hem/as I hall till I serue

Cresyde vnto that purpose Iptell answerde
As I he that was/with sorowe oppressed so
That in effecte/I he nought his tales herde
But here & there/nowe here a worde o2 two
Her thought her soroufull hert best a two
For whan I he gan/her father fer aspye
Well nygh downe of her horse I he gan to sye

But nethelesse/I he thanked Dyomedes
Of all his trauayle/and his good chere
And that him Ipt/his frendf hypp her to bede
And I he acceptyng it/in good manere
She wolde do fayne/that is hym lefe and dere
And trusten hym I he wolde/a well I he myght
As sayd I he/and from her horse I he lyght

Her father hath her in his armes nome
And twenty tymes/I he Ipt his doughter swete
And sayd/dere doughter myne welcome
She sayd I he was fayne/with hym to mete
And stode forthe/mylde and manlyte
And thus I leaue her/with her father dwell
And forthe I wyl of Troilus you tell

To Troy is come/this wofull Troilus
In sorowe/aboue all sorowes smert
With felon loke/and face dyspytous
And sodaynly/downe from his horse he stert
And through his palays/with a swollen hert
To chambze went/of nothyng toke he hede
For none durst to hym/speke a worde for drede

And there his sorowes/that he spared had
He yaued an yllue large/and dethe he cryde
And in his thzowes/trentyke/soze/and mad
He cursed Juno/Appollo/I eke Cupyde
He cursed Ceres/Bachus/and Cypzys
His byrthe/hym selfe/and eke nature
And saue his lady/euery creature

The fyfthe boke

To bed he gothe/walowith there & turneth
In fure/as dothe he Iryoun in helle
And in this wyle heup/tyll day solourneth
But tho began his herte/a lytell vntwell
Throughe teares/whiche gan vp to well
And ppytous ly he cryed vpon Creseyde
And to hym selfe/right thus he spake & seyde

Where is myne owne lady lefe and dere
Where is her whyte brest/where is it where
Where ben her armes/and her open clere
That yesternyght at this tyme/with me were
Nowe may I wepe alone many a tere
And graspe aboute I may/but in this place
Sawe a pylowe/I fynde none to embrace

Howe I hall I do/whan I hall she come agayne
I not alas/why let I her go
As wolde god I had/as tho be I layne
O hert myne Creseyde/and swete fo
O lady myne/that I loue and no mo
To whome for evermore/myne hert I holde
Se howe I dye/ye wyll nat me rescowe

Who seeth you nowe/my ryght lode sterre
Who syt ryght nowe/o2 stante in your presence
Who can comforte nowe your hertes werre
Nowe I am go/who peneeth you and pence
Who spekeh for me/nowe in myne absence
Alas no wyght/and that is all my care
For wele I wote/as yuell as I ye fare

Howe I hall I thus ten dayes full endure
Whan I the fyrst nyght haue all this tene
Howe I hall ye do/lozoufull creature
For tendernes/howe I hall ye eke suffere
Suche wo for me/howe ppytouse pale & grene
Shall be your frellhe womanly face
For longyng/o2 ye touene in to this place

And whan he fell in any clombynges
Anone begyn he I hulde to grone
And dreme of ryght dzedefull thynges
That nyght/as mete that he were alone
In place horryble/makynge nye his mone
O2 meten that he was amonges all
His enemyes/and in her handes fall

And therewithall/his body I hulde stert
And with the spyt/all sodaynly awake
And suche a crampe fele aboute his hert
That of the feare/his body I hulde quak
And therewithall/he I hulde a noyse make
And seme/as though he I hulde fall depe
From hye aloft/and than he wolde wepe

And rewe on hym selfe so ppytous ly
That wonder was/to here his fantasy
Another tyme/hes hulde myghtely
Comfort hym selfe/and say it was foly
So causelesse/suche dzedes for to dye
And after begyn his alpe sorowes newe
That euery man/myght on his sorowes rewe

Who coude tell a ryght/o2 full discreue
His wo/his playnt/his langout & his pyne
At all the men that haue o2 ben alpyne
Thou redest/mayst full wele thy selfe deuyne
That suche a wo/my wpt can nat despyne
On ydell I hulde I wyte it with pyne
Whan that my wpt/is wepyt to thyne

On heuen the sterres were plene
All though full pale/women was the mone
And whyten gan the ozisount I bene
All Estwarde/as it is wont to done
And Ihebus with his rosy face lone
Can after that to dresse hym vp to fone
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare

This Pandare/that of all day before
He myght haue come Troilus to se
And though on his heed/he had it swome
For with hyng Pyramus all day was he
So that it lay nat in his lyberte
Nowhere to go/but on the mo2owe he went
To Troilus/whan that he for hym sent

For in his hert/he couth well brynye
That Troilus all nyght for sorowe wote
And that he wolde tell hym of his pyne
This knewe he ryght well without boke
For which to his chabre/the right way he toke
And Troilus tho sothly he gret
And on the bed/full lone he gan hym set

of Troilus.

My Pandare quod Troilus/the sozowe
Whiche that I dye/ & may nat longe endure
I trowe I shall nat lye tyll to morowe
For whiche I wolde alwayes in aduventure
To the deuyle of my sepulture
The fourme/ & of my meoble thou dispone
Ryght as the semeth best is for to done

But of the furpe/ and flames funerall
In whiche my body brenne I hall to glebe
And of the feest and playes palestrall
At my bygiles/ I pray take good hede
That/ that be wele/ & offre whars my stede
My sworde/ myne helme/ and lefe brother dere
My helde to Dallas peue/ & I hyneth clere

The poudre/ in which myn hert bzent I hal ture
That pray I the thou take/ & it conserue (ne
In a vessell/ that men cleppen an hyne
Of golde/ to my lady that I serue
For loue of whome/ thus pytoul I sterue
So peue it her/ and do me this plesaunce
To pray her/ to kepe it for a remembraunce

For wele I fele/ by my maladye
And by my dremes/ nowe and yore ago
All certaynly/ that I mote nedes dye
The oule eke/ whiche that byght Escaphylo
Hath after me I hright/ all these nyghtes two
And god Mercury/ now of me wofull wretche
The soule guyde/ and whan ye lyst it fetche

Pandare answerde and sayd/ O Troilus
My dere frende/ as I haue tolde the yore
That it is foly/ for to sozowe thus
And causelesse/ for whiche I can no more
But who so wyl nat trowen rede ne loze
I can nat se in hym no remedye
But let hym worche/ with his fantasye

But Troilus/ I pray the tell me nowe
If thou wote of this any wyght
Hath loued peramour/ as well as thou
ye god wote/ & from many a worthy knyght
Hath his lady ben a fourtenyght
And he nat yet/ made haluende the fare
What nede is the/ to maken all this care

Syth day by day/ thou mayst thy selfe se
That from his loue/ or els from his wyfe
I man mote twynne of necessitye
ye/ though he loue her/ as his owne lyfe
And though bytwene you/ were neuer no strife
For wele thou wost/ my lefe brother dere
That alway frendes/ may nat ben yfere

How done these folke/ & sene her loues wedded
By frendes myght/ as it betyd full ofte
And sene hem in her spouses bed ybedded
God wote they take it wpsely/ saye and softe
Without wordes/ or blowyng out alofte
And for they conne/ a tyme of sozowe endure
As tyme hem hurte/ tyme wyl hem recure

So I halt thou endure/ and let I lyde
The tyme/ and sonde to be glad and lyght
Ten dayes is nat so longe to abyde
And sythe I he to come hath behyght
She nyl her hert breke for no wyght
For drede nat/ but I he wyl fynde away
To come agayne/ my lyfe that dare I lay

Thy sweuenes eke/ and all suche fantasys
Dreue out/ and let hem go to myschaunce
For though they procede/ of thy melancolpe
That dothe the fele in I slepe all this penaunce
Strawe for all thy sweuenes signyfyaunce
God helpe me so/ I compt hem nat at a bene
There wote no man aright what dremes men

For preestes of the temple tellen this
That dremes ben the reuelacyons
Of goddes/ and as wele they tell y wys
That they ben infernall illusyons
And leches sayne/ that of complexyons
Proceden they/ of fastyng or glotenye
Who wote in sothe/ what they signifye

Eke other sayne/ that through impressyons
As if a wyght/ hath fast a thyng in mynde
That therof come suche bysions
And other sayne/ as they in bokes fynde
That after tymes of the yere by kynde
When dreme/ & that the effecte goth by the mone
But leue no dreme/ sythe it is nat to done

The fyfthe boke

Wele worth of dremes/ all these olde wyues
And trewly angurp/ of these foules
For feare wherof/ men wene to lese their lynes
As rauenes qualme/ & churkyng of these oules
To trowen on it/ false and foule is
Alas alas/ that so noble a creature
As is a man/ I hulde dzedde suche oþdure

For whiche/ with all myne hert I the beseeche
Unto thy selfe/ all this thou forþene
And ryle nowe vp/ without more speche
And let vs cast/ howe forth may best be dypue
This tyme/ & eke howe freshly we may lyue
Whan þe cometh/ that I shall be right sone
God helpe me so/ this thynke me best to done

Ryle/ let vs speke of lusty lyfe in Trope
That we han lad/ & forþe this tyme dzyue
And eke of tyme comyng/ as of ioy
That byng I shall out blyse/ nowe so blyue
And langout of these/ twyes dayes fyue
we I hulne therewith/ so forþete out oppresse
That well bunneth/ it I shall do vs durrese

This towne is full of lordes all aboute
And truse lasterth/ all this meane whyle
So we play vs/ in some lusty route
To Sarpedon/ nat hence but a myle
And thus thou halt/ the tyme well begyle
And dzyue it forþe/ vnto thy blyf full moꝝowe
That thou her se/ that is cause of thy soꝝowe

Nowe ryle/ my dere brother Troylus
For certayne none honour is to the
To wepe/ and in thy bed to rouken thus
For trewly/ of one thyng trust thou me
If thou thus lpgge/ a day/ two/ oꝝ thre
The folke wyl say/ that for cowardyse
Thou saynest the sicke/ and darst nat aryle

This Troylus answerde/ O brother dere
This known folke/ that han suffred payne
That though he wepe/ & make soꝝoufull chere
That feleth harme and smert/ in euery bayne
No wonder is/ though that I euer playne
O alway wepe/ I am nothyng to blame
Sythe I haue lost/ the cause of all my game

But sythe of fyne foꝝce/ I must aryle
I shall aryle/ as sone as euer I may
And god/ to whome myne hert I sacrifyle
So sende vs hastely/ nowe the tenth day
For was there neuer foule so fayne of May
As I shall be/ whan I be cometh in Trope
That cause is of my turment/ and my ioye

But whyder is thy rede/ quod Troylus
That we play vs may best/ in this towne
My counsaile is/ by god quod Pandarus
To ryde and play vs with Sarpedon
So longe of this/ they speken vp and doꝝwe
Tyll Troylus at the last gan assent
To ryle/ and forþe to Sarpedon they went

This Sarpedon/ as he that honourable
Was euer his lyfe/ and full of hys largesse
With all that myght/ serued be at table
That deynste was/ all cost it great rychesse
He fed hem day by day/ that suche noblesse
As sayden bothe the moꝝe/ and eke the leest
Was neuer sene/ oꝝ wyft at any feest

Now in this woꝝlde/ there nys none instrument
Delyte of songe/ oꝝ touche of coꝝde
As ferre as any wyght hath euer went
That tonge tell/ oꝝ herte may recoꝝde
That at the feest/ it nas herde acoꝝde
Of ladyes eke/ so saye a compayne
On daunces as tho/ was none sene with eye

But what auayleth this to Troylus
That for his soꝝowe/ nothyng of it rought
For euer in one/ his hert pytous
Full busply/ Creseyde his lady sought
On her was euer/ all that his hert thought
Nowe this nowe that/ so fast ymagynyng
That glad ywylle/ can hym no festenyng

These ladyes/ that at the feest bene
Sythe that he sawe/ his lady was away
It was his soꝝowe/ vpon hem to sene
O for to here/ instrumentes pley
For I he that of his hert bare the key
Was absent/ lo this was his fantasye
That no wyght I hulde make melodye

of Troilus.

For there nas houre/ in the day no; nyght
Whan he was there/ þ̄ no man myght him here
That he ne sayd/ O blyf full lady bright
Howe haue ye fare/ syth that ye were here
Welcome ywysse/ myne owne lady dere
But welaway/ all this nas but a mase
Fortune his houe/ entended bet to glase

The letters eke/ that he of olde tyme
Had hym sent/ he wolde anone rede
And oft betwixt noone and prime
Refyguryng her shap/ and her womanheed
Within his hert/ and euery worde and dede
That passed was/ and thus he drole to an ende
The fourthe day/ with Pandare his frende

And sayd/ leue brother Pandarus
Entendest thou/ that we shall here bleue
Tyll Sarpedon/ forthe wyll conuey vs
yet were it fayer/ that we toke our leue
For goddes loue/ let vs sone at eue
Our leue take/ and home let vs tourne
For trewly/ I nyl nat thus sorourne

Pandare answerde/ be we comen hyder
To fetch the fyre/ and turne home agayne
God helpe me so/ I can nat tell wyder
We myght gone/ if I shall sothly sayne
There any wyght/ is of vs moze fayne
Than Sarpedon/ and if ye hence hys
Thus sodenly/ I holde it bylonge

Syth that we sayd/ we wolde bleue
With hym a weke/ and now thus sodenly
The fourthe day/ take of hym our leue
He wolde wonder on it trewly
Let vs forthe holde/ our purpose fermely
And sythe that ye behygth hym for to abyde
Holde forwarde now/ and after let vs ryde

This Pandarus/ with all payne and wo
Made hym to dwell/ at the wekes ende
Of Sarpedon/ they toke her leue tho
And on her way/ they sped hem to wende
Quod Troilus/ nowe lozde me grace sende
That I may fynde/ at myne home comyng
Creseyde ycome/ and therwith he gan synge

ye haselewode/ quod this Pandare
And to hym selfe/ full softly he seyde
God wote refreyde/ may thy hote fare
O Calcas sende to Troilus Creseyde
But nethelste/ he taped thus and pleyde
And swoze ywysse/ his hert hym thus behygth
She wolde come/ as sone as she myght

Whan they vnto the palays were ycomen
Of Troilus/ they downe of hoxe alpyght
And to the chambze/ þ̄ way haue they nomen
And in to tyme/ that it gan to nyght
They speke all of Creseyde the bright
And after this/ whan hem bothe lest
They sped hem from souper vnto rest

On moze we/ as sone as day began to clere
This Troilus/ gan of his slepe to abyde
And to Pandare/ his owne brother dere
For loue of god/ full pytoully he seyde
As go we se the palays of Creseyde
For sythe we yet/ may haue no moze feel
So let vs se her palays/ at the leest

And therwithall/ his meyny for to blende
A cause he founde/ in towne for to go
And to Creseydes house/ they gan to wende
But lozde this cely Troilus was wo
He thought his sorowfull hert brast a two
For whan he sawe/ her dozes sperted all
Well nygh for sorowe/ a downe he gan to fall

Therwith whan he was ware/ he gan beholde
Howe she was euery wyndowe of the place
As frost hym thought/ his hert gan to colde
For which hym thought/ with deedly pale face
Without worde/ forthe by he gan to pace
And as god wolde/ he gan so fast to ryde
That no wyght/ of his countenaunce spyde

Than sayd he thus/ O palays desolate
Of honour/ of gladnesse/ whylom best ydyght
O palays empty/ and dysconsolate
O lantern/ of whiche quenched is the lyght
O palays whylom day/ þ̄ nowe arte nyght
Wele ought thou to falle downe/ & I to dye
Syth he is went/ that was wont vs to gye
A.ii.

The fyfthe boke

O palayes/whylome crowne of houses all
 Enlumyned with sonne of all blyſſe
 O rynges from whiche the Ruby is yfall
 O caule of wo/that cauſe haſt be of lyſſe
 yet ſythe I may nat bet/ſayne wolde I kpyſſe
 Thy colde doze/if I durſt for this route
 And farewell chryne/of whiche þ corps is out

Therwith he caſt on Pandarus his eye
 With chaunged face/and pytous to beholde
 And whan he myght his tyme ryght eſpye
 Aye as he rode/to Pandarus he tolde
 His newe ſozowe/and eke his ioyes olde
 So pytoully/and with ſo deed a hewe
 That euery wyght/myght on his ſozow rewe

From thence forth/he rydeth bp and doſtwe
 And euery thyng/come hym to remembraunce
 As he rode by the places in the towne
 In whiche he had/had his pleaſaunce
 Lo/ponder ſawe I laſt my lady daunce
 And in that temple/with her eyen clere
 He caught fyrſt/my ryght lady dere

And ponder haue I herde full luſtely
 My dere herte laugh/and ponder play
 Sawe I her ones eke/full blyſſfully
 And to me ones/ponder gan ſhe ſay
 Howe good ſwere/love me wele I pray
 And ponde ſo goodly/gan ſhe me beholde
 That to the dethe/myne hert is to her holde

And at the corner/in the ponder houſe
 Herde I myne alther leueſt lady dere
 So womanly/with voyce melodyouſe
 Syngen ſo wele/ſo goodly and ſo clere
 That in my ſoule/me thynketh I here
 That blyſſ full ſowne/and in that ponder place
 My lady fyrſt/me toke vnto her grace

Than thought he thus/O blyſſ full lorde Cupp
 Whan I the proceſſe haue in memozye (de
 Howe thou me haſt werryed/on euery ſyde
 Men myght a boke make of it/lyke a ſtozpe
 What nede is the/to ſeke of me byctozie
 Sythe I am thyne/and holy at thy wyll
 What ioy haſt thou/thyne owne folke to ſpyll

Wele haſt thou lorde/broke on me thyne ire
 Thou myghtfull god/æ dzedefull for to greue
 Howe mercy lorde/thou woſt well I deſyre
 This grace moſte/of all luſtes leue
 And lyue and dye I wyll/in that blyeue
 For whiche I ne aſke/in guerdon but a bone
 That thou me ſende Creſeyde agayne ſone

Dyſtrayne her hert/as faſt to retourne
 As thou doeſt myne/to longe her to ſe
 Than wote I wele/that ſhe nyl nat ſoſourne
 Howe blyſſ full lorde/ſo cruell thou ne be
 Vnto the blode of Troye I pray to the
 As Ioue was/vnto the blode of Thebane
 For which þ folk of Thebes/caught their bane

And after this/he to the pates went
 There as Creſeyde rode out/a full good paas
 And bp æ downe/there made he many a went
 And to hym ſelfe/full ofte he ſayd alas
 From hence rode my blyſſe/and my ſolas
 And wolde blyſſ full god/nowe for his ioye
 I myght her ſene agayne come to Troye

And to the ponder hpyll/he gan her gyde
 Alas/and there I toke of her my leue
 And ponde I ſawe her/vnto her father ryde
 For ſozowe of whiche/myne hert wyll to cleue
 And hyder home I come/whan it was eue
 And here I dwell/out caſt from all ioye
 And ſhall tyll I may ſe her eſte in Troye

And of hym ſelfe/pmagyned he full ofte
 To be defeted/pale/and were leſſe
 Than he was wont/æ that men ſayden coſte
 What may it be/who can the ſothe geſſe
 Why Troilus hath all this heupneſſe
 And all this nas/but his melancolye
 That he had of hym ſelfe ſuche fantaſye

Another tyme/pmagyn he wolde
 That euery wyght/that went by the wey
 Had of hym routhe/and they ſayne ſhulde
 I am right ſozp/Troilus wyll dey
 And thus he droue forthe yet a day oz twey
 As ye haue herde/ſuche lyfe he gan lede
 As he that ſode bytwene hope and dzed

of Troilus.

For whiche hym loked/ in his songes I hewe
 Thence son of his wo/ as he best myght
 And made a songe/ of wordes but a fewe
 Som what his wofull hert for to lycht
 And whan he was from euery mans syght
 With soft voyce/ he of his lady dere
 That absent was/ gan synge as ye I hall here

O sterre/ of whiche I haue ylost the lycht
 With hert soze/ ought I to bewaile
 That euer derke in turment/ nyght by nyght
 Towarde my deth/ with wynde I steepe & layle
 For whiche the tenth nyght/ if that I fayle
 The Bydemant of thy beames/ bright & oute
 My lycht and me/ Caribdis wyll deuoure

This songe/ whan he had songen sone
 He fyl agayne/ in to his syghes olde
 And euery nyght/ as he was wonte to done
 He stode the bright mone to begolde
 And all his sorowe/ he to the mone tolde
 And sayd ywysse/ whan thou arte horned newe
 I I hall be glad/ if all the worlde be trewe

I sawe thyne hornes eke/ olde by the moztwe
 Whan hence rode my ryght lady dere
 That cause is of my turment/ & my sorowe
 For whiche bright Lucyna the clere
 For loue of god/ renne fast aboute thy spere
 For whan thy hornes newe gynne spring
 Than I hall I he come/ & may my blyss bring

The day is moze/ and lenger euery nyght
 Than they be wont to be/ hym thought tho
 And that the sonne/ went his course vncyght
 By lenger way/ than he is wont to do
 And sayd ywysse/ me dzedeth euermo
 The sonnes sonne I hyton to be a lyue
 And that his carte amysse he dothe dzyue

Upon the walles/ fast he wolde walke
 And to the grekes/ fast he wolde se
 And to hym selfe/ ryght thus he wolde talke
 Lo/ yonder is myne owne lady fre
 O els yonder/ there the tentes be
 And thence cometh this ayze/ that is so sore
 For in my soule/ I fele it dothe me bore

And hardly/ this wynde moze and moze
 Thus stounde meale/ encreased in my face
 Is of my lady dere/ syghes soze
 I proue it thus/ for in none other space
 Of all this towne/ saue only in this place
 Fele I no wynde/ that cowneth so lyke payne
 It sayth alas/ why twynned be we twayne

This longe tyme he dzyueth forth ryght thus
 Tyll fully passed was the nynte nyght
 And aye besyde hym/ was this Pandarus
 That busely dyd his full myght
 Hym to comforte/ and make his hert lycht
 Peupng hym hope al way/ the tenth moztwe
 That I he I hall come/ & stynt all this sorowe

Upon that other syde/ was this Cresyde
 With women fewe/ among the grekes stronge
 For whiche full oft/ alas alas I he seide
 That I was borne/ well may myne hert longe
 After my deth/ for nowe lyue I to longe
 Alas/ and I may it nat amende
 For nowe is werse/ than euer yet I wende

My father nyll for nothyng do me grace
 To go agayne/ for nought I can hym queme
 And if so be/ that I my terme pace
 My Troilus/ I hall nowe in his hert deme
 That I am false/ and so it may well seme
 Thus I hall I haue vnthanke on euery syde
 That I was borne/ so welaway the tyde

And if I me put in ieoperdy
 To steale away to nyght/ and it befall
 That I be caught/ I I hall be holde a spy
 O els lo/ this dzyde I most of all
 If in the handes of some wretche I fall
 I am but lost/ all be myne hert trewe
 Nowe myghty god thou on my sorowe rewe

Full pale was wore her bright face
 Her lymmes leane/ as I he that all the day
 Stode whan I he durst/ & looked on the place
 There I he was borne/ & there I he dwelled aye
 And all the nyght wepyng/ alas I he lay
 And thus dispeyred/ out of all cure
 She lad her lyfe/ this wofull creature

The fyfthe boke

Full ofte aday / he syghed for distresse
And in her selfe / he went aye postrapeng
Of Troilus / the great worthynesse
And all his goodly wordes recordeyng
Syth first þat day / their loue began to spring
And thus he set her wofull hert a fyre
Through remembraunce / of that he gan desyre

In all this worlde / there nys so cruell hert
That her had herde / complayne in that sorowe
That nolde haue wept / for paynes smert
So tenderly he wept / bothe eue & morowe
Her neddyd no teares for to borewe
And this was yet / þat worst of all her payne (ne
Ther was no wight / to whō he might cōplayn

For reufully he looked vpon Trope
Behelde the toures hye / and eke the halles
Alas quod he / the plesaunce and the ioye
The whiche all newe / tourned in to gail is
Hauē I had oft / within ponder walles
O Troilus / what doest thou nowe / he seyde
Lozde / whether thou yet thyngk vpon Creseyde

Alas / I ne had trowed / vpon your loze
And wende with you / as ye me red oʒ this
Than had I now / nat syghed halfe so soze
Who myght haue sayd / þat I had done amys
To steale away / with suche one as he is
But all to late / cometh the lectuary
Whan men the corpes / vnto the graue carry

To late is now / to speke of that matere
Prudence alas / one of thyne eyen thre
He lacked alway / oʒ that I came here
Of tyme passed / I wyll remembre me
And present tyme / well couthe I se
But future tyme / oʒ I was in the snare
Couthe I nat se / that causeth all my care

But nethelisse / betyde what betyde
I shall to morowe at nyght / by est oʒ west
Out of this hostell / on some manere syde
And go with Troilus / where so hym lest
This purpose wyll I holde / and this is best
No force of wycked tonges / tangeloꝝp
For euer on loue / haue wretches enup

For who so wyll / of euery worde take hede
Oʒ rewe hym selfe / by euery wyghtes wyte
He shall be neuer thine / out of dyede
For that some men blamen euer yet
Lo other men / yet comenden it
And as for me / all suche baryaunce
Felycete clepe I my suffisaunce

For whiche without any wordes mo
To Troilus wyll I / as for conclusyon
But god it wote / oʒ fully nyghtes two
She was full fer from that entencoun
For bothe Troilus / and Trope toun
Shall knotlesse / though her hert lyde
For he wyll another purpose abyde

This Dyomedes / of whom I tell you gan
Gothe nowe within hym selfe / aye arguyng
With all slepyght / and all that euer he can
Howe he may best / with shortest taryng
In to his net / Creseydes hert byng
To this entent / he couthe neuer fyne
To sythen her / he layde out hoke and lyne

But nethelisse / well in his hert he thought
That he was nat without aloue in Trope
For he neuer sythe he her thence brought
He couthe her se laugh / ne make ioye
He nyll howe best / her hert to akoye
But for to assay / he sayd not ne greueth
For he þat nought ne assaieeth / nought ne cheueth

yet sayd he hym selfe / vpon a nyght
Howe am I nat a fole / þat wote well howe
Her wo for loue is / of another wyght
And her vpon to go assaye nowe
I may well wytte / it wyll nat be my proude
For wyle folke / in bokes it expresse
When I hulde nat wowe a wyght in heynesse

But who so myght wyne suche a flour
From hym / for whom he mourneth nyght and
He myght say / he were a conquerour (day
And ryght anone / as he that bolde was aye
Thought in his hert / happe howe I hap may
All I hulde I dye / I wyll her hert seche
I shall no moze lele / but my speche

of Troilus.

This Dyomedes as booke by declare
Was in his nede/ prest and corageous
With sterne voyce/ & myghty lymmes square
Hardy/ right stronge/ and chualtrous
Of dedes/ lyke his father Egeus
And some men sayne/ he was of tonge large
And hepye he was/ of Calcydony and Arge

Cresyde/ medycure was of stature
Therto of shap/ of face/ and eke of chere
There myght be no fayrer creature
And oft tyme/ this was her maners
To go yttressed/ with her heares clere
Downe by her coler/ at her backe behynde
Whiche w^{as} a threde of golde/ & he wolde bynde

And saue her browes/ toynded in fere
There was no lacke/ in ought I can espyen
But for to speke/ of her eyen clere
Trewly they wryten all that her syen
That paradys/ stode formed in her eyen
And with her ryche beaute euermore
Strofe loue in her eye/ whiche was more

She sobye was/ symple/ and wyse withall
The best noxtured eke/ that myght be
And goodly of her speche in generall
Charitable/ estatel/ lusty/ and fre
Ne neuermore/ lacked her pyte
Tendye herted/ & lpydng of courage
But trewly/ I can nat tell her age

And Troilus/ well woren was in hepyght
And complete fourmed/ by ppropozyon
So wele/ that kynde nat amende myght
Ponge/ freshe/ stronge/ and hardy as lyon
Trew as stele/ in eche condycion
One of the best/ entedched creature
That is or shall/ whyle the worlde may dure

And certaynly/ in stoye as it is founde
That Troilus was neuer/ vnto no wyght
As in his tyme/ in no degre secounde
In darynge do/ that longeth to a knyght
All might a gyaunt/ passen hym of myght
His force aye with the fyrst/ and with the best
Stode peregall/ to do what hym lest

But for to tell forthe of Dyomedes
It fell after / that on the tenth day
Syth that Cresyde/ out of the cyte yede
This Dyomedes/ as freshe as bryche in May
Came to the tent/ there as Calcas lay
And sayned hym/ with Calcas haue to dong
But what he ment/ I shall you tell sone

Cresyde/ at schort wordes for to tell
Welcomed hym/ and byd him by her set
And he was ethe ynowe/ to make dwell
And after this/ without longe let
Spyces and wyne/ men forthe hem fet
And forthe they speke/ of this and that yfere
As frendes do/ of whiche some ye shall here

He gan fyrst fall of the werre in speche
Betwixt hem/ & the folke of Troie towne
And of thassiege/ he gan her beseeche
To tellen hym/ what was her oppynoun
fro that demaunde/ he so discendeth down
To asken her/ if that she straunge thought
The grekes gyle/ & werkes that they wrought

And why her father/ tarpeth her so longe
To wedden her/ vnto some worthy knyght
Cresyde that was in her paynes stronge
For loue of Troilus/ her owne dere knyght
As forthe as she connyng had or myght
Answerde hym tho/ but all of his entent
It semed nat/ she wist what he ment

But nethelesse/ this ylike Dyomedes
Can in hym selfe assure/ and thus he seyde
If I a ryght/ haue take of you hebe
He thynketh thus/ O lady myne Cresyde
Syth that I fyrst hande on your brydell leyde
Whan ye out came of Troie/ by the morewe
Ne couthe I neuer se you but in sorowe

Can I nat sayne/ what may the cause be
But it for loue of some Troian were
The whiche right soze wolde a thynke me
That for any wyght/ that dwelleth there
Sholden spyll/ a quarter of a tere
O pytous ly/ your selfe so begyle
For dydelesse/ it is nat worthe the whyle

The fyfthe boke

The folke of Troye/as who sayth all & some
In prysone be/as your selfe se
fro thence I shall none a lyue come
for all the golde/bpt wene sonne and see
Trusteth ryght wele/and vnderstande me
There I shall nat one/to mercy go alpye
All were he lord/of wordes twyes fyue

Suche wzeche on hem/for fetching of Helepe
There I shall be take/or that we hence wende
That Haunes/whiche goddes ben of payne
Shulde ben agast/how grekes shul hem chede
And men I hulne dzeded/bnto þ worldes ende
from hence forth/to raupthe any quene
So cruell/I shall but wzeche on hem be sene

And but Calcas/lede vs with ambages
That is to say/with double wordes I pe
Suche as men clepe/a worde w two vylages
ye I shall well knowe/that I nought ne lye
And all this thyng/ryght sone with your eye
And that anon/ye wyll nat trowe howe sone
Howe taketh hede/for it is to done

What wene ye/your wylfe father wolde
Haue yeue for you/Anthenoze anone
If he ne wyll/that the cytie I hulde
Distroyed be/why nay/so mote I gone
He knoweth full wele/there I shall escape none
That Troyan is/and for the great fere
He durst nat/that ye dwelled lenger there

What wolde ye moze/lovesome lady dere
Let Troye & trojans/from your herte pace
Dryue out your bitter hope/& make good chere
And clepe agayne/the beaute of your face
That ye with salte teares so deface
for Troye is brought in suche teopardy
That it to saue/is nowhere remedy

And thynketh wele/ye I shall in grekes fynde
A moze parfyte loue/or it be nyght
Than any Troyan is/and moze kynde
And bet to serue you/wyll do his myght
And if ye vouchsaue/my lady bright
I wyll be he/to serue you my selue
ye leuer than be kyng of Greces twelue

And with that worde/he gan to there reed
And in his speche/a lytell wyght he quoke
And cast a syde/a lytell with his heed
And stynte a whyle/and afterwarde he woke
And soberly on her/threwe his loke
And sayd I am/all be it to you no iope
As gentle a man/as any wyght in Troys

for if my father Pryamus he sayde
Lyued had/I had be longe or this
Of Calcydony & Arge/a kyng Cresepe
And so I hope I shall be yet pwp
But he was I lapne/alas/the moze harme is
Unhappely/at Thebes all to rathe
Polymptes/and many a man to scathe

But herte myne/syth I am your man
And ye the fyrst/of whome I seche grace
And serue you/as hertely as I can
And euer I shall/whyle I to lyue haue space
So or that I departe out of this place
That ye me graunt/that I may to mozoze
At better leylet/tell you my sozoze

What I hulde I tell his wordes/that he sayde
He spake pnowgh for one day/at the mest
It preueth wele/he spake so that Cresepe
Graunted hym a mozoze/at his request
To haue a speche with her at the lest
So that he nolde speke of suche matere
And thus I he sayd to hym/as ye may here

As I he that had her hert on Troilus
So that there may none it arace
And strangely I he spake/and sayd thus
O Dyomede/I loue that plike place
That I was borne in/and Ioue for his grace
Delyuer it sone/of all that do it care
God for thy might/so lene it well to fare

That grekes wolde i Troys theto wath wzeke
If that they myght/I knowe it wel pwp
But it I shall nat fallen/as ye speke
And god to foyne/and further ouer this
I wote my father/wylfe and redy is
And that he hath me bought/as ye me tolde
So dere/I am the moze to him holde

of Troilus.

These grekes ben of hygh condycioun
I wote it wele/ but certayne men schulne fynde
As wo:thp folke/ within Trope towne
As conynge/ as partyte/ and as kynde
As bytwene Dyades and Inde
And that ye couthe wele your lady serue
I trowe it wele/ her thanke for to deserue

But as to speke of loue/ ywysse I he seyde
I had a lozde/ to whome I wedded was
The whiche myne hert had/ tyll that he deyde
And other loue/ as helpe me nowe Dallas
There in myne herte nys/ ne neuer was
And that ye be of noble and hye kynrede
I haue it herde well tell/ out of dyede

And that dothe me/ to haue so great a wonder
That ye wyll scozne any woman so
Eke god wote/ loue and I ben fer a sonder
I am dyspoled bet/ so mote I go
Unto my dethe/ to playne and make wo
What I shall I do after/ can I nat say
But trewly as yet/ me lyst nat to play

Myne herte is nowe in tribulacioun
And ye in armes/ busy day by day
Hereafter/ whan ye wonnen hane the town
Peraventure/ than so it hap may
That whan I se/ that neuer yet I say
Than wyll I werke/ that I neuer wrought
This worde to you/ ynought suffysen ought

To morowe wyll I speke with you fayne
So that ye touche nat of this matere
And whan you lyst/ ye may come here agayne
And o: ye go/ thus moche I say you here
As helpe me Dallas/ with her heares clere
If that I schulde/ on any greke haue routhe
It schulde be your selfe/ by my trouthe

I say nat therfore/ that I wyll you loue
Ne I say nat nay/ but in conclusioun
I meane wele/ by god that lytte aboue
And therewithall/ I he cast her eyen downe
And gan to sygh/ and sayd O Trope towne
yet byd I god/ in quyet and in rest
I may the se/ o: do myne herte best

But in effecte/ as I hertely for to say
This Dyomedes/ all fresshe newe agayne
Gan p:cen in/ fast her mercy pray
And after this/ the sothe for to sayne
Her gloue he toke/ of whiche he was full fayne
And fynally/ whan it was woren eue
And all was wele/ he rose and toke his leue

The bryght Venus folowed/ and aye taught
The way/ there brode Phebus adowne lyght
And Cythera/ the chare hoxe ouer raught
To whyle out of the lyoun/ if I he myght
And Signifer/ his candell I he wed bryght
Whan Creseyde/ vnto her rest went
Within her fathers fayre bryght tent

Retournyng in her soule by and downe
The wordes of this sodayne Dyomedes
His great estate/ and parcell of the towne
And that I he was alone/ and had nede
Of frendes/ and thus began to brede
The cause why/ the sothe for to tell
That I he toke purpose/ fully for to dwell

The morowe came/ and gostly for to speke
This Dyomedes/ is come to Creseyde
And I hertely/ lest that ye my tale breke
So wele he for hym selfe spake and sayde
That all his syghes so: / adowne he layde
And fynally/ the sothe for to sayne
He left of the great of all his payne

And after this/ the story telleth vs
That I he hym yafe/ the fayre bay stede
The whiche I he ones had of Troilus
And eke a broche/ that was lytell nede
That Troilus was/ I he yafe this Dyomedes
In dede the bet/ from sorowe hym to releue
She made hym were/ a pensell of her cleue

I fynde eke in story els where
Whan through the body/ hurt was Dyomedes
Of Troilus/ tho wept I he many a tere
Whan that I he sawe/ his wyde woundes blede
And that I he toke to kepe hym good hede
And for to heale hym/ of his sorowes smert
Then sayne I not/ I he yafe hym her hert

The fyfthe boke

But trewly the story telleth vs
There made neuer woman moze wo
Than she/whan she falsed Troilus
She sayd alas/for nowe is clene a go
My name of trowth in loue/for evermo
For I haue falsed one the gentyllest
That euer was/and eke the worthiest

Alas of me/bnto the worldes ende
Shall neyther of me be writte nor songe
No good worde/for this boke wyl me shende
prolled shall it be/on many a tonge
Throug out þ world/my bell shall be ronge
And women wyl me hate moste of all
Alas that suche a case/shulde me befall

They wyl say/in as moche as in me is
I haue hym do dishonour/wele away
All be I nat the fyrst/that dyd amys
What helpeth that/to do my blame away
But sythe I se/therenys no better way
And that to late/it is nowe for to rewe
To Dyomedes/algate I wyl be trewe

But Troilus / sythe I no better may
And sythe that thus departen ye and I
I pray god yeue you ryght good day
As for the gentyllest knyght trewly
That euer I sawe/to serue saythfully
And best can aye/his ladyes honour kepe
And with that worde/she brast anon to wepe

And certesse/pou haten shall I neuer
And frendes loue/that shall ye haue of me
And my good worde/all myght I lyuen euer
And trewly/ I wolde ryght soze be
To se you in any aduersyte
And gyltelesse/ I wote well I pou leaue
But all shall passe/ & thus I take my leaue

But trewly/ howe longe it was bytwene
That she forsoke hym/for this Dyomedes
There is none other auctour/telleth I wene
Take euery man nowe/to his bokes hede
He shall no terme fynde/out of dyede
For though that he/began to loue her sone
Dy he her wan/ yet was there moze to done

He me lyst nat/this cely woman chyde
Further than the story wyl deuyse
Her name alas/is publyshed so wyde
That for her gylt/it ought ynough suffyse
And if I myght excuse her/ in any wyse
For she so soze was/for her vntrouthe
ywyse I wolde excuse her yet for touth

This Troilus/as I befoze haue tolde
Thus dyueth forth/as wele as he myght
But ofte was his herte hote and colde
And namely/that plike nynthe nyght
Whiche on the moze we/she had hym behyght
To come agayne/god wote full lytell rest
Had he that nyght/nothyng to slepe hym lest

The lauter crowned Phebus/with his heate
Come in his course/ape bywarde as he went
To warmen of the east/the wawes weate
And Cyrces doughter lunge/wd good entent
Whan Troilus/his Pandare after sent
And on the walles of the towne they pleyde
To loke if they can ought se of Creseyde

Tyll it was none/they stode for to se
Who that there came/ & euery maner wygh
That came from ferre/they sayd it was she
And that way/couthen knowen hem a ryght
Howe was his hert heuy/nowe was it lyght
And thus beiaied/they stonde to stare
Aboute nought/Troilus and Pandare

To Pandarus/this Troilus tho sayde
For ought I wote/before noone sykerly
In to this towne/not cometh here Creseyde
She hath ynough a do there hardely
To wyne from her father/so trowe I
Her olde father/wolde yet make her dyne
Dy that she go/god yeue his herte pyne

Pandare answerde/it may well be certayne
And for thy let vs dyne/ I the beseeche
And after none/ than mayst thou come agayne
And home they gone/without moze speche
And come agayne/and longe may they seeche
Dy that they fynde/that they after gape
Fortune hem bothe/thynketh for to sape

of Troylus.

Quod Troylus/ I se well pnowe that I he
Is tarped with her olde father so
That oꝛ I he come/ it wylly nygh euen be
Come forth/ I wylly vnto the pate go
These porters ben vnconnyng euermo
And I wylly do hem holde open the gate
As nought ne were/ although I he come late

The day gothe fast/ & after that come eue
And yet come nat to Troylus Creseyde
He loketh forth/ by hedge/ by tre/ by greue
And set his heed on the wall he leyde
And at the last/ he turned hym and seyde
By god I wote her meanyng/ nowe Pandare
All most pwyse/ all newe was my care

Nowe doutlesse/ this lady can her good
I wote I he cometh rydyng pruely
I comende her wysedome/ by myne hood
She wylly nat make people nyce
Gawzen on her whan I he cometh/ but softly
By nyght/ in to towne I he thynketh ryde
And dere brother/ thynke nat longe to abyde

We haue not els to done pwyse
And Pandarus/ nowe I halt thou trowe me
Haue here my trouthe/ I se ponde where I he is
Heaue by thyne euen man/ mayst thou nat se
Pandare answerde/ nay so mote I the
All wronge by god/ what sayest þu man where
That I se ponde/ nys but a fare carte (arte

Alas thou sayst full sothe/ quod Troylus
But hardely/ it is nat all for nought
That in myn herte/ that I reioyle thus
It is agaynst some good/ I haue a thought
Not I nat howe/ but syth þu I was wrought
He felte I suche a comforte/ sothe to say
She cometh to nyght/ my lyfe dare I lay

Pandare answerde/ it may be well ynough
And helde with hym/ of all that euer he sayd
But in his herte he thought/ and fast lough
And to hym selfe/ full soberly he sayde
From hasty wode/ there ioly Robyn playde
Shall come/ all that thou doest abyde here
ye farewele/ all the knowe of ferne yere

The warden of the gates/ gan to call
The folke/ whiche without the gates were
And bad hem dnyse in their bestes all
Oꝛ all that nyght/ they must abyde there
And set within nyght/ with many a tere
This Troylus/ gan homewarde for to ryde
For wele he sawe/ it helped nat to byde

But nethelesse/ he gladed hym in this
He thought amysse/ he had compted his day
And sayd/ I vnderstande haue all amys
For thylke nyght/ I last Creseyde say
She sayd I shall be here/ if that I may
Oꝛ that the mone/ O dere hert I wote
The lyon passe/ out of this Aryste

For whiche I he may yet holde her best
And on the morowe/ vnto the pate he went
And by and doun/ by west & eke by Est
Upon the walles/ made he many a went
But all for nought/ his hope alway hym blent
For whiche at nyght/ in sorowe & syghes soze
He went hym home/ without any more

His hope all clene/ out of his herte fled
He ne hath wheron/ no lenger nowe to honge
But for the payne/ him thought his herte bled
So were his throwes sharpe/ & wonder strong
For whan he sawe/ I he abode so longe (ge
He nyth/ what he ymagyne therof myght
Syth þu I he hath broke/ that I he hym behyght

The thyrde/ & fourth/ the fyfthe/ & the syxte day
After the dapes ten/ of whiche I tolde
Bytwene hope and drede his herte lay
yet somewhat trustyng/ on her bestes olde
But whan he sawe/ I he nolde her terme holde
He can nowe se none other remedye
But for to shape hym lone for to dye

Therwith the wicked spyrite/ god vs blesse
Whiche that men clepe wode ielousye
Can in hym crepe/ in all this heynesse
For whiche/ bycause he wolde lone dye
He ne ete ne dranke/ for his melancolye
And eke from euery companye he fled
This was the lyfe/ that all this tyme he led

The fyfthe boke

He so defeted was/that no maner man
Hym knowe myght/vnneth where he went
So was he leane/and therto pale and wan
And feble/that he walked by potent
And with his yre/thus hym selfe he shent
And who so asked hym/wherof he smerte
He sayd/his harme was all aboute his herte

Diamus full ofte/and eke his mother dere
His byetherne & his susterne/gan hym freyne
Why he so sorowfull was/in all his there
And what thyng was/the cause of his peyne
But all for nought/he nolde his cause pleyne
But sayd/he felte a greuouse maladye
Aboute his herte/and fayne wolde he dye

So on a day/he layde hym downe to slepe
And so besyll/that in his slepe he thought
That he walked in a forest to wepe
For loue of her/that his payne wrought
And vp and downe/as he the forest sought
Hym thought he saw a boze/w tuskes greete
That slepte agayne the bryght sonnes heate

And by this boze/fast in armes folde
Lay kyllyng aye/his lady bryght Cresyde
For sorowe of whiche/whan he gan beholde
Loude he cryde on Pandarus/and seyde
For sorowe of whiche/almost there he deyde
O Pandarus/nowe knowe I crop & rote
I am but deed/there nys none other bote

My lady bryght Cresyde/hath me bytrayed
In whome I trusted moste of any wyght
She els where/hath now her hert apayed
The blyssfull godd;/through their great might
Haue in my dreame/I hewed me full right
Thus in my dreame/Cresyde haue I beholde
And all this thyng/to Pandarus he tolde

O my Cresyde alas/what subtylte
What newe lust/what beaute/what scyence
Hath thus withdraw your hert/& loue from me
This is the cause of your longe absence
Hath from me raste/alas/your aduertence
O trust/O feythe/O depe assuraunce
Who hath me raste Cresyde/all my plesaunce

Alas/why let I you from hence go
For whiche/well nygh out of my wpt I byrde
Who shall nowe trowe on any othes mo
God wote I wende/lady bryght Cresyde
That euerly worde was gospel/that ye seyde
But who may bet begyle/if hym lyst
Than he on whome men wene best to tryst

What shall I do/my Pandarus alas
I fele nowe so sharpe/and a newe payne
Syth I there lyeth no remedye in this caas
That bet it were/I with my handes twayne
My selfe I lee/than thus alway to playne
For through I deeth/my wolshulde haue an end
There euerly day/wylfe my selfe I shede (de

Pandarus answerde & sayd/alas the whyle
That I was bozne/haue I nat sayd of this
That dremes/may many a man begyle
And why/for folke expownen hem a mys
Howe durst thou say/that false thy lady is
For any dremes/ryght for thyne owne drede
Let be thy thought/thou canst no dremes rede

Perauenture/there thou dremest of this boze
It may so be/that it may signyfy
Her father eke/whiche olde is and boze
Agayne the sonne lyeth/in poynt to dye
And I he for sorowe/gynneth wepe and crye
And there he lyeth/kylled him on the grounde
Thus shuldest thou thy dremes right expoude

Howe myght I than done/quod Troylus
To knowe of this/were it neuer so lyte
Nowe sayst thou wysely/quod the Pandarus
My rede is this/sythe thou canst wele endyte
That hastely a letter/thou to her wryte
Through whiche thou shalt bringen it aboute
To knowe a sothe/there thou arte in doute

And se nowe why/for I dare well sayne
That if so is/I he bntrewe be
I can nat trowe/I he wpll wryte agayne
And if she wryte/thou shalt sone se
As whether I he hath any lyberte
To come agayne/or els in some clause
If I he be let/I he wpll assygne a cause

of Troylus.

Thou hast nat wrytte to her/lythe she went
 As he to the/and this I durst say
 There may suche cause be in her entent
 That hardely/thou wylte thy selfe say
 That her abode/the best is for you tway
 Howe wryte her than/ & thou halt se lone
 As lothe of all/there is no moze to done

Accorded ben they/to this conclusyon
 And that anone/these plike lordes two
 And hastely/lyt Troylus a down
 And rolleth in his herte to and fro
 Howe he may best discreuen her his wo
 And to Creseyde/his owne lady dere
 He wrote right thus/ & sayd as yett hall here.

Myght frellhe floure/whose I haue ben & shall
 Withouten parte of els where scruple
 With herte/body/lyfe/lust/thought and all
 I wofull wpyght/in euery humble wyse
 That tonge can tell/or hert may deuyse
 As ofte as matere occuppeth place
 He recomaunde I/vnto your noble grace

Lpeth you to wete/sweete herte
 As ye well knowe/howe longe tyme agone
 That ye me leste/in asper paynes smerte
 Whan that ye went/of whiche yett botte none
 Haue I none had/but euer worse bygone
 From day to day am I/and so mote dwell
 Whyle it you lyst/lo/ ye of wele & wo my well

For whiche to you/with dzedefull hert trewe
 I wryte as he/that sozowe dzyueth to wryte
 My wo/that euery houre encreaseth newe
 Complaynyng as I dare/or can endyte
 And that defaced is/ye may wele wete
 The teares/whiche that fro myne eyen rayne
 They wolde speke/if they couthe complayne

you fyrst beseeche I/with your eyen clere
 To loke on this defouled/and vnfolde
 And ouer all this/ye my lady dere
 Wylt bouchelaufe/this letter to beholde
 And by the cause/eke of my cares colde
 That sleeth my wpt/if ought amplyse me sterre
 Foryeue it me/myne owne swete herte

If any seruaunt durst/or ought of ryght
 Upon his lady ppytoully complayne
 Than wene I/ & I ought be that wpyght
 Consydryng this/ & ye these monethes twayne
 Haue tarped there/ye sayd sothe to sayne
 But dapes ten/ye nolde in hooft sorowne
 But in two monethes/ye yett nat retourne

But for as moche/as I mote nedes lpe
 All that you lpheth/ I dare playne no moze
 But humbly/with sorowfull syghes lpe
 You wryte I/myne vntresty sozowes soze
 From day to day/despzyng euer moze
 To knowe fully/if your wyl were
 Howe ye haue farde/ & do/whyle ye be there

Whose welfare and heale/god eke encrease
 In honour/suche as bywarde in degre
 It growe alway/so that it neuer cease
 Lpe as your selfe best can/my lady fre
 Deuyse/ I pray to god so mote it be
 And graunt/that ye sone vpon me retwe
 As wylly as in all/ I am your trewe

And if you lpe/to knowe of the fare
 Of me/whose wo there may no wight discreue
 I can no moze/but cheest of euery care
 In wrytyng of this lettre/ I was a lyue
 All redy out my wofull goost to dzyue
 Whiche I delay/and holde hym yett in honde
 Upon the syght of matere of your sonde

Myne eyen two in bayne/with whiche I so
 Of wofull teares salte/arne woren welles
 My longe in playnt/of myne aduersyte
 My good in harme/myne ease woren hell is
 My ioy in wo/ I can you say nat elles
 So turned is/for whiche my lyfe I warp
 Euery ioy/is tourned to me contrary

Whiche is your compng home agayn to Troy
 Ye may redysee/and moze a thoulande lythe
 Than euer I had/encreasng in me ioy
 For was there neuer herte/ye so blythe
 To haue his lyfe/as I shulde be as swythe
 As I praye/ & though no manere routh
 Can mune/ye yett thynke vpon your trouthe

The fyfthe boke

And ifso moche/my dethe I haue deserued
O: if you lyst/no moze vpon me le
In guerdon yet of all/ I haue you serued
Beleche I you/my hertes lady fre
That her vpon/ye wyl wryte me
For loue of god/my ryght lode sterre
O: dethe let make an ende of all my werte

If there cause ought/ I dothe you for to dwell
That with your letter/ye me recomforthe
For though to me/your absence be an hell
With payence/ I wyl my wo suppozte
And with your letter of hope/ I wyl dispozte
Howe wryteth swete/ I let me thus nat playne
With hope/o: dethe delouer me from payne

pwyse myne owne dere herte trewe
I wote than/whan ye next vpon me se
So lost haue I myne helthe/ I ke myne herte
Creseyde I hall nat conne knowe me
pwyse myne hertes day/my lady fre
So thasteth aye/myne herte to beholde
your beaute/that my lyfe vnneth I holde

I say no moze/all haue I for to sey
To you/well moze than I tell may
But whether ye done me lyue o: dep
yet pray I god/so peue you ryght good day
And fareth wele/ryght saye fresshe may
As pe that lyfe o: dethe/may me comaunde
And to your trouthe/ I me recomaunde

With helth suche/that but if pe peue me
The same helthe/ I hall neuer bytch haue
In you lyeth/whan you lyst it/I hall be
The day/on whiche me clothen shall my graue
In you my lyfe/your myght is it to saue
Me from dysleafe/of all paynes smerte
And fare now wele/myn owne swete herte

This letter forthe was sent/vnto Creseyde
Of whiche her answere/in effecte was this
Full ppyrrouf lyf he wrote agayne and seyde
That as sone/as euer I he myght pwyse
She wolde come/and mende I was a myse
And fynally wrote/and sayd hym than
She wolde come/but she wylt neuer whan

But in her letter/the made suche feestes
That wonder was/Iwoze I he loued him best
Of whiche he sonde/but bortumlesse behestes
But Troylus/thou mayst now eest o: west
Dypte in an Iup lease/if that the lest (chaunce
Thus goth I wo:de/god I helde vs from mys
And euery wyght/I meaneth trouthe auauce

Encreasen gan the wo/from day to nyght
Of Troylus/for taryng of Creseyde
And lassen gan his hope/I ke his myght
For whiche all down/vpon his bed hym leyde
He ne ete ne dranke/ne I lept/ne no wo:de seyde
ymagynyng aye/that I he was vnkynde
For whiche well nyghte/ he waxe out of mynde

This dreame/of which I tolde haue here befoze
May neuer come out of his remembraunce (ne
He thought as wele/he had his lady lozne
And that Ioues/of his puruepaunce
Hym I hewed had in I lepe/the signyfyauce
Of her vntrouthe/and dysauenture
And that this was I hewed hym in fygure

For whiche he for Syble his suffer sente
That called was Callandza eke all aboute
And all his dreame/he tolde her o: he wente
And her besought/all to len hym the doute
Of this stronge boze/with tuskes stoute
And fynally/within a lytell stounde
Callandza/right thus his dreame expounde

She gan fyrst smyle/and sayd brother dere
If thou a sothe of this/despyrest to knowe
Thou must a fewe of olde stoyes here
To purpose/howe that fortune ouerthrowe
Hath lordes hye/whiche within a thowe
This boze I halt I know well/I of what kynde
He comen is/as men in bokes fynde

Dyane/whiche that wrothe was I in pye
For grekes nolde do her sacryfyle
Re encence on her aulter set a fyre
She for that grekes/gan her dyspyse
Wroke her/in a wonder cruell wyle
For with a boze/as great as ore in stall
She made him eate vp her corne/I bynes all

of Troilus.

To flee this boze/was all the countre rayfed
Amonges whiche/there came this boze to se
A mayden/one of this worlde best pprayed
And Heleager/lorde of that countre
He loued so/this freshe mayde fre
That with his manhode/o: he wolde sent
This boze he slowe/and her the heed he sent

Of whiche/as olde bokes tellen vs
There rose a contee/and a great enuy
And of this lorde/discended Tydeus
By lyne/o: els olde bokes lye
But howe this Heleager gan for to dye
Thorough his mother/wyll I you nat tell
For all to longe/it were for to dwell

She tolde eke/howe Tydeus she sent
Unto the stronge cytie of Thebes
To clayme kyngdome of the cytie/and went
For his felowe dan Polimytes
Of whiche his owne brother Ethpocles
Full wrongfully/of Thebes helde þ strenght
This tolde she/by processe and by length

She tolde eke/howe he Honydes afterte
Whan Tydeus slough fyty knyghtes stoute
She tolde all the prophecies by herte
And how þ seven kynges/with their route
Besieged there the cytie all aboute
And of the holy serpent/and the well
And of the furies/all gan she hym tell

Associat profugū/ Tydeus primo Polimidem
Tidea legatum/ docet insidiasq; secundis
Tercius Hermodien/canit et vates latitantes
Quors furie Leuine/ quito narratur angues
Quartus habet reges/ineuntes p̄elia septem
Archynon bustum/ sexto ludinq; leguntur
Dat Graios Thebes/ vatem septimis vmbis
Octauo cecidit/ Tydeus spes vita pelagis
Ipomedon nono moritur/ cum Parthonepes
Fulmine percussio/ decimo Canap̄ superatur
Undecimo sese/ perimunt per vulnera fratres
Reginam flentem/ narrat duodenis et ignem.

Of Archenozes buryng/and the playes
And how Amphiphar/fell through the groude
Howe Tydeus was slayne/lorde of Argeys
And howe Ipomedon/in a lytell stounde
Was dreynt/a deed Parthonepe of wounde
And howe Canapus the proude
With thonder was slayne/that cryed loude

She gan hym eke tell/howe þ epyther brother
Ethpocles/and Polemyte also
At a scarmyche/eche of them slowe other
And of Argpue/her wepyng and her wo
And how þ towne was bzent/she tolde eke tho
And so discended downe/from iestes olde
To Dyomedes/and thus she spake & tolde

This ylike boze/bytokeneth Dyomedes
Tydeus sonne/that downe discended is
Fro Heleager/that made the boze to blede
And thy lady/where that she be p̄wys
This Dyomedes her hert hath/and she his
Wepe if thou wylt o: leaue/for out of doute
This Dyomedes is in/and thou arte out

Thou sayst nat sothe/thou falsc sozceres
With all thy falsc goost of prophesye
Thou wenest to be a great dyuyneres
How seest thou nat/this foole of fantasye
Payneth her/on ladys for to lye
Away quod he/there Jours yeue the sozow
Thou shalt be falsc/peraunture yet to morow

As well myghtest thou lye vpon Alcest
That was of creatures/but men lye
That euer was/the kyndest and best
For whan her husbande was in leoparde
To dye hym selfe/but if he wolde dye
She chafe for hym to dye/and go to hell
And starfe anon/as vs the bokes tell

Castandre goth/and he with cruell herte
For that his wo/for anger of her speche
And from his bed/all sodaynly he stert
As though all hole/hym had made a leche
And day by day/he gan enquyre and seche
A sothe of this/with all his busy cure
And thus he dyueth forth his aduenture

The fyfthe boke

Fortune/whiche hath the permutacyon
Of thynges had/as it is here comytted
By puruepaunce/and disposycon
Of hym Ioue/as reygnes I hual be fytte
From folke in folk/o: whā they I halbe smytte
Can pull away/the fethers bright of Trope
From day to day/till they be bare of ioye

Amonge all this/the fyne of the parody
Of Hector/gan approche wonder blyue
The fate wolde/his soule I hulde vnboddy
And I hapen had a meane/out to dyue
Agaynst whiche fate/him helpeth nat to stryue
But on a day/to fyght gan he wende
At whiche alas/he caught his last ende

For which me thynketh/I every maner wyght
That haunteth armes/ought to bewayle
The dethe of hym/that was so noble a knyght
For as he drowe a kyng/by the auentayle
Unware of this Achylles/through the mayle
And through I body/gan hym for to ryue (ue
And thus I worthy knight was brought fro ly

For whome/as olde bokes tellen vs
Was made suche wo/I tonge may it nat tell
And nameliche/the sorowe of Troilus
That next hym was/of worthynesse well
And in this wo/gan Troilus to dwell
That for that sorowe/I loue of his vnrest
Full ofte a day/he had his herte brest

But nethelisse/though he gan hym dyspayre
He dyed aye/his lady was vntrewe
yet aye on her/his herte gan repayre
And as louers done/he sought aye newe
To get agayne Creseyde/bright of he we
And in his herte/he wente aye excusyng
That Calcas/caused all her tarpeng

And oft tyme/he was in purpose grete
Hym selfe lyke a pylgrym/to dysgyse
To sene her/but he couthe nat counterfete
To be vnknewe/of folke that were wyse
He fynde excuse a ryght/that myght suffyse
If he amonge the grekes knowen were
For whiche he wepte/full ofte many a tere

To her he wrote/pet este all newe
Full pytous ly/he let nat for I louth
Besechyng her/that sythe he was trewe
That she wolde coe agayne/I holde her trouth
For whiche Creseyde/vpon a day for routh
I take it so/touchyng all this matere
Wrote hym agayne/and sayd as ye may here

Cuppydes sonne/enfample of goodlyhede
Of swerde of knyghthode/sours of gentylnesse
Howe myght a wyght/in turment & in dyede
And helthlesse/I sende you as yet gladnesse
I hertelesse/I sygh,in great dystresse
Syth ye with me/no: I with you may deale
you may I sende/neither herte ne heale

your letters/full the papet all be playnted
Conceyued hath myne hertes pyte
I haue eke sene/with teares all be paynted
your letter/and howe ye requyzen me
To come agayne/whiche yet may nat be
But why/lest that this letter founde were
No mencyon make I nowe for fere

Greuouse to me/god wote your vnrest
your haste/and that the goddes ordynaunce
It semeth nat/ye take it for the best
For other thynges/nys in your remembraunce
As thinketh me/but only your plesaunce
But be nat wrothe/and that I pou besече
For that I tarpe/it is for wicked speche

For I haue herde/well moze than I wende
Touchyng vs two/howe thynges haue pssode
Whiche I shall/with dysymulpyng amende
And be ye nat wrothe/I haue eke vnderstonde
Howe ye ne do/but holde me in honde
But nowe no force/I can nat in you gesse
But all trouth euer/and all gentylnesse

Come I wpll/but yet in suche dysioynt
I stande as now/but what hour o: what day
That this I shall be/can I nat apoint
But in effecte/I pray you as I may
Of your good worde/I of your frendshipp aye
For trewly/whyle my lyfe may endure
As for a frende/ye may in me assure

of Troilus.

pet I pray you/on puell ye ne take
 That it is choise/whiche I to you write
 I dare nat there I am/well letters make
 Ne neuer yet/couche I wele endyte
 The great effecte/men write in place lyte
 The intent is all/and nat the letters space (ce
 And fareth now well/god haue you in his gra

Troilus this letter/though all straunge
 Whan he it sawe/and sorowfully he syght
 hym thought it a halendes of chaunge
 But fynally/he full ne trowen myght
 That he ne wolde holde hym that he hyght
 For with full puell wyl/lyst hym to leue (ue
 That loueth wele in such case/though him gre

But nethelisse/men sayne that at the last
 For any thyng/men shulne the sothe se
 And suche a case betyd/and that as fast
 That Troilus wele vnderstode that he
 As nat so kynde/as her ought to be
 And fynally/he wote now out of doute
 That all is lost/that he hath ben aboute

Stode on a day/in his melancolpe
 This Troilus/and in suspectyoun
 Of her/for whome he wende for to dye
 And so besyll/that thzough Troye towne
 As was the gyle/boze was by and downe
 A maner cote armure/as sayth the story
 Before Depphebus/in sygne of victoꝝ

The whiche cote/as sayth the Lollyus
 Depphebe had rent from Dyomedes
 The same day/and whan this Troilus
 It sawe/he gan to take of it hede
 Rysyng on the length/and of the brede
 And all the werke/and as he gan beholde
 Full sodaynly/his herte gan to colde

As he that on the coler fonde within
 A broche/that he Creseyde pafe at moꝝowe
 That he from Troye must nedes twyn
 In remembraunce of hym/and of his sorowe
 And the him layde her fayth agayne to boꝝowe
 To kepe it/but now full wele he wylt
 His lady was no lenger for to tryt

He gothe hym home/and than full sone he sende
 For Pandarus/and all this newe chaunge
 And of his broche/he tolde hym worde and ende
 Complaynyng of her hertes barpaunce
 His longe loue/his trouthe/and his penaunce
 And after dethe/without wordes moꝝe
 Full fast he cryed/his rest hym to restore

Than spake he thus/O lady bright Creseyde
 Where is your faythe/where is your behest
 Where is your loue/where is your trouthe he
 O Dyomedes/haue ye now all this fest (seyde
 Alas/I wolde haue trowed at the lest
 That sythe ye nolde/trewe to me stande
 That thus ye nolde haue holde me in hande

Who shall nowe trowe any othes mo
 Alas/I wolde neuer haue wende of this
 That ye Creseyde/couthe haue chaunged so
 Not but I had a gylte/of done amys
 So cruell wende I/nat your hert pwpys
 To see me thus/alas your name of trouthe
 Is nowe fordone/and that is all my routh

Was there none other broche/ye lyst to lete
 To fest with your newe loue/quod he
 But thylke broche/that with teares wete
 I you pafe/as for remembraunce of me
 None other cause alas/ne hadden ye
 But for dyspyte/and eke for that ye ment
 All vterly/to shewe your entent

Thzough which I se/clene out of your mynde
 ye haue me cast/and I ne can ne may
 For all this woꝝde/within myne hert fynde
 To vnloue you/a quarter of a day
 In cursed tyme I borne was/welaway
 That ye that do me all this wo endure
 yet loue I best/of any creature

Nowe god quod he/pet sende me that grace
 That I may mete with this Dyomedes
 And trewly/if I haue myght and space
 yet shall I make/I hope his sydes blede
 O god quod he/that oughtest taken hede
 To further trouthe/and wꝝonges to punyce
 Why nylt thou do a vengeaunce of this byce

The fyfthe boke

O Pandare/that in dremes for to tryst
He blamed hast/and ofte me by bryde
Howe mayst thou se thy selfe/if that thou lyst
Howe trewe is nowe thy nece bryght Creseyde
In sondry fourmes/god it wote he seyde
The goddess hewe/bothe ioye and tene
In slepe/and by my dreame it is sene

And certaynly/without moze speche
From henceforth/as fertothe as I may
Myne owne dethe in armes wyll I seche
I retche nat howe sone be the day
But trewly Creseyde/swete may
Whome I haue aye/all my myght pserued
That ye thus do/I haue it nat deierued

This Pandarus/that all these thynges herde
And wylt wele/he sayd a sothe of this
He nat a worde to hym agayne and werde
For soze of his frendes sorowe/he is
And shamed/for his nece had done amys
And stode astonyed/of these causes tway
As styll as stone/a worde couthe he nat say

But at the last/thus he spake and seyde
My brother dere/I may do the no moze
What I hulde I say/I hate wyll Creseyde
And god wote/I wyll hate her euermoze
And that thou me besoughtest/done of poze
Hauyng vnto myne honour/noz to my rest
Ryght no rewarde/I dyd all that ye lest

If I dyd ought/that myght lyken the
It is me lese/and of this trealon nowe
God wote that it/a sorowe is vnto me
And dredelesse/for hertes ease of you
Ryght fayne wolde I it amende/wylt I how
And fro this worlde/almyghty god I pray
Delyuer her soone/I can no moze say

Great was þe sorow/ & the playnte of Troilus
But fertothe his course/of fortune gan to holde
Creseyde loueth so/the sonne of Tydeus
And Troilus mote wepe in cares colde
Suche is the worlde/who so can beholde
In eche estate/is lytell hertes rest
God let vs take it all for the best

In many cruell batayle out of dreds
Of Troilus/this ylike noble knyght
As men may in these olde bokes rede
Was sene his knyghthode/ & his great might
And dredelesse his pre/day and nyght
Full cruelly/the grekes aye abought
And alway most/this Dyomedes he sought

And ofte tyme/I fynde that they met
With bloody strokes/and with wordes great
Aslayeng howe their speares were pwhet
And god wote/with many a cruell heate
Gan Troilus/vpon his helme to beate
But nethelisse fortune/it nat ne wolde
Of other hande/that eyther dyd holde

And if I had taken for to wryte
The armes of this ylike worthy man
Than wolde I/of his batayles endyte
But for that I to wryte fyrst began
Of his loue I haue sayd/as I can
His worthy dedes/who so lyst hem here
Rede Dares/he can tell hem all in fere

Besechyng euery lady bryght of hewe
And euery gentyl woman/what I he be
That all be that Creseyde was vntrewe
That for that gylt/ye be nat wroth with me
Ye may her gylt/in other bokes se
And gladlyer I wolde wryte/if you lest
Penolopes trouthe/and good Alcesse

Ne I say nat this/as only for this men
But mozte for women/that betrayed be
Throughe false folk/god yeue hem sorow athen
That with their great wordes & subtylce
Betrayeth you/and this nowe meueth me
To speke/and in effecte all you I pray
Berthe ware of men/and herken what I say.

Go lytell boke/go lytell tragedye
That god thy maker/yt oz that I dye
So sende me myght/to make some comedye
But lytell boke/make thou none enuye
But subiecte be thou/vnto all Doelye
And kysse þe steppes/where as thou seest space
Of Virgile/Dyde/Homere/Lucan/ & Stace

of Troylus.

And for there is so great dyuersyte
In englyshe/ & in wrytyng of our tonge
So pray to god/ that none myf write the
Ne the mylmetre/ for defaute of tonge
And redde where so thou be/ or els longe
That thou be vnderstande/ god I beseeche
But yet to purpose/ of my rather speche

The wrathe/ as I began you for to sey
Of Troylus/ howe the grekes bought dere
For thousandes of his handes dyd he dey
As he that was without any pere
Saue Hector in his tyme/ as I can here
But wele away/ saue only goddes wyll
Dispytous ly hym slowe the sperse Achyll

And whan that he was slayne/ in this manere
His lyght goost/ full blyf fully is went
Unto the holownesse/ of the eyght spere
In his place/ letyng eche element
And there he sawe/ with full aduysment
Howe he was slayne/ alas all to rathe
The folke of Troye/ to moche harme & skathe

And downe from thence/ fyrst he gan aduise
This lytell spot of erthe/ that with the see
Embraced is/ and fully gan dyspyse
This wretched worlde/ and helde it banys
To respecte of that playne felcrite
That is in heuen aboue/ and at the last
There he was slayne/ his lokyng down he cast

And in hym selfe he lough/ eyght at the wo
On hem that wepen/ for his dethe so fast
And dampnen all our werkes/ & folowen so
The blynde lust/ whiche that may nat last
And schulde all our hertes to heuen cast
Howe forthe he went/ chortly for to tell
There as Mercury/ sorted hym to dwell

Suche fyne hath lo/ this Troylus for loue
Suche fyne his loue/ suche fyne his noblesse
Suche fyne hath his estate royall aboue
Suche fyne hath false worldes brootynesse
Suche fyne hath all his great worthynesse
And thus began/ his louyng of Creseyde
As I haue tolde/ and in this wyle he deyde

O yonge fresshe folkes/ he or she
In whiche þe loue/ by groweth with your age
Repayreth home/ from worldly banys
And of your herte/ by casteth the bylage
To thy like lord/ that after his ymage
you made/ and thynketh all is but a fayne
This worlde/ þe passeth sone as floures fayne

And loueth hym/ whiche that eyght for loue
Upon a crosse/ our soules for to bey
Fyrst starfe and rose/ & lyth in heuen aboue
For he wyll falle no wyght dare I sey
That wyll his hert/ all holy on hym ley
And sothe he best is to loue/ & most meke
What nedeth sayned loue/ here for to seke

Lo here/ of paynems cursed olde rytes
Lo here/ what all their goddes may auayle
Lo here these worldes wretched appetytes
Lo here the fyne/ & guerdon for trauayle
Of Ioue/ Appollo/ of Mars/ suche rascayle
Lo here the fourme/ of olde cletches speche
In poeetrie/ if ye their bokes seche

O morall Gower/ this boke I dyrecte
To the/ and to the philosophyall Strode
To bouchelaufe/ there nede is to correcte
And of your benygnytees/ and zeles good
And to that sothfast Crist/ that starfe on rode
With all myne herte/ of mercy I pray
And to the lord/ right thus I speke & say

Thou one/ two/ and thre/ eterne a lyue
That reignest aye in thre/ two/ and one
Incircumscrip/ and all mayst circumscriue
Us from visyble/ and inuisyble sone
Defende/ and to thy mercy euerichone
So make vs Ihesu/ for thy mercy dygne
For loue of mayden/ & mother thyne benygne.

Here endeth the boke of Troylus and
Creseyde/ empynted at London in
fletestrete by Rycharde
Wynson/ printer vnto
the kynges no-
ble grace.



